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INDIAN WARS

AND

PIONEERS OF TEXAS.

Vol. 1

BY

JOHN HENRY BROWN.

L. E. DANIELL, Publisher,

Austin, Texas.

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The part of the volume after p. 128 is devoted to biographies,
chiefly of Texans still living.

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BINDERS.

DEDICATORY PREFACE.

The reader of this volume is introduced to a series of advancing scenes in a drama that had its beginning in the first feeble attempts that were made at the settlement of the country, and to a succession of actors from the solitary explorer of seventy years ago to the men of to-day.

To one of the most useful, honored and capable of the latter, our esteemed friend—

MR. GEORGE SEALY,
of Galveston,

this work is respectfully dedicated.

The book leads the reader through the past to the present and here leaves him amid active and progressive men who are advancing, along with him, toward the future.

Including, as it does, lives of men now living, it constitutes a connecting link between what has gone before and what is to come after. It is therefore fitting that it should be dedicated to a prominent man of our day in preference to one of former times. The matter presented, in the nature of things, is largely biographical.

There can be no foundation for history without biography. History is a generalization of particulars. It presents wide extended views. To use a paradox, history gives us but a part of history. That other part which it does not give us, the part which introduces us to the thoughts, aspirations and daily life of a people, is supplied by biography.

When a good action is performed we feel that it should be remembered forever. When a good man dies, there is nothing sadder than the reflection that he will be forgotten. No record has been preserved of the greater number of

noble actions. The names of some of the men who have done most to make history have found no place upon its pages.

As Thomas-a-Kempis hath truly said: "To-day the man is here; to-morrow he hath disappeared. And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.

"Tell me now, where are all those doctors and masters, with whom thou wast well acquainted, while they lived and flourished in learning? Now others possess their livings and perhaps do scarce ever think of them. In their lifetime they seemed something, but now they are not spoken of."

The men whose deeds are recorded in this book were or are deeply identified with Texas, and the preservation in this volume in enduring form of some remembrance of them—their names, who and what they were—has been a pleasant task to one who feels a deep interest and pride in Texas—its past history, its heroes and future destiny. The book is presented to the reader with the hope that he will find both pleasure and profit in its perusal.



INTRODUCTORY

TO THE

Indian Wars and Pioneers of Texas.

The first contest on the soil of Texas between Americans and Indians antedates the visit of Moses Austin to the country in 1820; but the combatants were not colonists; they were a part of the second expedition of Capt. James Long in aid of the patriots in the Mexican revolution. His first expedition, entering East Texas by land, had been defeated in detail and driven from the country by the troops of Spain, sent from San Antonio. This second expedition came by water to Bolivar Point, opposite the east end of Galveston Island, and fortified that place. Some of the expedition, under Don Felix Trespacios, and among whom was the subsequently distinguished martyr of Bexar in 1835, Col. Benjamin R. Milam, sailed down the coast and landed near Tampico. Fifty-two men remained with Long, among whom were John Austin (commander at Velasco in 1832), John McHenry, deceased in Jackson County in 1885, and a number of educated and daring Americans from different States of the Union. In December, 1853, in *De Bow's New Orleans Review*, the author of this work, after repeated interviews with Capt. McHenry, long his neighbor, gave this account of that first strictly American-Indian fight in Texas, late in the autumn of 1819. Its verity has never been questioned:—

While Long was at Bolivar, a French sloop freighted with wines and Mexican supplies, bound to Cassano, stranded on Galveston Island near the present city. The Carancahua Indians, to the number of 200 warriors, were then encamped in the immediate vicinity, and at once attacked and butchered all on board the sloop, plundered the craft, and entered upon a general jollification and war-dance. Long (discovering these facts) deter-

mined to chastise them for their baseness. Accordingly after nightfall, at the head of thirty men (including McHenry), he passed over in small boats to the island, and made an unexpected assault upon the guilty wretches, who were then greatly heated by the wines.

The Carancahuas, however, though surprised, instantly seized their weapons, and yelling furiously, met their assailants with determined courage. With such superior numbers, they were a full match for Long. The combatants soon came to a hand-to-hand fight of doubtful issue; but Long directed his men in a masterly manner and effected a retreat to his boats, leaving thirty-two Indians killed, three of his own men dead, and two badly besides several slightly wounded. George Early was severely wounded. Long's party took two Indian boys prisoners, and retained them, one of whom was accidentally killed some time afterwards. This is doubtless the first engagement known between the war-like Carancahuas and the Americans.

THE FIRST CONTEST WITH THE COLONISTS.

The first two schooner loads of immigrants to Texas, under the auspices of Stephen F. Austin, landed on the west bank, three miles above the mouth of the Colorado, late in March, 1822, having left New Orleans on the 7th of February. The first of the two vessels to arrive was the schooner *Only Son*, owned by Kincheloe and Anderson, two of the immigrants, and commanded by Capt. Benjamin Ellison, who made many subsequent trips to our coast and died at his home in Groton, Connecticut, July 17, 1880. [The writer met him at his own home in 1869 and 1870, and found him to be a refined and elegant old Christian gentleman, with

kind recollections of the early pioneers on our coast, and yet retaining a warm interest in the welfare of Texas.] Among those arriving on the *Only Son* were Abram M. Clare, from Kentucky, who, till his death about forty years later, was a worthy citizen; Maj. George Helm, of Kentucky, who died on the eve of leaving to bring out his family, one of whose sons, John L. Helm, was afterwards Governor of Kentucky, while another is the venerable Rev. Dr. Samuel Larne Helm, of the Baptist Church, still of that State; Charles Whitson and family, James Morgan and family; Greenup Hayes, a grandson of Daniel Boone, who did not remain in the country; Mr. Bray, who settled at the mouth of Bray's bayou, now Harrisburg, and his son-in-law. While in Galveston Bay a number of the colonists died of yellow fever, before reaching Matagorda Bay. Among those who arrived by the other vessel were Samuel M. Williams, afterwards so long Secretary of Austin's Colony, and Jonathan C. Peyton and wife, Angelina B., a sister of Bailie Peyton of Tennessee, afterwards the wife of Jacob Eberly, by which name she was widely known and esteemed throughout Texas, till her death about 1860. These personal facts are mentioned in justice to those who were the first of our countrymen to cross the gulf and seek homes in the wilderness of Texas—the first, in that mode, to vindicate the grand conception of the already deceased Moses Austin, at the very moment that his son and successor, Stephen F. Austin, was encountering in San Antonio de Bexar the first of a long series of obstacles to the prosecution of the enterprise—an enterprise in the fruition of which, as time has already shown, was directly involved the welfare of two and a half millions of people now on the soil of Texas, besides indirectly affecting other vast multitudes now resident in California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. The politico-economical aspect of this question would fill a volume in following the march of our race from Jamestown, Plymouth and Beaufort to the present time, both interesting and edifying to the highest order of political philosophers; but its discussion does not fall within the scope of this work.

These immigrants, leaving a small guard with their effects, somewhat aided by a few persons who had settled on and near the Colorado, within the present bounds of the counties of Colorado and Fayette, moved up in that portion of the wilderness. James Cummins, Jesse Burnham, and a few others constituted the infant settlements referred to at that time.

Before leaving their supplies under guard those

savages of the coast, the Carancahuas,* had visited the immigrants, professed friendship, and entered into a verbal treaty of good will. But, in keeping with their instincts, as soon as the families and main strength of the party had been gone sufficiently long, they clandestinely assailed the camp—the guard escaping more or less wounded—and seized its contents. On learning this a party marched down and chastised a small encampment of the Indians, giving them a foretaste of what they realized, when too late, that they must either in good faith be at peace with the Americans or suffer annihilation. Thirty years later their once powerful tribe—long the scourge of wrecked vessels and their crews—was practically, if not absolutely, extinct. This was the first blood shed between the settlers and the Indians.

The Carancahuas were both treacherous and troublesome, often stealing from the settlers and often firing upon them from ambush. The earlier colonists living in proximity to the coast were greatly annoyed by them. But there is no reliable account of many of their earlier depredations. About 1851 a small volume was published, purporting to consist of letters by an early settler in the section mentioned to a friend in Kentucky, giving current accounts of events from 1822 to about 1845, when in fact they were written by another, and a stranger in the country, from the verbal recitals from memory of the assumed author. The gross inaccuracies in regard to events occurring much later, especially in 1832 and 1840, necessarily weaken confidence in his statements in regard to earlier occurrences. We must, therefore, be content with more or less imperfect summaries of the conflicts with the Carancahuas for the first few years of the colony.

Among the first of which any account has been preserved was an attack from ambush by these savages upon three young men in a canoe in the Colorado river, in the spring of 1823. The locality is now in Colorado County. Loy and Alley (the latter one of several brothers) were killed. Clark, their companion, escaped to the opposite bank, severely but not mortally wounded. On the same day another young man named Robert Brotherton was fired upon and wounded by them, but escaped on horseback to convey the news to the settlers above, these two attacks being near the mouth of Skull creek.

* I follow the correct Spanish spelling of the names of the Texas Indian tribes, giving also the correct pronunciation. Thus, Carancahua, pronounced Kar-an-ka-wah. There has been no uniformity in the orthography of these names among American writers. All, however, will agree that there should be.



This was Robert Brotherton from St. Louis County, Missouri, of which his two brothers, James and Marshall, were successively sheriff, from 1834 to 1842. Robert died unmarried at Columbus, Texas, about 1857, leaving his estate to his nephew, Joseph W. McClurg, who, after a short residence in Texas, returned to Missouri, to become later a congressman and Governor of the State.

A party of the settlers, numbering fourteen or fifteen, by a cautious night march arrived at the Indian camp in time to attack it at dawn on the following morning. Completely surprised, the Indians fled into the brush, leaving several dead. This was on Skull creek, a few miles from Columbus.

The depredations of the Carancahuas continued with such frequency that Austin determined to chastise and if possible force them into pacific behavior. [Having left San Antonio very unexpectedly for the city of Mexico in March, 1822, to secure a ratification of his colonization scheme by the newly formed government of Iturbide, the original concession of 1821 to Moses Austin having been made by the expiring authorities under Spain, Austin was now, in the summer of 1824, at his new home on the Brazos, clothed temporarily with authority to administer the civil and judicial affairs of the colony, and to command the militia with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.] Capt. Randall Jones, in command of twenty-three men, in the month of September, moved down the Brazos in canoes. On the lower river he was visited by some of the Indians who, on seeing his strength, manifested friendship. But learning that about thirty warriors of the tribe were encamped on a tributary of the Bernard, about seven miles distant, and also that about a dozen others had gone to Bailey's, further up the river, to buy ammunition, Capt. Jones sent two messengers up the river for help. These two found a small number already collected to watch the party at Bailey's. Becoming assured of their hostile intent, the settlers attacked them, killed several and the others fled.

Without waiting for reinforcements, Capt. Jones determined to attack the party on the creek. Crossing to its west side he moved down in the night abreast the Indian camp, which was on the margin of a marshy expansion of the creek, covered with high grass, reeds, etc. At daylight the whites fired, charging into the camp. In a moment the Indians were secreted in the rank vegetation, hurling arrows with dangerous precision into their exposed assailants. In another moment one or two of the whites fell dead, and several were wounded.

To maintain their position was suicidal; to charge upon the hidden foe was madness; to retire as best they could was the dictate of common sense. This they did, pursued up the creek to where they recrossed it. They had three men killed, bearing the names of Spencer, Singer, and Bailey, and several wounded. It was claimed that fifteen Indians were killed, but of this there was no assurance when we remember the arms then in use. Be that as it may, it was a clear repulse of the whites, whose leader, Capt. Jones, was an experienced soldier of approved courage. Such a result was lamentable at that period in the colony's infancy. It was this affair which caused the name of "Jones" to be bestowed on that creek.

Soon after this the Carancahuas, a little above the mouth of the Colorado, captured an American named White and two Mexicans, in a canoe, who had gone from the San Antonio to buy corn. They let White go under a promise that he would bring down corn from the settlement and divide it with them — the canoe and Mexicans remaining as hostages. When White reported the affair to the people above, Capt. Jesse Burnham, with about thirty men, hastened to the spot agreed upon, and very soon ambushed a canoe containing seven or eight Indians, nearly all of whom were slain at the first fire, and it was not certain that a single one escaped.

Col. Austin, near this time, raised about a hundred volunteers and marched from the Brazos southwesterly in search of the Carancahuas. Some accounts say that he went to meet them, at their request, to make a treaty. Others assert that he started forth to chastise them, and that after crossing the Guadalupe at Victoria he met messengers from the Indians, sent through the priests of Goliad, proposing to meet and enter into a treaty with him. This is undoubtedly the true version. Austin started prepared and determined to punish the Indians for their repeated outrages, or force them to leave the limits of his colony. Had he only gone in response to their invitation, he would not have taken with him over a dozen men. He met them on the Menahuilla creek, a few miles east of La Bahia, and, being much persuaded thereto by the clergy and Alcalde of that town, made a treaty with them, in which they pledged themselves never again to come east of the San Antonio river. More than one writer has been led to assert that the Carancahuas kept that pledge, which is notoriously untrue, as they committed occasional depredations east of that river at intervals for twenty-one years, and at other intervals lived at peace with settlements, hunting and some-

times picking cotton for the people. In 1842 they were living on the margins of Matagorda Bay, often seen by the author of this work, while during the succeeding December, with the Somervell expedition, he saw perhaps a dozen of the tribe on the banks of the Rio Grande. The last American blood shed by them was that of Capt. John F. Kempen, in Victoria County, whom they murdered in November, 1845. [Vide Victor M. Rose's History of Victoria County, page 21.]

Austin's movement was a wise one. It convinced those unfaithful creatures that the Americans had become strong enough to hold the country and punish their overt acts. They had formerly been partially under the influence of the missionaries, and still had their children baptized by the priests who stood somewhat as sponsors for them in the treaty, probably a stroke of policy mutually understood by them and Col. Austin, as sure to have no evil effect, and with the hope that it might exert a salutary influence, as it doubtless did. We must not forget that those were the days of infancy and small things in Texas.

As to the number of Indians in Texas in its first American settlement, we have no reliable statistics. The following semi-official statement, published in the Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner* of August 1, 1836, is deemed authentic as far as it goes; but it does not include those tribes or portions of tribes — as for instance the Comanches — pertaining to Texas, or south of the Arkansas river and west of the 100th degree of longitude west of Greenwich: —

MR. EDITOR — As the public mind has been and still is somewhat excited with regard to the situation of our western frontier, and the State being now under a requisition of Gen. Gaines for a regiment of mounted gun men to maintain its defense, I have thought it would not be uninteresting to the public to know the names and numbers of Indian tribes on that frontier. The statement is taken from an estimate accompanying a map of survey showing the geographical and relative positions of the different tribes, which was prepared at the topographical bureau during the present year, which I have not yet seen published.

The names and numbers of the Indians who have emigrated to the west of the Mississippi: —

Choctaws	15,003
Apalachicoles	265
Cherokees.....	5,000
Creeks.....	2,459
Senecas and Shawnees.....	211
Senecas (from Sandusky).....	231
Potowatomies	141

Peorias and Kaskaskias.....	132
Pienkeshaws.....	162
Wees.....	222
Ottoways	200
Kickapoos	470
Shawnees.....	1,250
Delawares	826

The names and numbers of the Indian tribes resident west of the Mississippi: —

Iowas	1,200
Sacs. of the Missouri.....	500
Omahas	1,400
Ottoes and Missourians	1,600
Pawnees	10,000
Comanches	7,000
Mandons.....	15,000
Mineterres	15,000
Assinaboins	800
Crees.....	3,000
Crosventres.....	3,000
Crows.....	45,000
Sioux	27,500
Quapaws	450
Caddos.....	800
Poncas	800
Osages	5,120
Kansas	1,471
Sacs	4,800
Arickaras	8,000
Chazenes.....	2,000
Blackfeet	30,000
Foxes.....	1,600
Areehpas and Keawas.....	1,400

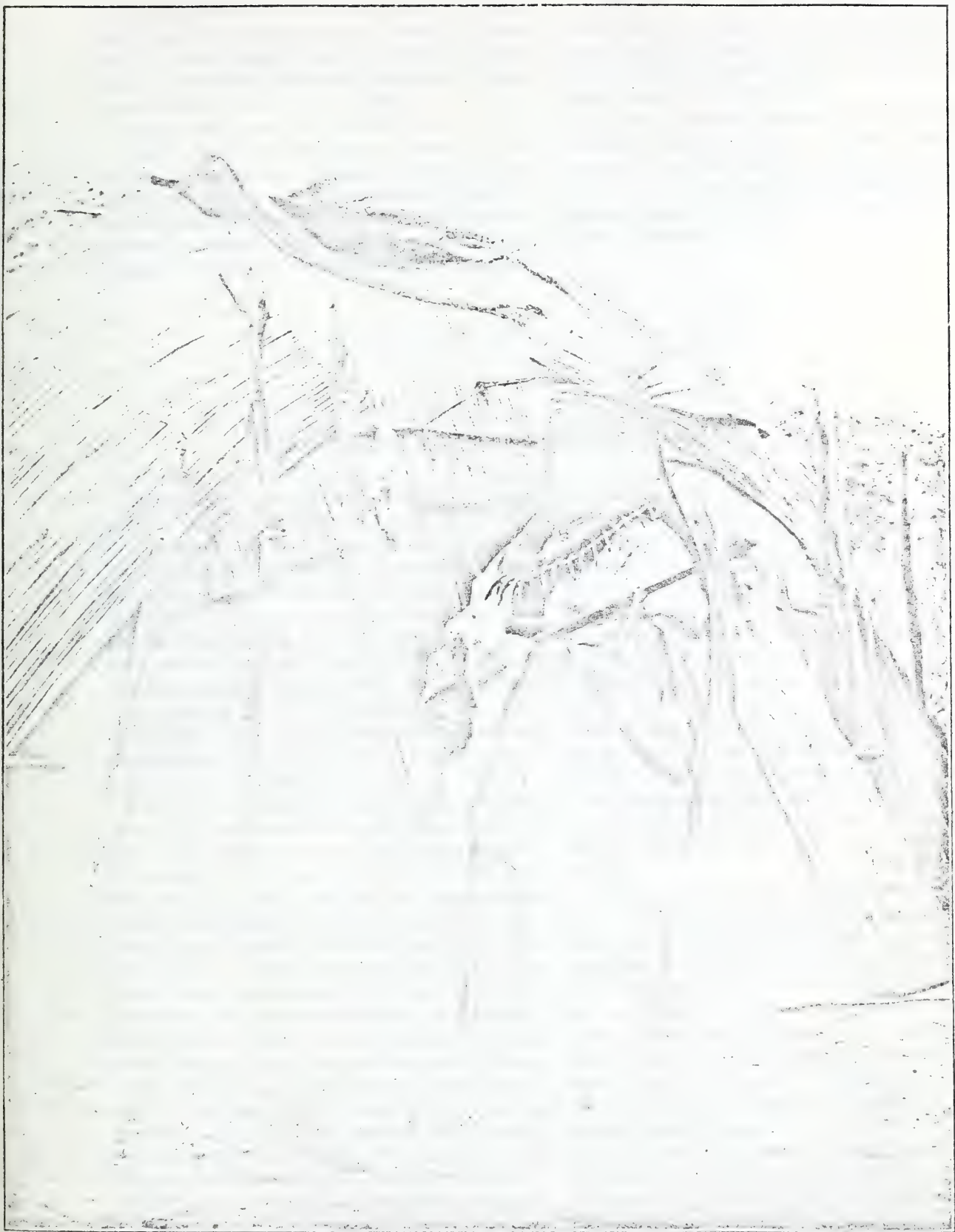
There is yet remaining east of the river in the Southern States a considerable number: the five principal tribes are the Seminoles, Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws and Chickasaws.

Seminoles, yet remaining east.	2,420
Choctaws, yet remaining east.....	3,500
Chickasaws, yet remaining east.....	5,420
Cherokees, yet remaining east.....	10,000
Creeks, yet remaining east.....	22,668

Those stated as western tribes extend along the whole western frontier. And taking as true the opinions of the department, that the average number of an Indian family is four, it may be seen what number of warriors, by possibility, might be brought into the field, and what number on the other hand might be required to keep them in check.

By publishing the foregoing statement, you will oblige your humble servant,

THOMAS J. PORTER.



CHIEF AT HOME.

At that time there were in East Texas the Cherokees and their twelve associate bands of United States Indians, embracing portions of the Delawares, Shawnees, Kickapoos, Alabamas, Cooshattes, Caddos, Pawnees, and others.

There were also remnants of ancient Texas Indians — some almost extinct — such as the Achas, Jaranenies, Anaquas, Bedwias — still formidable bodies of Carancahuas, Taxahuas, Lipans, Tahnacarnoes, Wacos, Wichitas, Keechies, Ionies, Towdashes, and others, besides the still principal tribes of the Comanches, Kiowas and

to their west the Apaches, Navajoes, and others more strictly pertaining to New Mexico, but often depredating in Texas, as did the Mescaleros and other tribes from beyond the Rio Grande hailing from Coahuila and Chihuahua.

Our work is hereafter confined to events after the American settlements began. It covers the period from 1822 to 1874, fifty-two years, and much is untold, but the early struggles in every part of this State are given as illustrations of what the pioneers of Texas suffered.

Mrs. Jane Long at Bolivar Point — 1820.

Bolivar Point lies, green and inviting, a high point of land in sight of Galveston. It seems to say to pleasure-seekers, "Come and visit me. I have shady groves, fresh breezes, and in the season fine melons and fruits to offer, but there are events of historic and romantic interest connected with me, which add tenfold to my attractiveness." Yes, truly, seventy-six years ago Bolivar was the scene of events now known to comparatively few, except perhaps members of old Texas families, who have heard them related by the remarkable woman who there displayed a heroic devotion and courage rarely equaled in modern times.

First we see her, in the year 1815, at Natchez, Miss., with sun-bonnet hiding her clustering curls, and school satchel on arm, as she wends her way to the academy. The same day she meets, for the first time, Dr. Long, who has just distinguished himself in the battle of New Orleans, where he won from Gen. Jackson the sobriquet of "The Young Lion." The stream which separates simple acquaintance from passionate love was soon crossed, and the boy surgeon of twenty and Jane Wilkinson, the school girl of fifteen, became husband and wife. A few years of quiet domestic life, and the adventurous spirit and manly ambition of the soldier assumed full sway over a mind which could not be content with the peaceful pursuits of the farmer, nor yet with the humdrum traffic of the merchant, which Long successively engaged in after his marriage.

Mexico was struggling to be free from Spain, and in 1819 Gen. Long became the leader of a gallant band of men raised in Natchez for the purpose of wresting that portion of Mexico called Texas

from the Spanish yoke. Through the many exciting scenes incident to a soldier's life in this almost unknown country, Mrs. Long followed her husband, content if she could but be near him. In 1820 she found a resting place in a rude fort at Bolivar Point, fortified and provisioned by Gen. Long before his departure for La Bahia, or Goliad. Here the adoring wife long awaited a return, of whose impossibility her boundless faith would not allow her to conceive. As time wore on, and no news of the General's fate arrived, Bolivar was deserted by the two men who constituted the guard. Although several vessels touched at the point for the purpose of conveying Mrs. Long to New Orleans, she, with her little daughter and negro servant girl, Kian, determined, at all hazards, to await her husband's return.

When we look upon the Galveston Island of to-day, with its city rising from the sea, its market gardens and dairy farms, its beach gay with costly equipages, and surf noisy with the shouts of bathers, it is difficult to recognize in it the Galveston Island of seventy-six years ago. At that time, deserted even by the pirate Lafitte, the red house and the three trees the only objects that rose above the water's edge, the cry of seagulls and pelicans, mingled with the doleful sighing of breaking waves, the only sounds to reach the ear of the brave woman who kept her lonely watch at Bolivar, as we view the incoming ships, laden with freight from every quarter of the globe, and the sailing yachts bearing pleasure parties perhaps to the very spot whence Mrs. Long often strained her eyes to descry a distant sail which might bring good tidings, it is

almost impossible to form a true conception of the extreme desolateness of her situation.

In the midst of a region little known by whites, the only human beings she could expect to see were the savage Carancahua Indians, who might be tempted to return to their old haunts on the island, now that Lafitte had deserted the place, or other Indians who might approach from the Trinity. Whenever they came near enough to cause her to dread an attack, she had presence of mind to fire off the cannon, and give other indications that the fort was occupied by a formidable force. There were times when, not daring to go out by day, Kian would visit the beach at night, in order to get oysters, which were often their only article of food. Great was the rejoicing when, during that severe winter of 1820-21, which converted the bay into a sheet of ice, Kian found numbers of benumbed or frozen fish beneath the icy surface, and, with Mrs. Long's assistance, a hole was cut, and a good supply obtained and packed in the brine of mackerel barrels. The cold was at this time so intense that the ice was strong enough to bear the weight of a bear which calmly pursued its way across the bay, unmolested save by the barking of Mrs. Long's dog, "Galveston."

At length the period of lonely waiting drew to a close. One day there came a Mexican from San Antonio, sent by Gen. Palacios, bearing a message; but how different were the tidings from those for which the devoted wife had fondly hoped!

The tragic manner of Gen. Long's death in the city of Mexico is well known to readers of Texas history, but none can ever know the shock which his young wife experienced at this rude awakening from her long dream of a happy reunion. Some weeks later a second messenger came, provided with mules to convey her and her little family, consisting of two girls (an infant having been born during her sojourn at Bolivar) and the faithful servant, to San Antonio. Here she was treated with marked distinction by the Mexican government, as the widow of a patriot and a hero.

Her long life of widowhood, intimately bound up with the history of Texas, came to a close, at the age of eighty-two, on the 30th of December, 1880, at Richmond, Texas, where her son-in-law, Judge Sullivan, and granddaughter still reside. Her Spartan qualities became the legacy of Texans, for historians have concurred in bestowing upon her the worthy title, "The Mother of Texas."

The Cherokee Indians and Their Twelve Associate Bands — Fights with the Wacos and Tehuacanos — 1820 to 1829.

A little before 1820, dissatisfied portions of the great Cherokee tribe of Indians, who had, from the earliest knowledge we have of them, occupied a large, romantic and fertile district of country, now embraced in East Tennessee, Western North Carolina and the upper portions of South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, began emigrating west of the Mississippi. Before the close of that year a portion of them reached and halted temporarily on Red river, in the northeast corner of Texas. The larger portion located in the valley of the Arkansas, between Little Rock and Fort Smith, and there with annually increasing numbers, remained a number of years, until the main body yet remaining in the loved land of their fathers, under treaty stipulations with the United States, began their final removal to the magnificent territory now be-

longing to them; a migration occupying a number of years, and not completed until 1837. In that time those along the Arkansas joined them. Those coming down to Red river also received accessions, for a number of years, from the different migrating bodies, including small colonies from twelve other partially civilized tribes.

Very soon, perhaps before the close of 1820, and certainly in 1821, they explored the country south of them and began locating in East Texas, in what, from that time till their expulsion in 1839, was known as "the Cherokee country," now embracing the county of Cherokee and adjoining territory, where they and their twelve associate bands, gradually established homes, building cabins, opening farms and raising domestic animals. Some joined them as late as 1830 and '31. In 1822 when

Stephen F. Austin and Green De Witt of Missouri, Haden Edwards of Mississippi, and Robert Leftwich of Nashville, Tennessee (the original grantee in what subsequently became Robertson's Colony), were in the city of Mexico, seeking colonial privileges in Texas, three Cherokee chiefs, Bowles, Fields and Nicollet, were also there, seeking a grant, or some sort of concession, to the district in which they were locating, not a contract for colonization, as desired by the gentleman named, but a specific grant to their people in tribal capacity. But they did not succeed, receiving only polite promises of something when Mexican affairs should be more settled.

In 1826 Fields and John Dunn Hunter (both of mixed blood, Hunter possibly altogether white, but of this there is no positive knowledge, and both of good education) visited the Mexican capital on a similar mission for the Cherokees, but they also failed and returned to their people in an ill humor, just in time to sympathize with Haden Edwards and his colonists in their outrageous treatment by the Mexican Governor of the State of Coahuila and Texas, in declaring, without trial or investigation, the annulment of his contract and ordering the expulsion of himself and brother from the country. Fields and Hunter, smarting under what they considered the bad faith of Mexico, induced their people to treat with and sustain the Edwards party in what received the name of the Fredonian war. But this had a brief existence. Bean, as agent of Mexico, seduced the Indians from their agreement and secured their support of the Mexican troops then advancing, which caused the Fredonians to yield the hopeless contest and leave the country. Not only this, but the Cherokees turned upon their two most enlightened and zealous champions. They basely assassinated both Fields and Hunter. This ended that embroglio. The Cherokees claimed a promise from Bean that Mexico, in reward for their course, would grant them the lands desired. Whether so promised or not, the grant was never made.

A band of Cherokees, en route to their people in Texas, halted on Red river, in order to raise a crop of corn, in the winter of 1828-9. An account of what followed was written and published in 1855, and is here reproduced. * * * They had not been at this place very long before their villages were discovered by a party of Wacos, on a robbing expedition from the Brazos; and these freebooters, true to their instincts from time immemorial, lay concealed till the silent midnight hour, and then, stealthily entering the herds of the sleeping Cherokees, stampeded their horses, driving off a large

number. To follow them was labor in vain — but to quietly forget the deed was not the maxim among the red sons of Tennessee.

A council was held and the matter discussed. After the opinions of the warriors had been given, the principal war-chief rose, and in substance said: "My brothers! the wild men of the far-off Brazos have come into our camp while the Cherokee slept! They have stolen our most useful property. Without horses we are poor, and cannot make corn. The Cherokees will hasten to plant their corn for this spring, and while that is springing from the ground and growing under the smiles of the Great Spirit, and shall be waving around our women and children, we will leave some old men and women to watch it, and the Cherokee braves will spring upon the cunning Wacos of the Brazos, as they have sprung upon us."

The corn was planted, and in the month of May, 1829, a war party of fifty-five, well armed, left the Red river villages on foot in search of the Wacos. At this time the principal village of the Wacos was on the bluff where the beautiful town of Waco now greets the eye on the west bank of the Brazos. One band of the Tehuacano (Ta-wak-a-no) Indians, who have always been more or less connected with the Wacos, were living on the east bank of the river, three miles below. Both bands had erected rude fortifications, by scooping up the earth in various places and throwing up a circular embankment three or four feet high, the remains of which still are to be seen. The principal work of this kind at the Waco village occupied a natural sink in the surface.

The Cherokees struck the Brazos above the village some forty miles, and traveled downward until they discovered signs of its proximity, and then secreted themselves in the cedar brake till night. The greater portion of the night was spent in examining the position, through experienced scouts. Having made the necessary observations, the scouts reported near daylight, when the war-chief admonished them of what they had come for — revenge! Waco scalps!! horses!!! — and led them forth from their hiding-place, under the bank of the river, to a point about four hundred yards from the wigwams of the slumbering Wacos. Here they halted till rays of light, on that lovely May morning, began to gild the eastern horizon. The time for action had come. Moving with the noiseless, elastic step peculiar to the sons of the forest, the Cherokees approached the camp. But a solitary Waco had aroused and was collecting the remains of his fire of the previous night, preparatory to his morning repast. His Indian ear caught

the sound of footsteps on the brush—a glance of his lynx-eye revealed the approaching foe. A single shrill yell from him, which echoed far and near through the Brazos forest, brought every Waco to his feet. The terrible Cherokee war-whoop was their morning greeting, accompanied by a shower of leaden rain. But, though surprised, the Wacos outnumbered their assailants many times—their women and children must be protected or sacrificed—their ancient home, where the bones of their fathers had been buried for ages, was assailed by unknown intruders. Their chief rallied the warriors and made a stand—the fight became general, and as the sun rose majestically over the towering trees of the east, he beheld the red men of Tennessee and the red men of Texas in deadly strife. But the bows and arrows of the Waco could not compete with the merciless rifle of the Cherokee. The Wacos were falling rapidly, while the Cherokees were unharmed.

After half an hour's strife, amid yells and mutual imprecations, the Wacos signaled a retreat, and they fell back in confusion, taking refuge in the fortified sink-hole. Here, though hemmed in, they were quite secure, having a great advantage. Indeed, they could kill every Cherokee who might peradventure risk his person too near the brink.

The Cherokees had already killed many, and now held a council, to consider what they should do. It was proposed by one brave that they should strip to a state of nature, march into the sink-hole in a body, fire their pieces, then drop them, and with tomahawks alone endeavor to kill every man, woman and child among the Wacos. A half-breed named Smith, who was in favor of this desperate measure, as an incentive to his comrades, stripped himself, fastened half a dozen horse-bells (which he had picked up in the camp) round his waist, and commenced galloping and yelling around the sink-hole, now and then jumping on the embankment and then back, cursing the Wacos most lustily. Arrows were hurled at him by scores, but he fell not.

Just as the Cherokee council was coming to a close, at about an hour after sunrise, they heard a noise like distant thunder on the opposite side of the river and delayed a few moments to discover its cause. Very soon they discovered a large body of mounted Indians rising the river bank a little below them. What could it mean? they murmured one to another. The story is soon told. A messenger had rushed from the Wacos in the outset, for the Tehuacano village, begging help, and now two hundred Tehuacano warriors, mounted and ready for the fray, were at hand. The whole aspect

of the day was changed in a moment. To conquer this combined force was impossible—to escape themselves would require prudence. The Tehuacanos, in coming up, cut off a Cherokee boy, twelve years old, killed and scalped him, and placing his scalp on a lance, held it up defiantly to the view of the Cherokees. The boy was an only child, and his father beheld this scene. The brave man's eye glared with fury. Without a word he threw from his body every piece of his apparel, seized a knife in one hand, a tomahawk in the other. "What will you?" demanded the chief. "Die with my brave boy. Die slaying the wild men who have plucked the last rose from my bosom!" The chief interceded, and told him it was madness; but the Cherokee listened not; with rapid strides he rushed among the Tehuacanos, upon certain death; but ere death had seized its victim, he had killed several and died shouting defiance in their midst.

The Tehuacanos occupied the post oaks just below the Cherokees, and kept up a lusty shouting, but ventured not within rifle-shot. The latter, seeing that on an open field they could not resist such numbers—having taken fifty-five Waco scalps (equal to their own number)—having lost two men and the boy—now fell back into the cedar brake and remained there till night. They were convinced that their safety depended upon a cautious retreat, as, if surrounded on the prairies, they would be annihilated. When night came on, they crossed the river, traveled down the sand bank a mile or two, as if they were going down the country, thence, turning into the stream, waded up the edge of the water some six or seven miles (the river being low and remarkably even), and thus eluded pursuit. In due time, they reached their Red river villages, without the thousand horses they anticipated, but with fifty-five Waco scalps—glory enough in their estimation. The tribe was speedily called together for a grand war-dance. For miles around the American settlers were surprised to see such a commotion and gathering among the Indians. A gentleman, my informant, was there visiting a widowed sister. He rode up to the Cherokee encampment, inquired into the cause of the movement, was invited to alight and spend the day. He did so, and witnessed one of the grandest war-dances he ever saw, and he was an old Indian fighter. A very intelligent man, a half-breed, named Chisholm, one of the fifty-five, gave him a full history of the whole transaction. He noted it carefully, and from him I received it in 1855.

That gentleman was Capt. Thomas H. Barron,

formerly of Washington County, then residing near Waco. When he first visited Waco in 1834, he at once recognized the battle-ground and sink-hole as

described by Chisholm. The Cherokees did not forget the Tehuacanos, but held them to a strict account.

Cherokee and Tehuacano Fight in 1830.

After the Cherokees returned to their temporary home on Red river, from the attack on the Wacos, in 1829, they determined to take vengeance on the Tehuacanos for their interference in that engagement on behalf of the Wacos. It seems that early in the summer of 1830, they fitted out a war party for this purpose, numbering about one hundred and twenty fighting men.

The Tehuacanos, like the Wacos, had several principal villages, favorite places of resort, from some peculiarity, as fine springs of water, abundance of buffalo, etc. One of them, and perhaps their most esteemed locality, was at the southern point of the hills of the same name, now in the upper edge of Limestone County, and the present site of Tehuacano University. Around these springs there is a large amount of loose limestone on the surface, as well as in the hills, and the whole surrounding country is one of rare beauty and loveliness.

The Tehuacanos had erected several small inclosures of these loose stones, about three feet high, leaving occasional spaces some two feet square resembling the mouths of furnaces. Over the tops they threw poles and spread buffalo-hides, and when attacked, their women, old men, and children would retreat into these cells while the warriors would oppose the attacking party from without, until too closely pressed, when they, too, would seek refuge in the same, and lying flat on the ground, would send their arrows and bullets through these apertures whenever an enemy came within range. From the attacks of small arms such a protection, however primitive, was generally quite effective.

This party of Cherokees, having been informed of the locality of this place, and the value set upon it by the Tehuacanos, and knowing that it was a considerable distance from the Wacos, determined to seek it out and there wreak vengeance upon those who had by their own act called forth feelings of hostility. Guided by an Indian who had explored the country as a trapper, they reached

the place in due season. When discovered, the Tehuacanos were engaged at a play of balls around the little forts. The Cherokees stripped for action at once, while the ball-players, promptly ceasing that amusement, rushed their women and children into their retreats, and prepared for defense. They had quite a large village, and outnumbered the Cherokees in fighting-men.

A random fight commenced, the Cherokees using the surrounding trees as protection and taking the matter as a business transaction, made their advances from tree to tree with prudence. Their aim, with the "rest" against the trees, told with effect, and one by one, notwithstanding their hideous yells and capering, to and fro, the Tehuacanos were biting the dust.

The moment one was wounded, unless a very brave fellow, he would crawl into the hiding-place among their women and children, unless, perchance, on his way, a Cherokee ball brought him to the ground.

The fight continued this way an hour or more, when, upon a signal, the whole body retired within their breastworks. At this time, the Cherokees, elated by what they supposed to be a victory, charged upon the openholes, ringing their victorious war-whoop most furiously. But they were soon convinced that though concealed, the besieged were not powerless, for here they received a shower of arrows and balls from the hidden enemy which tumbled several of their braves alongside of those they killed on the other side. Yet, excited as they had become, they were not easily convinced that prudence in that case was the better part of valor. On the contrary, they maintained the unequal contest for some time, until one of their old men advised a talk.

They withdrew a short distance, and held a consultation. Their leaders said they had come there for revenge and they would not relinquish their design so long as a Cherokee brave was left to fight—that to go back to their people and report a defeat would disgrace them—they would die on

the field rather than bear such tidings! "Where there's a will there's a way," is a trite old adage, and at this juncture of affairs it was verified by the Cherokees. The old man who had advised the "talk" now made a suggestion, which was seconded by all. He proposed that a party should be sent off a short distance to cut dry grass and bring a lot; that men, loaded with this combustible material, should cautiously approach each hole in the breast-works, from the sides, using the grass as a shield on the way; that the door-holes should be stopped up with it (with new supplies constantly arriving), and set on fire, by which very simple process the inmates would be suffocated or compelled to throw off the hides and leap out, breathless and more or less blinded through the smoke, while the Cherokees, stationed round in circles, would have an easy time in butchering their astounded red brethren. This was a rich idea, and, delighted with the anticipated fun on their part, and misery among their enemies, the Cherokees speedily made all their arrangements and disposed of their fighting-men to the best advantage. The grass was placed in the required position, and at the same moment, set on fire. For a moment or two no response was heard from within; but very soon the smoke was seen escaping through the rocks and from under the skins, proving that each little refuge was full of the strangulating exhalation. To endure such a torture long was beyond human power; and in a little while a doleful howl issued forth, followed by a significant upheaving of the buffalo-skin roofs, and a rush of the gasping victims, blinded by smoke, leaping over the walls, they knew not where. To render the picture more appalling, the exulting Cherokees set up a terrible

yelling, and dealt death to the doomed creatures with their guns, tomahawks, and scalping knives until all were slain or had made their escape from the dreadful sacrifice by headlong flight. Quite a number of squaws and children, and perhaps a few men, had been unable to rise, and died from suffocation inside the works.

And thus ended this tragic scene in the course of our Indian warfare. Comparatively few of the Tehuacanos escaped. The surviving women and children were preserved prisoners, and a considerable number of horses, blankets, skins, and indeed the entire camp equipage, fell into the hands of the victors, who returned to their people on Red river in triumph, displaying not only their available booty but a large number of the greatest of all Indian symbols of glory, scalps.

These facts I obtained in 1842 from an old Spaniard, who composed one of the party, and I have little doubt but they were furnished by him with fidelity.

This old Spaniard, whose name was Vasquez, was a native of New Madrid, Missouri, and had passed much of his life with different Indian tribes. About 1840 he appeared at Gonzales, Texas, where I formed his acquaintance. He fought with the Texans at Salado, in September, and at Mier in December, 1842. Escaping from the latter place he returned to Gonzales, his home being with Capt. Henry E. McCulloch, to suffer a cruel death soon after. In 1843 he was captured by Mexican banditti, west of the San Antonio, who, knowing his fidelity to Texas, suspended him to a tree by the heels, in which position he died and was a few days subsequently found.

First Settlement of Gonzales in 1825 — Attack by the Indians in 1826 — Murder of French Traders in 1835 at Castleman's Cabin — Battle of San Marcos — 1825 to 1835.

The settlement of Gonzales and De Witt's colony, of which it was the capital, is replete with matters of unusual interest in the pioneer history of Texas and its Indian wars. At its birth it was baptized in blood, and for twenty years a succession of bloody episodes attended its march towards peaceful civilization.

As soon as Green De Witt, then of Ralls County,

Missouri, entered into contract with the Mexican authorities for colonizing that beautiful district of country, now embracing all of Gonzales, Caldwell, Guadalupe and De Witt counties and portions of Lavaca, Wilson and Karnes, he left for Missouri to bring out his family. At the same time, Maj. James Kerr was appointed surveyor of the colony, with authority to lay out the capital town and sub-

divide the dedicated four leagues of land upon which it was to be located into small farm lots to be allotted to the settlers of the town. In fulfillment of his duties, Maj. Kerr, with his negro servants and six single men, arrived on the present site of Gonzales in July, 1825, he thereby becoming the first American settler, as the head of a family, west of the Colorado river in Texas.

The six single men who accompanied him to Gonzales, and for a time remained in his service as chainmen, rodmen or hunters, were the afterwards famous Deaf Smith, Basil Durbin, John Wightman, — Strickland, James Musick and Gerron Hinds.

His chief servants were Shade and Anise, the parents and grandparents of numerous offspring, who became widely known to the future settlers of the country and greatly esteemed for their fidelity to every trust and their patriotism in every conflict.

Soon after Maj. Kerr's settlement, Francis Berry, with a family of children and two step-children, John and Betsy Oliver, arrived and settled half a mile below him. Cabins were erected and their new life auspiciously begun.

The little settlement remained in peace for a year, receiving occasional calls from passing parties of Indians, professing friendship, and occasional visits from Americans exploring the country. Among these were Elijah Stapp, from Palmyra, and Edwin Moorehouse, from Clarksville, Missouri, both of whom settled in Texas five or six years later.

Capt. Henry S. Brown, brother-in-law of Maj. Kerr, having arrived on the lower Brazos as a Mexican trader in December, 1824, made his first trip into Mexico in 1825, and halted his caravan for rest at the new settlement on both his outward and return trip.

In the meantime, Maj. Kerr prosecuted his labors in the survey of lands, his people subsisting on wild meat and coffee. Each household opened a field and planted crops in the spring of 1826. In June, Maj. Kerr was absent on the Brazos. There was to be a primitive barbecue on the Colorado at Beson's, seven miles below the present Columbus. It was agreed among the pilgrims that they must be represented, notwithstanding the distance was about seventy miles. Basil Durbin, John and Betsy Oliver and Jack, son of Shade and Anise, were selected as the delegates. On the afternoon of Sunday, July 2d, this party left on horseback for Beson's. At that time Deaf Smith and Hinds were out buffalo hunting; Musick, Strickland and the colored people were spending the afternoon at Berry's, and John Wightman was left alone in charge of the premises, consisting of a

double log house, with passage between and two or three cabins in the yard. No danger was apprehended as no indications of hostility by the Indians had been observed.

Durbin and party traveled fourteen miles, encamped on Thorn's branch and all slept soundly, but about midnight they were aroused by the war-whoop and firing of guns. Springing to their feet they discovered that their assailants were very near and in ambush. Durbin fell, but was assisted into an adjoining thicket where all found safety. The Indians seized and bore away their horses and all their effects. Durbin had a musket ball driven into his shoulder so deep that it remained there till his death in Jackson County in 1858, thirty-two years later. He suffered excruciating pain, from which, with the loss of blood, he several times fainted. Daylight came and they retraced their steps to headquarters; but on arriving were appalled to find the house deserted and robbed of its contents, including Maj. Kerr's papers and three surveying compasses, and Wightman dead, scalped and his mutilated body lying in the open hallway. Hastening down to Berry's house they found it closed, and written on the door with charcoal (for Smith and Hinds) the words: "Gone to Burnam's, on the Colorado." It was developed later that when Musick, Strickland and the colored people returned home late in the evening they found this condition of affairs, returned to Berry's and all of both houses left for the Colorado. As written by the writer more than forty years ago, in the presence of the sufferer: "Durbin's wound had already rendered him very weak, but he had now no alternative but to seek the same place on foot, or perish on the way. Three days were occupied in the trip, the weather was very warm and there was great danger of mortification, to prevent which mud poultices, renewed at every watering place, proved to be effectual."

And thus was the first American settlement west of the Colorado baptized in blood.

Maj. Kerr then settled on the Lavaca and made a crop there in 1827. His place temporarily served as a rallying point for De Witt and others, till the spring of 1828, when the settlement at Gonzales was renewed. Maj. Kerr remained permanently on the Lavaca, but continued for some years as surveyor of De Witt's colony. The temporary settlement on the west of the Lavaca was subsequently known as the "Old Station," while Maj. Kerr's headright league and home were on the east side.

In the autumn of 1833, John Castleman, a bold and sagacious backwoodsman, from the borders of Missouri, with his wife and four children and his

wife's mother, settled fifteen miles west of Gonzales, on the San Antonio road and on Sandy creek. He was a bold hunter, much in the forest, and had four ferocious dogs, which served as sentinels at night, and on one occasion had a terrible fight with a number of Indians in the yard endeavoring to steal the horses tied around the house. They evidently inflicted severe punishment on the savages, who left abundant blood marks on the ground and were glad to escape without the horses, though in doing so, in sheer self-defense, they killed each dog. Castleman, in his meanderings, was ever watchful for indications of Indians, and thus served as a vidette to the people of Gonzales and persons traveling on that exposed road. Many were the persons who slumbered under his roof rather than camp out at that noted watering place.

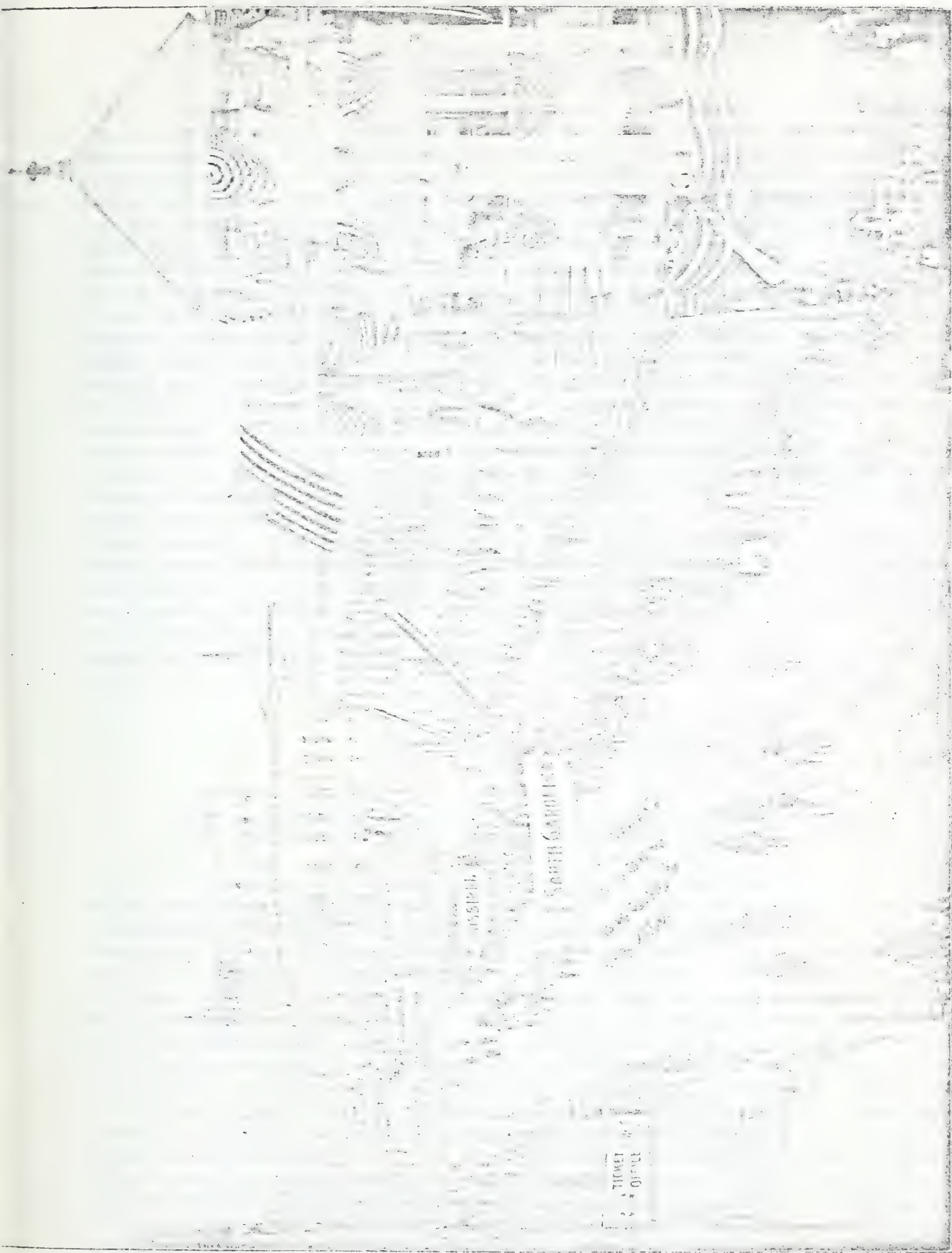
In the spring of 1835, a party of thirteen French and Mexican traders, with pack mules and dry goods from Natchitoches, Louisiana, en route to Mexico, stopped under some trees a hundred yards in front of the cabin. It was in the forenoon, and before they had unpacked Castleman advised them that he had that morning discovered "Indian signs" near by and urged them to camp in his yard and use his house as a fort if necessary. They laughed at him. He shrugged his shoulders and assured them they were in danger, but they still laughed. He walked back to his cabin, but before he entered about a hundred mounted savages dashed among them, yelling and cutting out every animal of the party. These were guarded by a few in full view of the camp, while the main body continued the fight. The traders improvised breastworks of their saddles, packs and bales of goods and fought with desperation. The engagement lasted four hours, the Indians charging in a circle, firing and falling back. Finally, as none of their number fell, the besieged being armed only with Mexican escopetas (smooth-bored cavalry guns) they maneuvered till all the traders fired at the same time, then rushed upon and killed all who had not previously fallen. Castleman could, many times, have killed an Indian with his trusty rifle from his cabin window, but was restrained by his wife, who regarded the destruction of the strangers as certain and contended that if her husband took part, vengeance would be wreaked upon the family—a hundred savages against one man. He desisted, but, as his wife said, "frothed at the mouth" to be thus compelled to non-action on such an occasion. Had he possessed a modern Winchester, he could have repelled the whole array, saving both the traders and their goods.

The exultant barbarians, after scalping their victims, packed all their booty on the captured mules and moved off up the country. When night came, Castleman hastened to Gonzales with the tidings, and was home again before dawn.

In a few hours a band of volunteers, under Dr. James H. C. Miller, were on the trail and followed it across the Guadalupe and up the San Marcos, and finally into a cedar brake in a valley surrounded by high hills, presumably on the Rio Blanco. This was on the second or third day after the massacre. Finding they were very near the enemy, Miller halted, placing his men in ambush on the edge of a small opening or glade. He sent forward Matthew Caldwell, Daniel McCoy and Ezekiel Williams to reconnoitre. Following the newly made path of the Indians through the brake, in about three hundred yards, they suddenly came upon them dismounted and eating. They speedily retired, but were discovered and, being only three in number, the whole crowd of Indians furiously pursued them with such yells as, resounding from bluff to bluff, caused some of the men in ambush to flee from the apparent wrath to come; but of the whole number of twenty-nine or thirty, sixteen maintained their position and their senses. Daniel McCoy, the hindmost of the three scouts in single file, wore a long tail coat. This was seized and tightly held by an Indian, but "Old Dan," as he was called, threw his arms backward and slipped from the garment without stopping, exclaiming, "Take it, d—n you!" Caldwell sprang first into the glade, wheeled, fired and killed the first Indian to enter. Others, unable to see through the brush till exposed to view, rushed into the trap till nine warriors lay in a heap. Realizing this fact, after such unexpected fatality, the pursuers raised that dismal howl which means death and defeat, and fell back to their camp. The panic among some of our men prevented pursuit. It is a fact that among those thus seized with the "buck ague," were men then wholly inexperienced, who subsequently became distinguished for coolness and gallantry.

Among others, besides those already named, who were in this engagement were Wm. S. Fisher, commander at Mier seven years later; Bartlett D. McClure, died in 1841; David Hanna, Landon Webster and Jonathan Scott.

Dr. James H. C. Miller, who commanded, soon after left Texas and settled in Michigan. His name has sometimes been confounded with that of Dr. James B. Miller, of Fort Bend, long distinguished in public life under the province and republic of Texas.



HEAD OF MILITARY PARADE, MAIN STREET, HOUSTON, TEXAS, MAY 21, 1895.
On occasion of the United Confederate Remembrance, at which time 25,000 people visited Houston.

An Adventure in 1826.

In the year 1826 a party of fourteen men of the Red river settlements, of which Eli Hopkins was quasi-leader, made a trip to the west, hunting and trading with Indians. Besides Hopkins I have been able to gather the names of Henry Stout, James Clark, Charles Birkham, Charles Humphreys, — Ford, — Tyler, and — Wallace — eight of the fourteen — though the only published allusion to the matter I have ever seen (in the *Clarksville Times* about 1874), only names Messrs. Hopkins and Clark and states the whole number at twenty men — nor does it give the year of the occurrence. I obtained the date, the number of men and the additional six names from Henry Stout, some years later.

It seems that on their return trip homewards, these fourteen men were surrounded and beset by a large party of Indians, some of whom had been trading in their camp before. Instead of opening fire, the Indians demanded the surrender of Humphreys to them, describing him by the absence of a front tooth (a loss they had discovered in their previous visit and now pretended to have known before), alleging that on some former occasion Humphreys

had depredated upon them. This was known to be false and a ruse to gain some advantage. So, when the chief and a few others (who had retired to let the party consult), returned for an answer, they were told that Humphreys was a good man, had done them no wrong and they would die rather than surrender him. Wallace was the interpreter and had been up to that time suspected of cowardice by some of the party. But in this crisis they quickly discovered their error, for Wallace, with cool and quiet determination, became the hero, telling them that he would die right there rather than give up an innocent man to such murderous wretches. His spirit was infectious. Every man leveled his gun at some one of the Indians, Hopkins holding a deadly aim on the chief, till they all agreed to leave the ground and not again molest them.

They at once retired, evidently unwilling to hazard an attack on such men. Intrepid coolness saved them while timidity would have brought their destruction. As it was they reached home in safety.

The Early Days of Harris County — 1824 to 1838.

The first political subdivision of the large district of which the present large county of Harris, containing a little over eighteen hundred square miles, formed but a part, was erected into the municipality of Harrisburg not long before the revolution began, in 1835. It is, at this day, interesting to note the first settlement of that now old, historic and wealthy district, embracing the noble city of Houston, in which the whole State feels justifiable pride. For a short while also the island of Galveston formed a part of Harrisburg "county" — so called under the Republic, after independence in March, 1836.

The first Americans to cultivate the earth in that region were Mr. Knight and Walter C. White, who, at the time of Long's expedition in 1820, burnt off a canebrake and raised a crop of corn on the San Jacinto, near its mouth; but they did not remain

there, becoming subsequently well-known citizens of Brazoria. For an account of the first actual settlers of the district during the first ten or twelve years, I am indebted to the fine memory and facile pen of Mrs. Mary J. Briscoe, of Houston, whose evidence dates from childhood days, her father, John R. Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, having settled there in 1824, and laid out the town in 1826. He built the first steam saw mill in Texas, for which he received as a bounty two leagues of land. He became also a merchant, established a tannery and owned the schooner "Rights of Man," which plied between Harrisburg and New Orleans. In 1828 his brother David came; in 1830 William P. Harris came, accompanied by "Honest" Bob Wilson, and in 1832 came Samuel M. Harris, a fourth brother, all of whom came from Cayuga County, New York, and were valuable men. Mary J., daughter of the

first immigrant, John R. Harris, subsequently married Capt. Andrew Briscoe, who, as the colleague of the grand Mexican patriot, Don Lorenzo de Zavala, from that municipality, signed the declaration of independence, and fifty days later commanded one of the largest companies at San Jacinto. He was also the first Chief Justice of Harrisburg County and so remained for many years. The well-known De Witt C. Harris, who died in 1860, was a brother of Mrs. Briscoe, as is also Lewis B. Harris, of San Francisco, who was my fellow-soldier on the Rio Grande in 1842.

According to the notes of Mrs. Briscoe the first actual settlers arrived in April, 1822, of whom Moses L. Choate and William Pettus were the first settlers on the San Jacinto, and a surveyor named Ryder, unmarried, settled on Morgan's Point, on the bay. In June John Ijams, with his wife and two youthful sons arrived, of whom John, the elder, then fifteen years old, still lives in Houston, aged 82, a tribute certainly to the climate in which he has lived sixty-seven years. They settled at Cedar Point, afterwards a favorite home of Gen. Sam Houston. Johnson Hunter settled near Morgan's Point, but ultimately on the Brazos. In the same year Nathaniel Lynch settled at the confluence of the San Jacinto and Buffalo bayou, where Lynchburg stands; John D. Taylor on the San Jacinto at the place now called Midway; John Jones, Humphrey Jackson and John and Frederick Rankin, on the same river, where the Texas and N. O. railroad crosses it. Mr. Callahan and Ezekiel Thomas, brothers-in-law, located as the first settlers on Buffalo bayou. Mrs. Samuel W. Allen, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas, still resides in Houston—another tribute to the climate. In the same year four brothers, William, Allen, Robert and John Vince, all young men, settled just below the mouth of Vince's bayou, rendered famous in connection with Vince's bridge immediately before the battle of San Jacinto, the destruction of the bridge by order of Gen. Houston, leading to the capture of Santa Anna. William Vince had a horse power sugar mill on his place. During the same year, Mrs. Wilkins, with her two daughters and her son-in-law, Dr. Phelps, settled what is now known as Frost-town in the city of Houston, being the first settlers there. In 1824 came Enoch Bronson, who settled near Morgan's Point; also Wm. Bloodgood and Page Ballew, with families, and several young men who settled in the district; also Arthur McCormick, wife and two sons, who settled the league on which, twelve years later, the battle of San Jacinto was fought. He was drowned soon afterwards in crossing Buffalo bayou, as was his

surviving son, Michael, a long time pilot on a steamboat, in 1875. It was suspected that the widow, eccentric, well-to-do and living alone, was murdered by robbers and burnt in her dwelling. George, Jesse, Reuben and William White, in 1824, settled on the San Jacinto, a few miles above its mouth; William Scott at Midway, together with Charles E. Givens, Presly Gill and Dr. Knuckles, who married Scott's daughter, while Samuel M. Williams married another. [Mr. Williams was the distinguished secretary of Austin's Colony and afterwards, long a banker in Galveston.]

In 1824, Austin, with Secretary Williams and the Commissioner, Baron de Bastrop, visited the settlement and issued the first titles to those entitled to them.

In 1825 the Edwards family settled on the bay at what has since been known as Edwards' Point. Ritoon Morris, a son-in-law of Edwards, and a man of wealth, came at the same time. He was greatly esteemed and was known as "Jaw-bone Morris," from a song he and his negroes sang while he picked the banjo. He settled at the mouth of Clear Creek. About 1829 Mr. Clopper, for whom the bar in Galveston bay is called, bought Johnson Hunter's land and afterwards sold it to Col. James Morgan, who laid out a town destined never to leave its swaddling clothes, calling it New Washington. Its chief claim to remembrance is in the visit of Santa Anna a day or two before his overthrow under the war cry of "Remember the Alamo." Sam McCurley and others were early settlers on Spring Creek. David G. Burnet, afterwards President, came in 1826. In 1831 he brought out the machinery for a steam mill which was burned in 1845. With him came Norman Hurd and Gilbert Brooks, the latter still living. President Burnet built his home two or three miles from Lynchburg. Lynchburg, and San Jacinto, opposite to it, were destroyed by the great storm and flood, on the 17th of September, 1875:

Passing over the intervening years, we find that in 1835 the municipality of Harrisburg abounded in a splendid population of patriotic citizens, the noble Zavala having become one of them. In the Consultation of November 3-14, 1835, her delegates were Lorenzo de Zavala, William P. Harris, Clement C. Dyer, John W. Moore, M. W. Smith and David B. McComb. In the convention which declared independence, March 1-18, 1836, her delegates were Lorenzo de Zavala and Andrew Briscoe, as previously stated. When the provisional government of the Republic was created David G. Burnet was elected President and Lorenzo de Zavala Vice-president, both of this municipal-

ity. Harrisburg, grown to be quite a village, was the seat of justice, and from March 22d to April 13th, 1836, it was the seat of government, but abandoned on the approach of the Mexican army, by which it was burned. The first Lone Star flag had been improvised there in March by Mrs. Dobson and other ladies — that is, the first in Texas, for that by Miss Troutman, of Georgia, had been made and presented to the gallant Capt. (afterwards Colonel) William Ward two or three months earlier. The ladies also, says Mrs. Briscoe, cut up all their flannel apparel to make cartridges, following the example of Mother Bailey, in Groton, Connecticut, in the war of 1812.

In August, 1836, the brothers A. C. and John K. Allen laid out the town of Houston. The First Congress of the Republic, at Columbia, on the 15th of December, 1836, selected the new town as the seat of government, to continue until the session of 1840. The government was removed there prior to May 1st, 1837. Soon afterwards the county seat was moved from Harrisburg to Houston, and the latter, under such impulsion, grew rapidly. This was one of those enterprising movements at variance with natural advantages, for all know that Harrisburg, in facilities for navigation, was greatly superior to Houston, and, as a town site otherwise, fully as desirable. But notwithstanding all these, pluck and enterprise have made Houston a splendid city.

The first sail vessel to reach Houston was the schooner Rolla, on the 21st of April, 1837, four days in making the trip of 10 or 12 miles by water from Harrisburg. That night the first anniversary of San Jacinto was celebrated by a ball, which was opened by President Houston and Mrs. Mosely Baker, Francis R. Lubbock and Miss Mary J. Harris (now Mrs. Briscoe), Jacob W. Cruger and Mrs. Lubbock and Mr. and Mrs. Welchmeyer.

The first marriage license signed under the laws of the Republic, July 22, 1837, by DeWitt C. Har-

ris, county clerk, was to Hugh McCrory and Mary Smith, and the service was performed next day by the Rev. H. Matthews, of the Methodist church. Mr. McCrory died in a few months, and in 1840 the widow married Dr. Anson Jones, afterwards the last President of Texas. She still lives in Houston and recently followed to the grave her popular and talented son, Judge C. Anson Jones.

At the first District Court held in Houston, Hon. Benjamin C. Franklin presiding, a man was found guilty of theft, required to restore the stolen money and notes and to receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back, all of which being accomplished, it is supposed the victim migrated to other parts. Thieves, in those days, were not tolerated by foolish quibbles or qualms of conscience. There were no prisons and the lash was regarded as the only available antidote.

In 1834 the Harris brothers brought out a small steamboat called the Cayuga, but the first steamer to reach Houston was the Laura, Capt. Thomas Grayson. On the first Monday in January, 1838, Dr. Francis Moore, Jr., long editor of the *Telegraph* and afterwards State geologist, was elected the first mayor of Houston. He and his partner, Jacob W. Cruger, early in 1837, established the first newspaper, by removing the *Telegraph* from Columbia. On the 21st of May, 1838, a grand ball was given by the Jockey Club, in Houston. "The ladies' tickets," says Mrs. Briscoe, "were printed on white satin, and I had the pleasure of dancing successively, with Generals Sam Houston, Albert Sidney Johnston and Sidney Sherman."

I have condensed from the interesting narrative a portion of its contents, omitting much of interest, the object being to portray the outlines of how the early coast settlements passed from infancy to self-sustaining maturity. Locally, the labors of this early Texas girl — now ranking among the mothers of the land — are of great value.

Fight of the Bowies with the Indians on the San Saba in 1831.

In 1832 Rezin P. Bowie furnished a Philadelphia paper with the following narrative. It has been published in several books since. Col. James Bowie made a report to the Mexican Governor at San Antonio, not so full but in accord with this report. It gives an account of one of the most extraordinary events in the pioneer history of America.

"On the 2d of November, 1831, we left the town of San Antonio de Bexar for the silver mines on the San Saba river; the party consisting of the following named persons: Rezin P. Bowie, James Bowie, David Buchanan, Robert Armstrong, Jesse Wallace, Matthew Doyle, Cephas D. Hamm, James Coryell, Thomas McCaslin, Gonzales and Charles, servant boys. Nothing particular occurred until

the 19th, on which day, about 10 a. m. we were overhauled by two Comanche Indians and a Mexican captive, who had struck our trail and followed it. They stated that they belonged to Isaonie's party, a chief of the Comanche tribe, sixteen in number, and were on their way to San Antonio with a drove of horses, which they had taken from the Wacos and Tawackanies, and were about returning to their owners, citizens of San Antonio. After smoking and talking with them about an hour, and making them a few presents of tobacco, powder, shot, etc., they returned to their party, who were waiting at the Llano river.

"We continued our journey until night closed upon us, when we encamped. The next morning, the above named Mexican captive returned to our camp, his horse was much fatigued, and who, after eating and smoking, stated that he had been sent by his chief, Isaonie, to inform us we were followed by one hundred and twenty-four Tawackanie and Waco Indians, and forty Caddos had joined them, who were determined to have our scalps at all risks. Isaonie had held a talk with them all the previous afternoon, and endeavored to dissuade them from their purpose; but they still persisted, and left him enraged and pursued our trail. As a voucher for the truth of the above, the Mexican produced his chief's silver medal, which is common among the natives in such cases. He further stated that his chief requested him to say, that he had but sixteen men, badly armed and without ammunition; but if we would return and join him, such succor as he could give us he would. But knowing that the enemy lay between us and him, we deemed it more prudent to pursue our journey and endeavor to reach the old fort on the San Saba river before night, distance thirty miles. The Mexican then returned to his party, and we proceeded on.

"Throughout the day we encountered bad roads, being covered with rocks, and the horses' feet being worn out, we were disappointed in not reaching the fort. In the evening we had some little difficulty in picking out an advantageous spot where to encamp for the night. We however made choice of the best that offered, which was a cluster of live-oak trees, some thirty or forty in number, about the size of a man's body. To the north of them a thicket of live-oak bushes, about ten feet high, forty yards in length and twenty in breadth, to the west, at the distance of thirty-five or forty yards, ran a stream of water.

"The surrounding country was an open prairie, interspersed with a few trees, rocks, and broken land. The trail which we came on lay to

the east of our encampment. After taking the precaution to prepare our spot for defense, by cutting a road inside the thicket of bushes, ten feet from the outer edge all around, and clearing the prickly-pears from amongst the bushes, we hobbled our horses and placed sentinels for the night. We were now distant six miles from the old fort above mentioned, which was built by the Spaniards in 1752, for the purpose of protecting them while working the silver mines, which are a mile distant. A few years after, it was attacked by the Comanche Indians and every soul put to death. Since that time it has never been occupied. Within the fort is a church, which, had we reached before night, it was our intention to have occupied to defend ourselves against the Indians. The fort surrounds about one acre of land under a twelve-foot stone wall.

"Nothing occurred during the night, and we lost no time in the morning in making preparations for continuing our journey to the fort; and when in the act of starting, we discovered the Indians on our trail to the east, about two hundred yards distant, and a footman about fifty yards ahead of the main body, with his face to the ground, tracking. The cry of 'Indians' was given, and 'All hands to arms.' We dismounted, and both saddle and pack-horses were made fast to the trees. As soon as they found we had discovered them, they gave the war whoop, halted and commenced stripping, preparatory to action. A number of mounted Indians were reconnoitering the ground; among them we discovered a few Caddo Indians, by the cut of their hair, who had always previously been friendly to Americans.

"Their number being so far greater than ours (one hundred and sixty-four to eleven), it was agreed that Rezin P. Bowie should be sent out to talk with them, and endeavor to compromise with them rather than attempt a fight. He accordingly started, with David Buchanan in company, and walked up to within about forty yards of where they had halted, and requested them in their own tongue to send forward their chief, as he wanted to talk with him. Their answer was, "how-de-do? how-de-do?" in English, and a discharge of twelve shots at us, one of which broke Buchanan's leg. Bowie returned their salutation with the contents of a double barreled gun and a pistol. He then took Buchanan on his shoulder, and started back to the encampment. They then opened a heavy fire upon us, which wounded Buchanan in two more places slightly, and pierced Bowie's hunting shirt in several places without doing him any injury. When they found their shot failed to bring Bowie down,

eight Indians on foot took after him with their tomahawks, and when close upon him were discovered by his party, who rushed out with their rifles and brought down four of them—the other four retreating back to the main body. We then returned to our position, and all was still for about five minutes.

“We then discovered a hill to the northeast at the distance of sixty yards, red with Indians who opened a heavy fire upon us with loud yells, their chief, on horseback, urging them in a loud and audible voice to the charge, walking his horse perfectly composed. When we first discovered him, our guns were all empty, with the exception of Mr. Hamm’s. James Bowie cried out, ‘Who is loaded?’ Mr. Hamm observed, ‘I am.’ He was then told to shoot that Indian on horseback. He did so, and broke his leg and killed his horse. We now discovered him hopping around his horse on one leg, with his shield on his arm to keep off the balls. By this time four of our party being reloaded, fired at the same instant, and all the balls took effect through the shield. He fell and was immediately surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, who picked him up and bore him off. Several of these were shot by our party. The whole party then retreated back of the hill, out of sight, with the exception of a few Indians who were running about from tree to tree, out of gun-shot.”

“They now covered the hill a second time, bringing up their bowmen, who had not been in action before, and commenced a heavy fire with balls and arrows, which we returned by a well directed aim with our rifles. At this instant, another chief appeared on horseback, near the spot where the last one fell. The same question of who was loaded, was asked; the answer was nobody; when little Charles, the mulatto servant, came running up with Buchanan’s rifle, which had not been discharged since he was wounded, and handed it to James Bowie, who instantly fired and brought him down from his horse. He was surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, as was the last, and borne off under our fire. During the time we were engaged in defending ourselves from the Indians on the hill, some fifteen or twenty of the Caddo tribe had succeeded in getting under the bank of the creek in our rear at about forty yards distance, and opened a heavy fire upon us, which wounded Matthew Doyle, the ball entering the left breast and passing out of the back. As soon as he cried out he was wounded, Thomas M’Caslin hastened to the spot where he fell, and observed, ‘Where is the Indian that shot Doyle?’ He was told by a more experienced hand not to venture there, as, from

the report of their guns, they must be riflemen. At that instant they discovered an Indian, and while in the act of raising his piece, M’Caslin was shot through the center of the body and expired. Robert Armstrong exclaimed, ‘D—n the Indian that shot M’Caslin! Where is he?’ He was told not to venture there, as they must be riflemen; but, on discovering an Indian, and while bringing his gun up, he was fired at, and part of the stock of his gun cut off, and the ball lodged against the barrel. During this time our enemies had formed a complete circle around us, occupying the points of rocks, scattering trees and bushes. The firing then became general from all quarters.

“Finding our situation too much exposed among the trees, we were obliged to leave it, and take to the thickets. The first thing necessary was to dislodge the riflemen from under the bank of the creek, who were within point-blank shot. This we soon succeeded in, by shooting the most of them through the head, as we had the advantage of seeing them when they could not see us.

“The road we had cut around the thicket the night previous, gave us now an advantageous situation over that of our enemies, and we had a fair view of them in the prairie, while we were completely hid. We baffled their shots by moving six or eight feet the moment we had fired, as their only mark was the smoke of our guns. They would put twenty balls within the size of a pocket handkerchief, where they had seen the smoke. In this manner we fought them two hours, and had one man wounded, James Coryell, who was shot through the arm, and the ball lodged in the side, first cutting away a bush which prevented it from penetrating deeper than the size of it.

“They now discovered that we were not to be dislodged from the thicket, and the uncertainty of killing us at a random shot; they suffering very much from the fire of our rifles, which brought a half a dozen down at every round. They now determined to resort to stratagem, by putting fire to the dry grass in the prairie, for the double purpose of routing us from our position, and under cover of the smoke, to carry away their dead and wounded, which lay near us. The wind was now blowing from the west, they placed the fire in that quarter, where it burnt down all the grass to the creek, and bore off to the right, and leaving around our position a space of about five acres that was untouched by fire. Under cover of this smoke they succeeded in carrying off a portion of their dead and wounded. In the meantime, our party were engaged in scraping away the dry grass and leaves from our wounded men and baggage to prevent the

fire from passing over it; and likewise, in pulling up rocks and bushes to answer the purpose of a breastwork.

"They now discovered they had failed in routing us by the fire, as they had anticipated. They then re-occupied the points of rocks and trees in the prairie, and commenced another attack. The firing continued for some time when the wind suddenly shifted to the north, and blew very hard. We now discovered our dangerous situation, should the Indians succeed in putting fire to the small spot which we occupied, and kept a strict watch all around. The two servant boys were employed in scraping away dry grass and leaves from around the baggage, and pulling up rocks and placing them around the wounded men. The remainder of the party were warmly engaged with the enemy. The point from which the wind now blew being favorable to fire our position, one of the Indians succeeded in crawling down the creek and putting fire to the grass that had not yet been burnt; but before he could retreat back to his party, was killed by Robert Armstrong.

"At this time we saw no hopes of escape, as the fire was coming down rapidly before the wind, flaming ten feet high, and directly for the spot we occupied. What was to be done? We must either be burned up alive, or driven into the prairie among the savages. This encouraged the Indians; and to make it more awful, their shouts and yells rent the air, they at the same time firing upon us about twenty shots a minute. As soon as the smoke hid us from their view, we collected together and held a consultation as to what was best to be done. Our first impression was, that they might charge us under cover of the smoke, as we could make but one effectual fire, the sparks were flying about so thickly that no man could open his powder horn without running the risk of being blown up. However, we finally came to a determination had they charged us to give them one fire, place our backs together, and draw our knives and fight them as long as any one of us was left alive. The next question was, should they not charge us, and we retain our position, we must be burned up. It was then decided that each man should take care of himself as best he could, until the fire arrived at the ring around our baggage and wounded men, and there it should be smothered with buffalo robes, bear skins, deer skins, and blankets, which, after a great deal of exertion, we succeeded in doing.

"Our thicket being so much burned and scorched, that it afforded us little or no shelter, we all got into the ring that was around our wounded men

and baggage, and commenced building our breastwork higher, with the loose rocks from the inside, and dirt dug up with our knives and sticks. During this last fire, the Indians had succeeded in removing all their killed and wounded which lay near us. It was now sundown, and we had been warmly engaged with the Indians since sunrise, a period of thirteen hours; and they seeing us still alive and ready for fight, drew off at a distance of three hundred yards, and encamped for the night with their dead and wounded. Our party now commenced to work in raising our fortification higher, and succeeded in getting it breast high by 10 p. m. We now filled all our vessels and skins with water, expecting another attack the next morning. We could distinctly hear the Indians, nearly all night, crying over their dead, which is their custom; and at daylight, they shot a wounded chief — it being also a custom to shoot any of their tribe that are mortally wounded. They, after that, set out with their dead and wounded to a mountain about a mile distant, where they deposited their dead in a cave on the side of it. At eight in the morning, two of the party went out from the fortification to the encampment, where the Indians had lain the night previous, and counted forty-eight bloody spots on the grass where the Indians had been lying. As near as we could judge, their loss must have been forty killed and thirty wounded. [We afterwards learned from the Comanche Indians that their loss was eighty-two killed and wounded.]

"Finding ourselves much cut up, having one man killed, and three wounded — five horses killed, and three wounded — we recommenced strengthening our little fort, and continued our labors until 1 p. m., when the arrival of thirteen Indians drew us into the fort again. As soon as they discovered we were still there and ready for action and well fortified they put off. We, after that, remained in our fort eight days, recruiting our wounded men and horses, at the expiration of which time, being all in pretty good order, we set out on our return to San Antonio de Bexar. We left our fort at dark, and traveled all night and until afternoon of the next day, when we picked out an advantageous spot and fortified ourselves, expecting the Indians would, when recruited, follow our trail; but, however, we saw no more of them.

"David Buchanan's wounded leg here mortified, and having no surgical instruments, or medicine of any kind, not even a dose of salts, we boiled some live oak bark very strong, and thickened it with pounded charcoal and Indian meal, made a poultice of it, and tied it around his leg, over which we

sewed a buffalo skin, and traveled along five days without looking at it; when it was opened, it was in a fair way for healing, which it finally did, and the mortified parts all dropped off, and his leg now is as well as it ever was. There was none

of the party but had his skin cut in several places, and numerous shot holes through his clothes.

"On the twelfth day we arrived in good order, with our wounded men and horses, at San Antonio de Bexar."

The Scalping of Wilbarger and Death of Christian and Strother, in 1833.

In the year 1828, Josiah Wilbarger, recently married to a daughter of Leman Barker, of Lincoln County, Mo., arrived at Matagorda, Texas. The writer of this, then in his eighth year, knew him intimately. The Wilbarger family adjoining the farm of my parents, lived on a thousand arpents of the richest land, one mile east of the present village of Ashley, Pike County, Missouri, sixteen miles from the Mississippi river and seventy-five miles above St. Louis. In the autumn of 1826, Capt. Henry S. Brown, father of the writer, temporarily returned home from Texas, after having spent two years in that then terra incognita and Northern Mexico. His descriptions of the country deeply impressed young Wilbarger, as well as a large number of persons in the adjoining county of Lincoln, whose names subsequently shed luster on the pioneer life of Texas. The remainder of the Wilbarger family, or rather two brothers and three sisters of their number, came to Texas in 1837. Josiah spent a year in Matagorda, another in Colorado County, and in 1831 settled on his headright league, ten miles above Bastrop on the Colorado, with his wife, child and two transient young men. He was temporarily the outside settler, but soon others located along the river below and two or three above, the elder Reuben Hornsby becoming the outer sentinel, and so remaining for a number of years. Mr. Wilbarger located various lands for other parties in that section, it being in Austin's second grant above the old San Antonio and Nacogdoches road, which crossed at Bastrop.

In August, 1833, accompanied by four others, viz., Christian a surveyor, Strother, Standifer and Haynie, Mr. Wilbarger left on a land-locating expedition, above where Austin now is. Arriving on the ground and on the eve of beginning work, an Indian was discovered on a neighboring ridge, watching their movements. Wilbarger, after vainly

beckoning to him to approach, rode toward him, manifesting friendship, but the Indian, pointing toward a smoke rising from a cedar brake at the base of a hill, in plain view, indicated a desire for his visitor to go to camp and galloped away. The party, after a short pursuit, became satisfied there was a considerable body of Indians, hostile in feeling, and determined at once to return to the settlement. They started in, intending to go directly to Hornsby's place, but they stopped at a spring on the way to take lunch, to which Wilbarger objected, being quite sure the Indians would pursue them, while the others thought otherwise. Very soon, however, about sixty savages suddenly charged, fired and fell back under the protection of brush. Strother fell dead and Christian apparently so. Wilbarger's horse broke away and fled. He followed a short distance, but failed to recover him. Hastening back, he found the other two men mounted and ready to flee, and discovered that Christian, though helpless, was not dead. He implored the two mounted men to stay with him in the ravine, and endeavor to save Christian. Just then the Indians renewed the fire at long range and struck Wilbarger in the hip. He then asked to be taken behind one of the men, but seeing the enemy approaching, they fled at full speed, leaving him to his fate. The Indians, one having mounted Christian's horse, encircled him on all sides. He had seized the guns of the fallen men and thus with these partly protected by a tree just as he was taking deliberate aim at the mounted warrior, a ball entered his neck, paralyzing him, so that he fell to the ground and was at once at the mercy of the wretches. Though perfectly helpless and apparently dead, he was conscious of all that transpired. A knife was passed entirely around his head and the scalp torn off. While suffering no pain, he ever asserted that neither a storm in the forest nor

the roar of artillery could have sounded more terrible to a sound man than did this scalping process to him. The shrieks and exultant yells of the brutes were indescribable.

Christian's life ebbed away, all three were stripped and scalped; the savages retired and Wilbarger lay in a dreamy state of semi-consciousness, visions flitting through his mind bordering on the marvelous and the supernatural.

The loss of blood finally aroused him and he realized several wounds unknown to him before. He crawled to a limpid stream close by and submerged his body in it both to quench a burning thirst and stop the flow of blood, and succeeded in both; but in an hour or two became greatly chilled and crawled out, but was so weak he fell into a sound sleep—for how long he knew not—on awakening from which he found his wounds covered with those disgusting insects, "blow flies." Occasionally refreshing himself in the pool, the hours sped and night came. He had realized that the escaped men would spread the news and as soon as the few settlers below could collect, relief might come. After dark and many efforts he was able to rise and stand—then to stagger along—and resolved to make an effort to reach the Hornsby place. He traveled about a quarter of a mile, utterly failed in strength and sank under a large tree, intensely suffering with cold. When morning came he was unable to move and his suffering, till the sun rose and warmed him, was intense. He became able to rise again, but not to walk. He affirmed that while reclining against the tree his sister, Margaret,* vividly appeared before him, saying, "Brother Josiah! you are too weak to go in by yourself! Remain here and before the sun sets friends will take you in." She disappeared, going directly towards the settlement. He piteously called to her: "Margaret, my sister, Margaret! stay with me till they come!" But she disappeared, and when relief did come he told them of the vision and believed till that time that it was a reality.

During the day—that long and agonizing day—between periods of drowsy slumber, he would sit or stand, intensely gazing in the direction Margaret had taken.

The two men who fled gave the alarm at Hornsby's, and runners were sent below for aid, which could not be expected before the next day; and here occurs one of those incidents which, however remarkable, unless a whole family and several other persons of unquestionable integrity

were themselves falsifiers, is true, and so held by all the early settlers of the Colorado. During the night in which Wilbarger lay under the tree, notwithstanding the two men asserted positively that they saw Wilbarger, Christian and Strother killed, Mrs. Hornsby, one of the best of women and regarded as the mother of the new colony, about midnight, sprang from bed, aroused all the house and said: "Wilbarger is not dead! He sits against a large tree and is scalped! I saw him and know it is so!" Those present reassured and remonstrated, even ridiculed her dream, and all again retired. But about three o'clock, she again sprang from the bed, under intense excitement, repeated her former statement and added: "I saw him again! As sure as God lives Josiah Wilbarger is alive, scalped and under a large tree by himself! I saw him as plainly as I now see you who are present! If you are not cowards go at once or he will die!" "But," said one of the escaped men, "Mrs. Hornsby, I saw fifty Indians around his body and it is impossible for him to be alive."

"I care not what you saw," replied the seemingly inspired old mother, "I saw as plainly as you could have seen, and I know he is alive! Go to him at once." Her husband suggested that if the men all left before help came from below she would be in danger. "Never mind me! I can take to the dogwood thicket and save myself! Go, I tell you, to poor Wilbarger!"

The few men present determined to await till morning the arrival of succor from below, but Mrs. Hornsby refused to retire again, and busied herself cooking till sunrise, so as to avoid any delay when aid should come. When the men came in the morning, she repeated to them in the most earnest manner her dual vision, urged them to eat quickly and hasten forward and, as they were leaving, took from her bed a strong sheet, handed it to them and said: "Take this, you will have to bring him on a litter; he cannot sit on a horse." The men left and after long search found and buried the bodies of Christian and Strother.

Wilbarger spent the day in alternate watching and dozing till, late in the evening, completely exhausted, having crawled to a stump from which a more extended view was obtained, he was sinking into a despairing slumber, when the rumbling of horses' feet fell upon his ear. He arose and now beheld his deliverers. When, after quite a search, they discovered the ghastly object—a mass of blood—they involuntarily balted, seeing which he beckoned and finally called: "Come on, friends; it is Wilbarger." They came up, even then hesitating, for he was disfigured beyond recognition.

* This sister was Mrs. Margaret Clifton, who had died the day before at Florissant, St. Louis County, Missouri.



GEN. EDWARD BURLESON.

He begged for water! water! which was promptly furnished. He was wrapped in the sheet, placed on Mr. Hornsby's horse and that gentleman, mounting behind, held him in his arms, and thus, slowly, he was borne to the house, to be embraced with a mother's warmth by her who had seen him in the vision.

The great loss of blood prevented febrile tendencies, and, under good nursing, Mr. Wilbarger recovered his usual health; but the scalp having taken with it the inner membrane, followed by two days' exposure to the sun, never healed. The dome of the skull remained bare, only protected by artificial covering. For eleven years he enjoyed health, prospered and accumulated a handsome estate. At the end of that time the skull rapidly

decayed, exposed the brain, brought on delirium, and in a few weeks, just before the assurance of annexation and in the twelfth year from his calamity, his soul went to join that of his waiting sister Margaret in that abode "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Recalling the days of childhood, when the writer often sat upon his lap and received many evidences of his kindly nature, it is a pleasure to state that in 1858 he enjoyed and embraced the opportunity of honoring his memory by naming the county of Wilbarger jointly for him and his brother Matthias, a surveyor.

John Wilbarger, one of the sons of Josiah, while a ranger, was killed by Indians in the Nueces country, in 1847.

Events in 1833 and 1835 — Campaigns of Oldham, Coleman, John H. Moore, Williamson, Burleson, Coheen — Fate of Canoma — Choctaw Tom — The Toncahuas.

In the year 1833, a stranger from the United States, named Reed, spent several days at Tenoxtitlan, Falls of the Brazos, now in the lower part of Falls County. There were at that time seven friendly Toncahua Indians at the place, with whom Reed made an exchange of horses. The Indians concluded they had been cheated and pretended to leave; but secreted themselves and, on the second day afterwards, lying in ambush, they killed Reed as he was leaving the vicinity on his return to the United States, and made prize of his horse and baggage.

Canoma, a faithful and friendly Indian, was the chief of a small band of Caddos, and passed much of his time with or near the Americans at the Falls. He was then in the vicinity. He took seven of his tribe and pursued the Toncahuas. On the eighth day he returned, bearing as trophies seven scalps, Reed's horse and baggage, receiving substantial commendation from the settlers.

In the spring of 1835 the faithful Canoma was still about Tenoxtitlan. There were various indications of intended hostility by the wild tribes, but it was mainly towards the people on the Colorado. The wild Indians, as is well known to those conversant with that period, considered the people of the two rivers as separate tribes. The people at the

Falls, to avert an outbreak, employed Canoma to go among the savages and endeavor to bring them in for the purpose of making a treaty and of recovering two children of Mr. Moss, then prisoners in their hands.

Canoma, leaving two of his children as hostages, undertook the mission and visited several tribes. On returning he reported that those he had seen were willing to treat with the Brazos people; but that about half were bitterly opposed to forming friendly relations with the Coloradians, and that at that moment a descent was being made on Bastrop on that river by a party of the irreconcilables.

The people at the Falls immediately dispatched Samuel McFall to advise the people of that infant settlement of their danger. Before he reached his destination the Indians had entered the settlement, murdered a wagoner, stolen several horses and left, and Col. Edward Burleson, in command of a small party, was in pursuit.

In the meantime, some travelers lost their horses at the Falls and employed Canoma to follow and recover them. Canoma, with his wife and son, armed with a written certification of his fidelity to the whites, trailed the horses in the direction of and nearly to the three forks of Little river, and recovered them. On his return with these American

horses, Burleson and party fell in with him, but were not aware of his faithful character. He exhibited his credentials, with which Burleson was disposed to be satisfied; but his men, already incensed, and finding Canoma in possession of the horses under such suspicious circumstances, gave rein to unreasoning exasperation. They killed him and his son, leaving his wife to get in alone, which she lost no time in doing. She reported these unfortunate facts precisely as they had transpired, and as they were ever lamented by the chivalrous and kind-hearted Burleson.

This intensely incensed the remainder of Canoma's party, who were still at the Falls. Choctaw Tom, the principal man left among them, stated that they did not blame the people at the Falls, but that all the Indians would now make war on the Coloradians, and, with all the band, left for the Indian country.

Soon after this, in consequence of some depredations, Maj. Oldham raised a company of twenty-five men in Washington, and made a successful attack on the Keechi village, on the Trinity, now in Leon County. He routed them, killed a number and captured a considerable number of horses and all their camp equipage.

Immediately after this, Capt. Robert M. Coleman, of Bastrop, with twenty-five men, three of whom were Brazos men well known to many of the Indians, made a campaign against the Tehuacanos, at the famous springs of that name now in Limestone County. He crossed the Brazos at Washington on the 4th of July, 1835. He was not discovered till near the village. The Indians manifested stubborn courage. A severe engagement ensued, but in the end, though killing a considerable number of Indians, Coleman was compelled to retreat — having one man killed and four wounded. The enemy were too numerous for so small a party; and it was believed that their recognition of the three Brazos men among their assailants, stimulated their courage and exasperated them against the settlers on that river, as they were already towards those on the Colorado.

Coleman fell back upon Parker's fort, two and a half miles above the present town of Groesbeck, and sent in an express, calling for an augmentation of force to chastise the enemy. Three companies were immediately raised — one commanded by Capt. Robert M. Williamson (the gifted, dauntless and eloquent three-legged Willie of the popular legends), one by Capt. Coheen and a third by Dr. George W. Barnett. Col. John H. Moore was given chief command and Joseph C. Neill (a

soldier at the Horseshoe) was made adjutant. They joined Coleman at the fort and rapidly advanced upon the Tehuacanos at the springs; but the wily red man had discovered them and fled.

They then scoured the country up the Trinity as far as the forks, near the subsequent site of Dallas, then passed over to and down the Brazos, crossing it where old Fort Graham stands, without encountering more than five or six Indians on several occasions. They, however, killed one warrior and made prisoners of several women and children. One of the women, after her capture, killed her own child, for which she was immediately shot. Without any other event of moment the command leisurely returned to the settlements.

[NOTE. Maj. Oldham was afterwards one of the Mier prisoners. Dr. Barnett, from Tennessee, at 37 years of age, on the second day of the next March (1836), signed the Declaration of Texian Independence. He served as a senator for a number of years and then moved to the western part of Gonzales County, where, in the latest Indian raid ever made into that section, he was killed while alone, by the savages. The names of Robert M. Williamson and John H. Moore are too intimately identified with our history to justify farther notice here. As a Lieutenant-Colonel at San Jacinto, Joseph C. Neill was severely wounded. Robert M. Coleman was born and reared in that portion of Christian County, Kentucky, which afterwards became Trigg County. He came to Texas in 1830. He, too, at the age of 37, signed the Declaration of Independence and, fifty-one days later, commanded a company at San Jacinto. He was drowned at the mouth of the Brazos in 1837. In 1839 his wife and 13 year-old-son were killed at their frontier home in Webber's prairie, on the Colorado, and another son carried into captivity by the Indians, never to be restored to civilization. Two little girls, concealed under the floor by their heroic child brother before his fall, were saved. Henry Bridger, a young man, then just from Cole County, Missouri, afterwards my neighbor and close friend in several campaigns and battles — modest as a maiden, fearless as a tiger — also a Mier prisoner, saw his first service in this campaign of Col. Moore. Sam McFall, the bearer of the warning from the Falls to Bastrop, from choice went on foot. He was six feet and three inches high, lean, lithe and audacious. He was the greatest footman ever known in Texas, and made the distance in shorter time than a saddle horse could have done. He became famous among the Mier prisoners at Perote, 1843-4, by feigning lunacy and stampeding whenever harnessed to one of the little Mexican carts for hauling stone, a task forced upon his comrades, but from which he escaped as a "lunatico." He died in McLennan County some years ago, lamented as an exemplar of true, inborn nobility of soul and dauntless courage.]

The Attempted Settlement of Beales' Rio Grande Colony in 1834 — Its Failure and the Sad Fate of Some of the Colonists — Twelve Murdered — Mrs. Horn and Two Sons and Mrs. Harris Carried into Captivity — 1834 to 1836.

Before narrating the painful scenes attending the attempt to form a colony of Europeans and Americans on the Rio Grande, about thirty miles above the present town of Eagle Pass, begun in New York in November, 1833, and terminating in bitter failure and the slaughter of a portion of the colonists on the 2d of April, 1836, a few precedent facts are condensed, for the more intelligent and comprehensive understanding of the subject.

Dr. John Charles Beales, born in Aldborough, Suffolk County, England, March 20, 1804, went to Mexico, and, in 1830, married the widow of Richard Exter, an English merchant in that country. She was a Mexican lady, her maiden name having been Maria Dolores Soto. Prior to his death Mr. Exter had become associated in certain empresario contracts for introducing colonists into northern or rather New Mexico with Stephen Julian Wilson, an English naturalized citizen of Mexico.

In 1832 Dr. Beales and Jose Manuel Roquella obtained from the State of Coahuila and Texas the right to settle colonists in the following described limits:—

Beginning at the intersection of latitude 32° north with longitude 102° west from London, the same being the southwest corner of a tract petitioned for by Col. Reuben Ross; thence west on the parallel of latitude 32° to the eastern limit of New Mexico; thence north on the line dividing New Mexico and the provinces (the State) of Coahuila and Texas, to a point twenty leagues (52½ miles) south of the Arkansas river; thence east to longitude 102°, on the west boundary (really the northwest corner) of the tract petitioned for by Col. Reuben Ross;— thence south to the place of beginning. Beales and Roquella employed Mr. A. Le Grand, an American, to survey and mark the boundaries of this territory and divide it into twelve or more blocks. Le Grand, with an escort and proper outfit, arrived on the ground from Santa Fe, and established the initial point, after a series of observations, on the 27th of June, 1833. From that date till the 30th of October, he was actively engaged in the work, running lines north, south,

east and west over most of the large territory. In the night, eight inches of snow fell, and on the 30th, after several days' examination of its topography, he was at the base of the mountain called by the Mexicans "La Sierra Oscura." Here, for the time being, he abandoned the work and proceeded to Santa Fe to report to his employers. Extracts from that report form the base for these statements. Neither Beales and Roquella nor Col. Reuben Ross ever proceeded farther in these enterprises; but it is worthy of note that Le Grand preceded Capt. R. B. Marcy, U. S. A., twenty-six years in the exploration and survey of the upper waters of the Colorado, Brazos, Red, Canadian and Washita rivers, a field in which Capt. Marcy has worn the honors of first explorer from the dates of his two expeditions, respectively, in 1849 and 1853. Le Grand's notes are quite full, noting the crossing of every stream in all his 1800 to 2000 miles in his subdivision of that large territory into districts or blocks numbered 1 to 12.

Le Grand, in his diary, states that on the 14th of August: "We fell in with a party of Riana Indians, who informed us they were on their way to Santa Fe, for the purpose of treating with the government. We sent by them a copy of our journal to this date."

On the 20th of August they visited a large encampment of Comanche Indians, who were friendly and traded with them.

On the night of September 10th, in the country between the Arkansas and Canadian, five of the party—Kimble, Bois, Caseboth, Boring and Ryon—deserted, taking with them all but four of Le Grand's horses.

On the 21st of September, near the northeast corner of the tract they saw, to the west, a large body of Indians. This was probably in "No Man's Land," now near the northeast corner of Sherman County, Texas.

On the night of September 27th, twenty miles west of the northeast corner, and therefore near the northwest corner of Sherman County, they were attacked by a body of Snake Indians. The

action was short but furious. The Indians, evidently expecting to surprise and slaughter the party while asleep, left nine warriors dead on the ground. But the victors paid dearly for the triumph; they lost three killed, McCrummins, Weathers and Jones, and Thompson was slightly wounded. They buried the dead on the 28th and remained on the ground till the 29th. The country over which this party carried the compass and chain, between June 27th and October 30th, 1833, measuring on the ground about eighteen hundred miles, covers about the western half of the present misnamed Texas Panhandle, the eastern portion (or a strip thereof) of the present New Mexico, the western portion of "No Man's Land," and south of the Panhandle to latitude 32. The initial or southeast corner (the intersection of longitude 102 with latitude 32), judging by our present maps, was in the vicinity of the present town of Midland, on the Texas and Pacific Railway, but Le Grand's observations must necessarily have been imperfect and fixed the point erroneously. It was, however, sixteen miles south of what he called throughout the "Red river of Texas," meaning the Colorado or Pasigono, while he designates as "Red river" the stream still so called. This large territory is now settled and being settled by stock raisers, with a decided tendency towards farming pursuits. The writer of this, through the press of Texas, ever since 1872, has contended that in due time Northwest Texas, from the Pacific road to latitude 36° 30', notwithstanding considerable districts of worthless land, would become the seat of an independent and robust agricultural population. It is now being verified.

BEALES COLONY ON THE RIO GRANDE.

Dr. Beales secured in his own name a right to settle a colony extending from the Nueces to the Rio Grande and lying above the road from San Antonio to Laredo. Next above, extending north to latitude 32°, was a similar privilege granted to John L. Woodbury, which expired, as did similar concessions to Dr. James Grant, a Scotchman naturalized and married in Mexico (the same who was killed by the Mexican army on its march to Texas, in February, 1836, in what is known as the Johnson and Grant expedition, beyond the Nueces river), and various others. Dr. Beales entered into some sort of partnership with Grant for settling colonists on the Rio Grande and Nueces' tract, and then, with Grant's approval, while retaining his official position as empresario, or contractor with the State, formed in New York an

association styled the "Rio Grande and Texas Land Company," for the purpose of raising means to encourage immigration to the colony from France, Ireland, England and Germany, including also Americans. Mr. Egerton, an English surveyor, was sent out first to examine the lands and select a site for locating a town, and the first immigrants. He performed that service and returned to New York in the summer of 1833.

The Rio Grande and Texas Land Company organized on a basis of capital "divided into 800 shares, each containing ten thousand acres, besides surplus lands." Certificate No. 407, issued in New York, July 11, 1834, signed, Isaac A. Johnson, trustee; Samuel Sawyer, secretary, and J. C. Beales, empresario, with a miniature map of the lands, was transmitted to me as a present or memento, as the case might be, in the year 1874, by my relative, Hon. Wm. Jessop Ward, of Baltimore, and now lies before me. As a matter of fact, Beales, like all other empresarios under the Mexican colonization laws, contracted or got permission to introduce a specified number of immigrants (800 in this case) and was to receive a given amount of premium land in fee simple to himself for each hundred families so introduced. Otherwise he had no right to or interest in the lands, and all lands not taken up by immigrants as headrights, or awarded him as premiums within a certain term of years from the date of the contract, remained, as before, public domain of the State. Hence the habit generally adopted by writers and map-makers of styling these districts of country "*grants*" to A., B. or C. was and ever has been a misnomer. They were in reality only *permits*.

The first, and so far as known or believed, the only body of immigrants introduced by Dr. Beales, sailed with him from New York, in the schooner Amos Wright, Capt. Mouroe, November 11th, 1833. The party consisted of fifty-nine souls, men, women and children, but how many of each class cannot be stated.

On the 6th of December, 1833, the Amos Wright entered Aransas bay, finding nine feet of water on the bar; on the 12th they disembarked and pitched their tents on the beach at Copano and there remained till January 3, 1834, finding there only a Mexican coast-guard consisting of a corporal and two men. On the 15th of December Don Jose Maria Cosio, collector of customs, came down from Goliad (the ancient La Bahia), and passed their papers and goods as correct and was both courteous and kind. Throughout the remainder of December, January and February there were rapidly succeeding wet and cold northers, indicating one of the

most inclement winters known to the inhabitants — flooding the coast prairies and causing great discomfort to the strangers, who, however, feasted abundantly on wild game, fish and water fowl.

On the 20th Dr. Beales, his servant, Marcelino, and Mr. Power started to Goliad to see the Alcalde, Don Miguel Aldrete, and procure teams for transportation, the roads being so flooded that, although the distance was only about forty miles, they did not arrive till the 22d. Returning with animals to draw their vehicles, they arrived at Copano late on the 31st of December, having halted, both in going and returning, at the Irish settlement of Power's and Hewetson's infant colony, at the old mission of Refugio. (This colony had for empresarios Mr. James Power and Dr. James Hewetson, both well known in the subsequent history of that sorely desolated section.)

The party left Copano on the 3d of January, 1834, and after numerous vexations and minor accidents, arrived at Goliad, crossed and encamped on the east bank of the San Antonio river on the 16th, having thus left behind them the level and flooded coast lands. Dr. Beales notes that, while at Goliad, "some of the foreigners in the town, the lowest class of the Americans, behaved exceedingly ill, endeavoring, by all means in their power, to seduce my families away." But only one man left, and he secured his old *Majordomo* (overseer or manager), John Quinn, and a Mexican with his wife and four children, to accompany the party. He also notes that on Sunday (19th) a Carancahua Indian child was baptized by the priest in Goliad, for which the collector's wife, Senora Cosio, stood godmother.

On the 20th of January, with freshly purchased oxen, they left for San Antonio and, after much trouble and cold weather, arrived there on the 6th of February. A few miles below that place (a fact stated by Mrs. Horn, but not found in Beales' diary) they found Mr. Smith, a stranger from the United States, lying by the roadside, terribly wounded, and with him a dead Mexican, while two others of his Mexican escort had escaped severely wounded. They had had a desperate fight with a small party of Indians who had left Mr. Smith as dead. Dr. Beales, both as physician and good Samaritan, gave him every possible attention and conveyed him to San Antonio, where he lingered for a time and died after the colonists left that place. While there a young German couple in the party were married, but their names are not given.

On the 18th of February, with fifteen carts and wagons, the colonists left San Antonio for the

Rio Grande. On the 28th they crossed the Nueces and for the first time entered the lands designated as Beales' Colony. Mr. Little carved upon a large tree on the west bank — "Los Primeros colonos de la Villa de Dolores pasaron el 28 de Febrero, 1834," which being rendered into English is: "The first colonists of the village of Dolores passed here on the 28th of February, 1834," many of them, alas, never to pass again.

On the 2d of March Mr. Egerton went forward to Presidio de Rio Grande to examine the route, and returned at midnight with the information that the best route was to cross the river at that point, travel up on the west side and recross to the proposed locality of Dolores, on the Las Moras creek, which is below the present town of Del Rio and ten or twelve miles from the northeast side of the Rio Grande. They crossed the river on the 5th and on the 6th entered the Presidio, about five miles from it. Slowly moving up on the west side, by a somewhat circuitous route and crossing a little river called by Dr. Beales "Rio Escondido," the same sometimes called Rio Chico, or Little river, which enters the Rio Grande a few miles below Eagle Pass, they recrossed to the east side of the Rio Grande on the 12th and were again on the colony lands. Here they fell in with five Shawnee Indian trappers, two of whom spoke English and were not only very friendly, but became of service for some time in killing game. Other Shawnee trappers frequently visited them. Here Beales left a portion of the freight, guarded by Addicks and two Mexicans, and on the 14th traveled up the country about fifteen miles to a creek called "El Sancillo," or "El Sanz." On the 16th of March, a few miles above the latter stream, they arrived at the site of the proposed village of Dolores, on the Las Moras creek, as before stated said to be ten or twelve miles from the Rio Grande. The name "Dolores" was doubtless bestowed by Doctor Beales in honor of his absent wife.

Preparations were at once undertaken to form tents, huts and cabins, by cleaning out a thicket and building a brush wall around it as a fortification against the wild Indians who then, as for generations before and for fifty years afterwards, were a terror to the Mexican population on that frontier. On the 30th, Dr. Beales was unexpectedly compelled to go to Matamoras, three or four hundred miles, to cash his drafts, having failed to do so in Monclova. It was a grave disappointment, as money was essential to meet the wants of the people. Beyond this date his notes are inaccessible and subsequent events are gleaned dimly from other sources. It must suffice to say that without irri-

gation the colonists, in the remainder of 1834 and all of 1835, failed to raise crops and, though guarded part of the time by a company of Mexicans employed for that purpose, were ever uneasy lest they should be attacked by the savages. As time passed dissatisfaction arose and the colonists in small parties left the settlement, at one time four families leaving, all probably to the Mexican towns of Monclova, Santa Rosa and San Fernando, but of their ultimate fate no information is at hand. From Mrs. Horn's narrative it is learned that after many had left and sometime in the winter of 1835-6, a new settlement of seven men and a boy (their nationality not being given), some thirty or forty miles distant, while two of the men were absent for a few hours, was attacked. Four of the men and the boy were killed—the fifth man left for dead and all of them scalped. The wounded man, much mutilated, was conveyed to San Fernando, about twenty miles distant, one arm amputated, and, scalpless, he recovered, only to exist as an object of pity and charity.

This last calamity determined all the remainder, excepting Mr. Power and seven others, to abandon the country and return to the gulf and their native lands. Power and party went to San Fernando, in vain to await the arrival of other immigrants. What became of them is not known.

This brings us to the sad story of the murder of the twelve colonists and the captivity of Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Horn and two children. Mrs. Horn has been several times mentioned in this narrative and before proceeding with it, her history previous to leaving New York, on the *Amos Wright*, November 11th, 1833, may be briefly stated from her own notes. The youngest of ten children of a Mr. Newton, she was born in 1809 in Huntingdon, sixty miles north of London, her parents being respectable and sincerely pious people. When three years old she was left fatherless. Her mother successfully fulfilled her doubled mission and trained all her children in the strictest principles of virtue and religion. At the age of eighteen this baby daughter, on the 14th of October, 1827, in St. James church, Clerkenwell, London, married Mr. John Horn, who proved to be all, as husband and father, that her heart desired. They settled in Arlington, No. 2 Moon street, Giles Square, London. Her mother resided with her till her death late in 1830. Mr. Horn was well established in mercantile business in a small establishment. Soon after this many English people of small means were migrating to America to improve their condition. Mr. Horn was seized with the same desire and, after due deliberation,

they sailed from London, July 20, 1833, in the ship, *Samuel Robinson*, Capt. Griswold (or *Chriswold*), and arrived in New York on the 27th of August. They took lodgings at 237 Madison street, and Mr. Horn procured a satisfactory clerkship with Mr. John McKibben. About this time Dr. Beales, from Mexico, was in New York preparing for the colonization trip to the Rio Grande, already described. Omitting many strange incidents and forebodings of evil—presentiments, as generally expressed—on the part of Mrs. Horn, they sailed on the voyage as has been narrated, November 11th, 1833.

On the 10th of March 1836, the disconsolate party which we are now to follow, left Dolores with the intention of reaching the coast by way of San Patricio, on the lower Nueces. It consisted of eleven men, including Mr. Horn, his wife and two little sons, John and Joseph, and Mr. Harris, his wife and girl baby, about three months old, probably the only child born at Dolores—in all fifteen souls. To the Nueces, by slow marches, they traveled without a road. Santa Anna's invading hosts had but recently passed from the Rio Grande on the Laredo and Matamoras routes, to San Antonio and Goliad. The Alamo had fallen four days before this journey began and Fannin surrendered near Goliad nine days after their departure, but these ill-fated colonists knew of neither event. They only knew that the Mexicans were invading Texas under the banner of extermination to the Americans, and they dreaded falling into their hands almost as much as they dreaded the wild savages. They remained on the Nueces, near a road supposed to lead to San Patricio, several days, protected by thickets, and while there saw the trains and heard the guns of detachments of Mexican soldiers, doubtless guarding supply trains following Santa Anna to San Antonio.

They resumed their march from the Nueces, on the San Patricio trail, on the 2d of April. Early in the afternoon of the 4th, they encamped at a large lake, containing fine fish. Not long afterwards, while the men were occupied in various ways and none on guard, they were suddenly attacked by fifty or sixty mounted Indians, who, meeting no resistance, instantly murdered nine of the men, seized the two ladies and three children, plundered the wagons and then proceeded to their main camp, the entire party being about 400, in an extensive chaparral, two or three miles distant. Here they remained till next morning, tying the ladies' hands, feet and arms, so tight as to be extremely painful. Next morning, before starting, a savage brute amused his fellows by tossing the infant of Mrs.

Harris in the air and letting it fall to the ground till it was killed. Next they brought into the presence of the ladies, Mr. Harris and a young German, whom they had supposed to be dead, but who were only wounded. Compelling the heart-broken wife, and the already widowed Mrs. Horn to look on, they shot arrows and plunged lances into the two men until they were dead, all the while yelling horrid shouts of exultation. The mind directing the pen recording this atrocious exercise of savage demonism, as it has recorded and yet has to record innumerable others, involuntarily reverts with inexpressible disgust to the sickening twaddle of that school of self-righteous American humanitarians, who utter eloquent nonsense about the noble savage and moral suasion, and dainty food at public expense, as the only things needful to render him a lamb-like Christian. In New York in 1870, I wrote for *Putnam's Magazine* an article exposing the misapplied philanthropy on that subject—then upheld for gain by many villainous Indian agents, contractors and licensed traders, and many misinformed good people—contending that the only road to civilization to these inhuman monsters, was to whip them into fear of American power; then concentrate them into communities; and after this to treat them with humanity, honesty and fairness. The magazine in question, while admitting the correctness of the positions assumed, had not the courage to publish an article so in antagonism to the mistaken and oftentimes mock philanthropy, just then holding high carnival in the eastern section of the Union.

For some time before her capture Mrs. Harris had been suffering greatly from a rising in her breast, from which her infant was denied nourishment, and had been tenderly cared for by Mrs. Horn. Though the little innocent was now dead, the mother, in addition to brutal treatment otherwise, suffered excruciatingly in her breast, the heartless wretches for days not allowing Mrs. Horn to dress it. But finally she was permitted to do so and had the sagacity to dress and cover it with a poultice of cactus leaves, than which few things are better. Its effect was excellent. Both ladies almost, and the little boys entirely, denuded of clothing, their bodies blistered and the skin peeled off, causing intense suffering.

From the scene of slaughter the savages traversed the country between the lower Nueces and the lower Rio Grande, killing all who came within their power.

They came upon the body of a man apparently dead for about a month, which, from Mrs. Horn's statement, I have no doubt was that of Dr. James

Grant, the Scotchman, previously mentioned as associated with Dr. Beales, who was killed by Mexican cavalry, near the Agua Dulce creek, 20 or 30 miles beyond the Nueces, March 2, 1836, some distance from the spot where his men were slain, he and Col. Reuben R. Brown, having been chased four or five miles, from their party, Grant killed and Brown captured, to be imprisoned in Matamoras till the following December, when he and Samuel W. McKneely, who was captured in San Patricio by the same party, escaped and made their way into the settlements of Texas—Brown ever since living at the mouth of the Brazos and commanding a Confederate regiment in the civil war, and McKneely deceased in 1889 at Texarkana, Texas. They also passed the bodies of those killed at the original point of attack, the Indians saying they were "Tivos," or Americans. This event, together with the night surprise at San Patricio, the killing of some, the capture of others and the escape of Col. Frank W. Johnson, Daniel J. Toler, John H. Love and James M. Miller, was the disastrous termination of what is known in Texian history as the Johnson and Grant expedition, part of a wild and disorganizing series of measures set on foot or countenanced and encouraged by the faction-ridden council of the provisional government of Texas, against the wise and inflexible opposition of Governor Henry Smith and Gen Sam Houston, and culminating in the surrender and subsequent slaughter of Fannin and nearly 400 noble and chivalrous men.

During this raid in that section the Indians caught and killed a very genteel, well-dressed Mexican, then surrounded and entered his house, killing his young wife and two little children, and then rushed upon a neighboring house, killing two men near it and one inside. At another time along a road, they waylaid and murdered a handsomely dressed Mexican and his servant. At another a portion of them rushed across a creek when, through the timber, Mrs. Horn saw them advancing upon a man, who exclaimed "Stand back! stand back!" but seemed to have no arms. Numerous guns fired, all apparently by the Indians, when all the party, four or five in number, lay dead upon the ground. So far as Mrs. Horn could determine they were all Americans. This occurrence and the surrounding facts, considering the locality and the fact that no party of Americans could have been there from choice, can only be explained on the hypothesis that these men had escaped from prison in Matamoras, and, without arms, were endeavoring to return to Texas. If so, their fate was never known in Texas, for only through these two cap-

tive ladies could it have been made known and this they had no opportunity of doing excepting after their recovery and through the narrative from which these facts are collected. Neither was ever afterwards in the settled parts of Texas, and indeed never were before, excepting on the trip from Copano, via Goliad and San Antonio, to the Rio Grande.

On another occasion, after traveling for a short distance on a large road, evidently leading to Matamoras, they arrived near a rancho, near a lake of water. The main body halted and a part advanced upon the house which, though near, could not be seen by the captive ladies, but they heard the fight going on, firing and defiant shouts, for a considerable time, when the Indians returned, bearing two of their comrades severely wounded, and showing that they had been defeated and feared pursuit. They left the road and traveled rapidly till night, and then made no fire. On the following day they moved in haste, as if apprehensive of attack. They made no halt till night, and then for the first time in two days, allowed the prisoners water and a small quantity of meat. After two hours' travel next morning, to the amazement of the captives, they arrived at the spot where their husbands and friends had been murdered and where their naked bodies still lay, untouched since they left them, and only blackened in appearance. The little boys, John and Joseph, at once recognized their father, and poured forth such wails as to soften any but a brutal, savage heart. They soon passed on to the spot where lay the bodies of Mr. Harris and the young German, who, Mrs. Horn says, fell upon his face and knees and was still in that position, being the only one not stripped of his clothing.

Starting next morning by a different route from that first pursued, they traveled rapidly for three days and reached the spot near where they had killed the little Mexican and his family and had secreted the plunder taken from his house and the other victims of their barbarity. This, Mrs. Horn thought, was on the 18th day of April, 1836, being the fifteenth day of their captivity. This being but three days before the battle of San Jacinto, when the entire American population of Texas was on, or east of the Trinity, abundantly accounts for the fact that these bloody tragedies never become known in Texas; though, as will be shown farther on, they accidentally came to my knowledge in the year 1839, while in Missouri.

Gathering and packing their secreted spoils, the savages separated into three parties of about equal

numbers and traveled with all possible speed till about the middle of June, about two months. Much of the way was over rough, stony ground, provisions scarce, long intervals without water, the sun on the bare heads and naked bodies of the captives, very hot, and their sufferings were great. The ladies were in two different parties.

The narrative of Mrs. Horn, during her entire captivity, abounds in recitals of cruelties towards herself, her children and Mrs. Harris, involving hunger, thirst, menial labor, stripes, etc., though gradually lessened as time passed. To follow them in detail would become monotonous repetition. As a rather extreme illustration the following facts transpired on this long march of about two months from extreme Southwest Texas to (it is supposed) the head waters of the Arkansas.

Much of the route, as before stated, was over rough and stony ground, "cut up by steep and nearly impassable ravines, with deep and dangerous fords." (This is Mrs. Harris' language and aptly applies to the head waters of the Nueces, Guadalupe, the Conchos and the sources of the Colorado, Brazos and Red rivers, through which they necessarily passed.) At one of these deep fords, little Joseph Horn slipped from his mule while ascending the bank and fell back into the water. When he had nearly extricated himself, a burly savage, enraged at the accident, pierced him in the face with a lance with such force as to throw him into deep and rapid water and inflict a severe wound just below the eye. Not one of the demons offered remonstrance or assistance, but all seemed to exult in the brutal scene. The little sufferer, however, caught a projecting bush and succeeded in reaching the bank, bleeding like a slaughtered animal. The distracted mother upbraided the wretch for his conduct, in return for which he made the child travel on foot and drive a mule the remainder of the day. When they halted for the night he called Mrs. Horn to him. With a knife in one hand and a whip in the other, he gave her an unmerciful thrashing, but in this as in all her afflictions, she says: "I have cast myself at His feet whom I have ever been taught to trust and adore, and it is to *Him* I owe it that I was sustained in the fiery trials. When the savage monster had done whipping me, he took his knife and literally *sawed* the hair from my head. It was quite long and when he completed the operation, he tied it to his own as an ornament, and, I suppose, wears it yet. At this time we had tasted no food for two days, and in hearing of the moans of my starving children, bound, as on every night, with cords, I laid down, and mothers may judge, if they can, the measure of my repose. The next day

a wild horse was killed and we were allowed to partake of the flesh."

The next day, says the captive lady, they came to a deep, rapid stream. The mules had to swim and the banks were so steep that the riders had to dismount in the edge of the water to enable them to ascend. They then soon came to the base of a mountain which it was difficult to ascend. Arriving at the summit, they halted, when a few of the Indians returned to the stream with the two little boys and enjoyed the barbaric sport of throwing the little creatures in till life would be almost extinct. Reviving them, they would repeat the torture and this was done time and again. Finally they rejoined the party on the mountain, the children being unable to stand, partially unconscious and presenting a pitiable spectacle. Their bodies were distended from engorgement with water and Joseph's wounded face was terribly swollen. Water came from their stomachs in gurgles. Let Eastern humanitarians bear in mind that this was in the spring of 1836, before the Comanches had any just pretense for hostility towards the people of Texas (however much they may have had in regard to the Mexicans), and that this narrative comes not from a Texian, but from a refined English lady, deeply imbued with that spirit of religion whose great pillars are "Faith, Hope and Charity." My soul sickens in retrospective contemplation of that (to the uninformed) somewhat plausible gush of philanthropy, which indulges in the pharisaical "I am holier than thou" hypocrisy at home, but soars abroad to lift up the most inferior and barbaric races of men! — a fanaticism which is ever blind to natural truth and common sense on such subjects — ever the fomentor of strife rather than fraternity among its own people — and which is never enjoying the maximum of self-righteousness unless intermeddling with the affairs and convictions of other people.

Referring to the stream and mountain just described and the probable time, in the absence of dates, together with a knowledge of the topography of the country, and an evidently dry period, as no mention is made in this part of the narrative of rain or mud, it is quite certain that the stream was the Big Wichita (the Ouichita of the French.) The description, in view of all the facts, admirably applies to it and to none other.

On the night of this day, after traveling through the afternoon, for the first time Mrs. Horn was allowed the use of her arms, though still bound around the ankles. After this little unusual happened on the journey, till the three parties again united. Mrs. Harris, when they met, seemed barely

to exist. The meeting of the captive ladies was a mournful renewal of their sorrows. Mrs. H.'s breasts, though improved, were not well and her general health was bad, from which, with the want of food and water, she had suffered much. The whole band of four hundred then traveled together several days, till one day Mrs. Horn, being in front and her children in the rear, she discovered that those behind her were diverging in separate parties. She never again saw her little sons together, though, as will be seen, she saw them separately. They soon afterwards reached the lodges of the band she was with, and, three days later, she was taken to the lodge of the Indian who claimed her. There were three branches of the family, in separate tents. In one was an old woman and her two daughters, one being a widow; in another was the son of the old woman and his wife and five sons, to whom Mrs. Horn belonged; and in the third was a son-in-law of the old woman. The mistress of Mrs. H. was the personification of savagery, and abused her captive often with blows and stones, till, in desperation Mrs. Horn asserted her rights by counterblows and stones and this rendered the cowardly brute less tyrannical. She was employed constantly by day in dressing buffalo robes and deer skins and converting them into garments and mocasins. She was thrown much with an old woman who constituted a remarkable exception to the general brutality of the tribe. In the language of the captive lady: "She contributed generally by her acts of kindness and soothing manners, to reconcile me to my fate. But she had a daughter who was the very reverse of all that was amiable and seemed never at ease unless engaged in some way in indulging her ill-humor towards me. But, as if by heaven's interposition, it was not long till I so won the old woman's confidence that in all matters of controversy between her daughter and myself, she adopted my statement and decided in my favor."

Omitting Mrs. Horn's mental tortures on account of her children, she avers that the sufferings of Mrs. Harris were much greater than her own. That lady could not brook the idea of menial service to such demons and fared badly. They were often near together and were allowed occasionally to meet and mingle their tears of anguish. Mrs. Harris, generally, was starved to such a degree that she availed herself of every opportunity to get a mite of meat, however small, through Mrs. Horn.

In about two months two little Mexican boy prisoners told her a little white boy had arrived near by with his captors and told them his mother was a prisoner somewhere in the country. By per-

mission she went to see him and found her little Joseph, who, painted and his head shaven excepting a tuft on the crown, recognized her at a distance and ran to her overflowing with cries and tears of joy. She was allowed to remain with him only half an hour. I draw the veil over the heartrending scene of their separation.

It was four months before she heard of John, her elder son, and then she saw him passing with a party, but was not allowed to go to him. But some time later, when the different bands congregated for buffalo hunting, she was allowed to see him. Time passed and dates cannot be given, but Mrs. Horn records that "some of Capt. Coffee's men came to trade with the Indians and found me." They were Americans and made every effort to buy her, but in vain. On leaving, they said they would report to Capt. Coffee and if any one could assist these captives he *could* and *would*. Soon afterwards he came in person and offered the Indians any amount in goods or money; but without avail. Mrs. Horn says: "He expressed the deepest concern at his disappointment and wept over me as he gave me clothing and divided his scanty supply of flour with me and my children, which he took the pains to carry to them himself. It is, if possible, with a deeper interest that I record this tribute of gratitude to Capt. Coffee because, since my strange deliverance, I have been pained to learn that he has been charged with supineness and indifference on the subject; but I can assure the reader that nothing can be more unjust. Mrs. Harris was equally the object of his solicitude. The meeting with this friend in the deep recesses of savage wilds was indeed like water to a thirsty soul; and the parting under such gloomy forebodings opened anew the fountain of grief in my heart. It was to me as the icy seal of death fixed upon the only glimmering ray of hope, and my heart seemed to die within me, as the form of him whom I had fondly anticipated as my delivering angel, disappeared in the distance."

(The noble-hearted gentleman thus embalmed in the pure heart of that daughter of sorrow, was Holland Coffee, the founder of Coffee's Trading House, on Red river, a few miles above Denison. He was a member of the Texian Congress in 1838, a valuable and courageous man on the frontier and, to the regret of the country, was killed a few years later in a difficulty, the particulars of which are not at this time remembered. Col. Coffee, formerly of Southwest Missouri, but for many years of Georgetown, Texas, is a brother of the deceased.)

Soon after this there was so great a scarcity of meat that some of the Indians nearly starved.

Little John managed to send his mother small portions of his allowance and when, not a great while later, she saw him for the last time, he was rejoiced to learn she had received them. He had been sick and had sore throat, but she was only allowed a short interview with him. Soon after this little Joseph's party camped near her and she was permitted to spend nearly a day with him. He had a new owner and said he was then treated kindly. His mistress, who was a young Mexican, had been captured with her brother, and remained with them, while her brother, by some means, had been restored to his people. He was one of the hired guard at the unfortunate settlement of Dolores, where Joseph knew him and learned the story of his captivity and that his sister was still with the savages. By accident this woman learned these facts from Joseph, who, to convince her, showed how her brother walked, he being lame. This coincidence established a bond of union between the two, greatly to Joseph's advantage. As the shades of evening approached the little fellow piteously clung to his mother, who, for the last time, folded him in her arms and commended his soul to that beneficent God in whose goodness and mercy she implicitly trusted.

Some time in June, 1837, a little over fourteen months after their capture, a party of Mexican traders visited the camp and bought Mrs. Harris. In this work of mercy they were the employes of that large-hearted Santa Fe trader, who had previously ransomed and restored Mrs. Rachel Plummer to her people, Mr. William Donoho, of whom more will hereafter be said. They tried in vain to buy Mrs. Horn. Although near each other she was not allowed to see Mrs. Harris before her departure, but rejoiced at her liberation. They had often mingled their tears together and had been mutual comforters.

Of this separation Mrs. Horn wrote: "Now left a lonely exile in the bonds of savage slavery, haunted by night and by day with the image of my murdered husband, and tortured continually by an undying solicitude for my dear little ones, my life was little else than unmitigated misery, and the God of Heaven only knows why and how it is that I am still alive."

After the departure of Mrs. Harris the Indians traveled to and fro almost continually for about three months, without any remarkable occurrence. At the end of this time they were within two days' travel of San Miguel, a village on the Pecos, in eastern New Mexico. Here an Indian girl told Mrs. Horn that she was to be sold to people who lived in houses. She did not believe it and cared

but little, indeed dreaded lest thereby she might never see her children, but hope suggested that as a prisoner she might never again see them, while her redemption might be followed by theirs. A great many Indians had here congregated. Her old woman friend, in reply to her questions, told her she was to be sold, wept bitterly and applied to her neck and arms a peculiar red paint, symbolic of undying friendship. They started early next morning and traveled till dark, encamping near a pond. They started before day next morning and soon reached a river, necessarily the Pecos or ancient Puero, which they forded, and soon arrived at a small town on its margin, where they encamped for the remainder of the day. The inhabitants visited the camp from curiosity, among them a man who spoke broken English, who asked if Mrs. Horn was for sale and was answered affirmatively by her owner. He then gave her to understand that if he bought her he expected her to remain with him, to which, with the feelings of a pure woman, she promptly replied that she did not wish to exchange her miserable condition for a worse one. He offered two horses for her, however, but they were declined. Finding he could not buy her, he told her that in San Miguel there was a rich American merchant, named Benjamin Hill, who would probably buy her. Her mistress seemed anxious that she should fall into American hands, and she was herself of course intensely anxious to do so.

They reached San Miguel on the next day and encamped there. She soon conveyed, through an old woman of the place, a message to Mr. Hill. He promptly appeared and asked her if she knew Mrs. Harris, and if she had two children among the Indians. Being answered in the affirmative, he said: "You are the woman I have heard of," and added, "I suppose you would be happy to get away from these people." "I answered in the affirmative, when he bid the wretched captive 'Good morning,' and deliberately walked off without uttering another word, and my throbbing bosom swelled with unutterable anguish as he disappeared."

For two days longer she remained in excruciating suspense as to her fate. Mr. Hill neither visited nor sent her anything, while the Mexicans were very kind (it should be understood that, while at Dolores, she and her two little boys had learned to speak Spanish and this was to her advantage now, as it had been among her captors, more or less of whom spoke that language.)

On the morning of the third day the Indians began preparations for leaving, and when three-fourths of the animals were packed and some had left, a

good-hearted Mexican appeared and offered to buy Mrs. Horn, but was told it was too late. The applicant insisted, exhibited four beautiful bridles and invited the Indian owning her to go with her to his house, near by. He consented. In passing Hill's store on the way, her mistress, knowing she preferred passing into American hands, persuaded her to enter it. Mr. Hill offered a worthless old horse for her, and then refused to give some red and blue cloth, which the Indians fancied, for her. They then went to the Mexican's house and he gave for her two fine horses, the four fine bridles, two fine blankets, two looking glasses, two knives, some tobacco, powder and balls, articles then of very great cost. She says: "I subsequently learned that for my ransom I was indebted to the benevolent heart of an American gentleman, a trader, then absent, who had authorized this Mexican to purchase us at any cost, and had made himself responsible for the same. Had I the name of my benefactor I would gratefully record it in letters of gold and preserve it as a precious memento of his truly Christian philanthropy."

It will be shown in the sequel that the noble heart, to which the ransomed captive paid homage, pulsated in the manly breast of Mr. William Donoho, then of Santa Fe, but a Missourian, and afterwards of Clarksville, Texas, where his only surviving child, Mr. James B. Donoho, yet resides. His widow died there in 1880, preceded by him in 1845.

The redemption of this daughter of multiplied sorrows occurred, as stated, at San Miguel, New Mexico, on the 19th of September, 1837—one year, five months and fifteen days after her capture on the 4th of April, 1836, on the Nueces river.

On the 21st, much to her surprise, Mr. Hill sent a servant requesting her to remove to his house. This she refused. The servant came a second time, saying, in the name of his master, that if she did not go he would compel her to do so. A trial was had and she was awarded to Hill. She remained in his service as a servant, fed on mush and milk and denied a seat at the luxurious table of himself and mistress till the 2d of November. A generous-hearted gentleman named Smith, residing sixty miles distant in the mines, hearing of her situation, sent the necessary means and escort to have her taken to his place for temporary protection. She left on the 2d and arrived at Mr. Smith's on the 4th. The grateful heart thus notes the change: "The contrast between this and the house I had left exhibited the difference between a servant and a guest, between the cold heart that would coin the tears of helpless misery into gold

daughter of Dr. James Dodson, married him in Missouri, in 1831, where their first child was born. From 1833 till the close of 1838, they lived in Santa Fe, where the second daughter, born in 1835, and their first son, born in 1837 (now Mr. J. B. Donoho, of Clarksville, the only survivor of six children), were the two first American children born in Santa Fe. Mr. Donoho permanently settled at Clarksville, Texas, late in 1839 and died there in 1845.

In verification of the facts not stated by Mrs. Horn, because, when writing, they were unknown to her, I have the statements of Dr. William Dodson and Mrs. Lucy Estes, of Camden County, Missouri, brother and sister of Mrs. Donoho, who were with all the parties for nearly a year after they reached Missouri.

A copy of Mrs. Horn's memoir came into my possession in 1839, when it had just been issued and so remained till accidentally lost many years later, believed to have been the only copy ever in Texas. The events described by her were never otherwise known in Texas and have never been before published in the State. This is not strange. Beales' Colony was neither in Texas at that date, nor in anywise connected with the American colonies or settlements in Texas. It was in Coahuila, though now in the limits of Texas. When its short life terminated in dispersion and the butchery of the retreating party on the Nueces, the Mexican army covered every roadway leading to the inhabited part of Texas, before whom the entire population had fled east. None were left to recount the closing tragedy excepting the two unfortunate and (as attested by all who subsequently knew them), refined Christian ladies whose travails and sorrows have been chronicled, both of whom, as shown, died soon after liberation, and neither of whom ever after saw Texas.

Fortunately, through the efforts of Mr. James B. Donoho, of Clarksville, and his uncle, Dr. Dodson, and aunt, Mrs. Estes, of Missouri, I have been placed in possession of a manuscript copy of

Mrs. Horn's narrative, made by a little school girl in Missouri in 1839 — afterwards Mrs. D. B. Dodson, and now long deceased. Accompanying its transmission, on the 5th of February, 1887, Mr. James B. Donoho says:—

“As it had always been a desire with me to some time visit the place of my birth, in the summer of 1885, with my wife and children, I visited Santa Fe, finding no little pleasure in identifying landmarks of which I had heard my mother so often speak, being myself an infant when we left there. I had no trouble in identifying the house in which my second sister and self were born, as it cornered on the plaza and is now known as the Exchange Hotel. While there it was settled that my sister, born in 1835, and myself, born in 1837, were the first Americans born in Santa Fe, a distinction (if such it can be called) previously claimed for one born there in 1838.”

The novelty of this history, unknown to the people of Texas at the time of its occurrence, has moved me to extra diligence in search of the truth and the whole truth in its elucidation. As a delicate and patriotic duty it has been faithfully performed in justice to the memory of the strangely united daughters of England and America, and of those lion-hearted yet noble-breasted American gentlemen, Messrs. Donoho, Workman, Rowland and Smith, by no means omitting Mrs. Donoho, Mrs. Dodson and children, nor yet the poor old Comanche woman — a pearl among swine — who looked in pity upon the stricken widow, mother and captive.

Lamenting my inability to state the fate of little John and Joseph, and trusting that those to come after us may realize the cost in blood through which Texas was won to civilization, to enlightened freedom and to a knowledge of that religion by which it is taught that — “Charity suffereth long and is kind — * * * beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, and endureth all things,” I do not regret the labor it has cost me to collect the materials for this sketch.

to swell a miser's store, and the generous bestowal of heavenly friendship which, in its zeal to relieve the woes of suffering humanity, gives sacred attestation that it springs from the bosom of 'Him who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor that we, through His poverty, might become rich.'"

Her stay at the home of Mr. Smith was a daily repetition of kindnesses, and she enjoyed all that was possible in view of the ever-present grief over her slaughtered husband and captive children.

In February, 1838, she received a sympathetic letter from Texas, accompanied with presents in clothing, from Messrs. Workman and Rowland, Missourians, so long honorably known as Santa Fe traders and merchants, whose families were then residing in Taos. They advised her to defer leaving for Independence till they could make another effort to recover her children and invited her to repair, as their guest, to Taos, to await events, provided the means for her doing so, placing her under the protection of Mr. Kinkindall (probably Kuykendall, but I follow her spelling of the name).

"But," she records, "friends were multiplying around me, who seemed to vie with each other in their endeavors to meet my wants. Other means presented themselves, and I was favored with the company of a lady and Dr. Waldo."

She left Mr. Smith and the mines on the 4th of March, 1838, and after traveling in snow and over rocks and mountains part of the way, arrived at Taos on the 10th. From that time till the 22d of August, her time was about equally divided between the families of Messrs. Workman and Rowland, who bestowed upon her every kindness.

She now learned that these gentlemen had formerly sent out a company to recover herself and Mrs. Harris, who had fallen in with a different tribe of Indians and lost several of their number in a fight. Her friend, Mr. Smith, had performed a similar service and when far out his guide faltered, causing such suffering as to cause several deaths from hunger, while some survived by drinking the blood of their mules. While Mrs. Horn remained with them these gentlemen endeavored through two trading parties, to recover her children, but failed. A report came in that little John had frozen to death, holding horses at night; but it was not believed by many. Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Plummer reached Missouri under the protection of Mrs. Donoho. On the 2d of August, all efforts to recover her children having failed, leaving only the hope that others might succeed, Mrs. Horn left in the train and under the protection of Messrs. Workman and Rowland. She was the only lady in the party.

Nothing unusual transpired on the journey of 700 or 800 miles, and on the last day of September, 1838, they arrived at Independence, Missouri. On the 6th of October, she reached the hospitable home of Mr. David Workman at "New" Franklin.

This closes the narrative as written by Mrs. Horn soon after she reached Missouri and before she met Mr. Donoho. Her facts have been faithfully followed, omitting the repetition of her sufferings and correcting her dates in two cases where her memory was at fault. She sailed from New York on the 11th of November, 1833, a year earlier than stated by her, hence arrived at Dolores a year earlier, and consequently remained there two years instead of one, for it is absolutely certain that she arrived there in March, 1834, and left there in March, 1836. - I have been able also, from her notes, to approximate localities and routes mentioned by her, from long acquaintance with much of the country over which she traveled.

Mr. Donoho, in company with his wife — a lady of precious memory in Clarksville, Texas, from the close of 1839 till her death in 1880 — conveyed Mrs. Plummer (one of the captives taken at Parker's Fort, May 19, 1836), and Mrs. Harris, from Santa Fe to Missouri in the autumn of 1837. He escorted Mrs. Plummer to her people in Texas, left his wife and Mrs. Harris with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Lucy Dodson in Pulaski County, Missouri, and then hastened back to Santa Fe to look after his property and business, for he had hurried away because of a sudden outbreak of hostilities between the New Mexicans and Indians formerly friendly, and this is the reason he was not present to take personal charge of Mrs. Horn on her recovery at San Miguel. When he reached Santa Fe Mrs. Horn had left Taos for Independence. Closing his business in Santa Fe, he left the place permanently and rejoined his family at Mrs. Dodson's. Mrs. Horn then, for the first time, met him and remained several months with his family. Prior to this her narrative had been written, and she still saw little of him, he being much absent on business. Mrs. Harris had relatives in Texas but shrunk from the idea of going there; and hearing of other kindred near Boonville, Missouri, joined them and soon died from the exposures and abuse undergone while a prisoner. Mrs. Horn soon died from the same causes, while on a visit, though her home was with Mrs. Dodson. Both ladies were covered with barbaric scars — their vital organs were impaired — and they fell the victims of the accursed cruelty known only to savage brutes.

Mr. William Donoho was a son of Kentucky, born in 1798. His wife, a Tennessean, and

The Heroic Taylor Family of the Three Forks of Little River — 1835.

In the autumn of 1835 the outermost habitation on the waters of Little river was that of the Taylor family. It stood about three miles southeast of where Belton is, a mile or so east of the Leon river and three miles or more above the mouth of that stream. The junction of the Leon, Lampasas and Salado constitutes the locality known as the "Three Forks of Little River," the latter stream being the San Andres of the Mexicans as well as of the early settlers of Texas. This change of name is not the only one wrought in that locality, for the names "Lampasas" (water lily) and "Salado" (saltish) were also most inappropriately exchanged, the originals being characteristic of the two streams, while the swap makes descriptive nonsense. At an earlier period the same incongruous change occurred in the names of the "Brazos" and "Colorado" rivers.

The home of the Taylors consisted of two long cabins with a covered passage between. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, two youthful sons and two daughters. One of the latter, Miss Frazier, was a daughter of Mrs. Taylor by a former husband, and afterwards the wife of George W. Chapman, of Bell County.

In the night of November 12th, 1835, eleven Indians attacked the house. The parents and girls were in one room—the boys in the other. The door to the family room, made of riven boards, was a foot too short, leaving an open space at the top. The first indication of the presence of the enemy was the warning of a faithful dog, which was speedily killed in the yard. This was followed by a burly warrior trying to force the door, at the same time in English demanding to know how many men were in the house, a supply of tobacco and the surrender of the family. By the bright moonlight they could be distinctly seen. Mrs. Taylor defiantly answered, "No tobacco, no surrender," and Mr. Taylor answered there were ten men in the house. The assailant pronounced the latter statement false, when Taylor, through a crack, gave him a severe thrust in the stomach with a board, which caused his hasty retreat, whereupon Mrs. Taylor threw open the door, commanding the boys to hasten in across the hall, which they did, escaping a flight of balls and arrows. The door was then fastened, a table set against it, and on it the smallest boy, a child of only twelve years, was

mounted with a gun and instructed to shoot through the space over the door whenever an Indian appeared. There were not many bullets on hand, and the girls supplied that want by moulding more. Taylor, his wife and larger son, watched through cracks in the walls to shoot as opportunity might occur. Very soon a warrior entered the passageway to assault the door, when the twelve years' "kid," to use a cant phrase in use to-day, shot him unto death. A second warrior rushed in to drag his dead comrade away, but Mr. Taylor shot him, so that he fell, not dead but helpless, across his red brother. These two admonitions rendered the assailants more cautious. They resolved to effect by fire that which seemed too hazardous by direct attack. They set the now vacated room on fire at the further end and amid their demoniac yells the flames ascended to the roof and made rapid progress along the boards, soon igniting those covering the hallway. Suspended to beams was a large amount of fat bear meat. The burning roof soon began to cook the meat, and blazing sheets of the oil fell upon the wounded savage, who writhed and hideously yelled, but was powerless to extricate himself from the torture. Mrs. Taylor had no sympathy for the wretch, but, peeping through a crack, expressed her feelings by exclaiming: "How! you yellow brute! Your meat is not fit for hogs, but we'll roast you for the wolves!"

As the fire was reaching the roof of the besieged room, Mr. Taylor was greatly dispirited, seeming to regard their fate as sealed; but his heroic wife, thinking not of herself, but of her children, rose equal to the occasion, declaring that they would whip the enemy and all be saved. From a table she was enabled to reach the boards forming the roof. Throwing down the weight poles, there being no nails in the boards, she threw down enough boards in advance of the fire to create an empty space. There was a large quantity of milk in the house and a small barrel of home-made vinegar. These fluids were passed up to her by her daughters, and with them she extinguished the fire. In doing so her head and chest formed a target for the enemy; but while several arrows and balls rent her clothing, she was in nowise wounded.

While these matters were transpiring, Mr. Taylor and the elder son each wounded a savage in the



QUANAII PARKER.

yard. Having accomplished her hazardous mission, Mrs. Taylor resumed the floor, and soon discovered an Indian in the outer chimney corner, endeavoring to start a fire and peering through a considerable hole burnt through the "dirt and wooden" jam. Seizing a wooden shovel, she threw into his face and bosom a shovelful of live coals and embers, causing him to retreat, uttering the most agonizing screams, to which she responded "Take that, you yellow scoundrel!" It was said afterwards that her warm and hasty application destroyed his eyesight.

After these disasters the enemy held a brief consultation and realized the fact that of their group of eleven, two were dead and partially barbecued, two were severely wounded, and one was at least temporarily blind under the "heroic" oculistical treatment of Mrs. Taylor. What was said by them, one to another, is not known; but they retired

without further obtrusion upon the peace and dignity of that outpost in the missionary field of civilization.

An hour later the family deemed it prudent to retire to the river bottom, and next morning followed it down to the fort. A small party of men then repaired to the scene of conflict and found the preceding narrative verified in every essential. The dead Indians were there, and everything remained as left by the family. Excepting Mrs. Chapman, all of that family long since passed away. Before the Civil War I personally knew Brown Taylor, one of the sons, then a quiet, modest young man, carrying in his breast the disease destined to cut short his days — consumption.

This all happened more than fifty years ago. To-day two large towns, Belton and Temple, and half a dozen small ones, and two trunk line railroads are almost in sight of the spot.

Fall of Parker's Fort in 1836 — The Killed, Wounded and Captured — Van Dorn's Victory in 1858 — Recovery of Cynthia Ann Parker — Quanah Parker, the Comanche Chief.

In the fall of 1833 the Parker family came from Cole County, Illinois, to East Texas—one or two came a little earlier and some a little later. The elder Parker was a native of Virginia, resided for a time in Georgia, but chiefly reared his family in Bedford County, Tennessee, whence, in 1818, he removed to Illinois. The family, with perhaps one exception, belonged to one branch of the primitive Baptist Church, commonly designated as Two Seed Baptists.

Parker's Fort, or block-house, a mile west of the Navasota creek and two and a half northwesterly from the present town of Groesbeck, in Limestone County, was established in 1834, with accessions afterwards up to the revolution in the fall of 1835. At the time of the attack upon it, May 19, 1836, it was occupied by Elder John Parker, patriarch of the family, and his wife, his son, James W. Parker, wife, four single children and his daughter, Mrs. Rachel Plummer, her husband, L. T. M. Plummer, and infant son, 15 months old; Mrs. Sarah Nixon, another daughter, and her husband, L. D. Nixon;

Silas M. Parker (another son of Elder John), his wife and four children; Benjamin F. Parker, an unmarried son of the Elder; Mrs. Nixon, Sr., mother of Mrs. James W. Parker; Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg, daughter of Mrs. Nixon; Mrs. Duty; Samuel M. Frost, wife and children; G. E. Dwight, wife and children; David Faulkenberry, his son Evan, Silas H. Bates and Abram Anglin, a youth of nineteen years. The latter four sometimes slept in the fort and sometimes in their cabins on their farms, perhaps two miles distant. They, however, were in the fort on the night of May 18th.

On the morning of May 19th, James W. Parker and Nixon repaired to their field, a mile distant, on the Navasota. The two Faulkenberrys, Bates and Anglin went to their fields, a mile further and a little below. About 9 a. m. several hundred Indians appeared in the prairie, about three hundred yards, halted, and hoisted a white flag. Benjamin F. Parker went over to them, had a talk and returned, expressing the opinion that the Indians intended to fight; but added that he would

go back and try to avert it. His brother Silas remonstrated, but he persisted in going, and was immediately surrounded and killed; whereupon the whole force sent forth terrific yells, and charged upon the works, the occupants numbering but three men, wholly unprepared for defense. Cries and confusion reigned. They killed Silas M. Parker on the outside of the fort, while he was bravely fighting to save Mrs. Plummer. They knocked Mrs. Plummer down with a hoe and made her captive. Elder John Parker, wife and Mrs. Kellogg attempted to escape, and got about three-fourths of a mile, when they were overtaken, and driven back near to the fort, where the old gentleman was stripped, murdered and scalped. They stripped and speared Mrs. Parker, leaving her as dead — but she revived, as will be seen further on. Mrs. Kellogg remained captive.

When the Indians first appeared, Mrs. Sarah Nixon hastened to the field to advise her father, husband and Plummer. Plummer hastened down to inform the Faulkenberrys, Bates and Anglin. David Faulkenberry was first met and started immediately to the fort. The others followed as soon as found by Plummer. J. W. Parker and Nixon started to the fort, but the former met his family on the way, and took them to the Navasota bottom. Nixon, though unarmed, continued on toward the fort, and met Mrs. Lucy, wife of the dead Silas Parker, with her four children, just as she was overtaken by the Indians. They compelled her to lift behind two mounted warriors her nine-year-old daughter, Cynthia Ann, and her little boy, John. The foot Indians took her and her two younger children back to the fort, Nixon following. On arriving, she passed around and Nixon through the fort. Just as the Indians were about to kill Nixon, David Faulkenberry appeared with his rifle, and caused them to fall back. Nixon then hurried away to find his wife, and soon overtook Dwight, with his own and Frost's family. Dwight met J. W. Parker and went with him to his hiding-place in the bottom.

Faulkenberry, thus left with Mrs. Silas Parker and her two children, bade her follow him. With the infant in her arms and the other child held by the hand, she obeyed. The Indians made several feints, but were held in check by the brave man's rifle. One warrior dashed up so near that Mrs. Parker's faithful dog siezed his pony by the nose, whereupon both horse and rider somersaulted, alighting on their backs in a ditch.

At this time Silas Bates, Abram Anglin and Evan Faulkenberry, armed, and Plummer, unarmed, came up. They passed through Silas

Parker's field, when Plummer, as if aroused from a dream, demanded to know what had become of his wife and child. Armed only with the butcher knife of Abram Anglin, he left the party in search of his wife, and was seen no more for six days. The Indians made no further assault.

During the assault on the fort, Samuel M. Frost and his son Robert fell while heroically defending the women and children inside the stockade.

The result so far was:—

Killed — Elder John Parker, Benjamin F. Parker, Silas M. Parker, Samuel M. Frost and his son Robert.

Wounded dangerously — Mrs. John Parker and Mrs. Duty.

Captured — Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg, Cynthia Ann and John, children of Silas M. Parker, Mrs. Rachel Plummer and infant James Pratt Plummer.

The Faulkenberrys, Bates and Anglin, with Mrs. Parker and children, secreted themselves in a small creek bottom. On the way they were met and joined by Seth Bates, father of Silas, and Mr. Lunn, also an old man. Whether they had slept in the fort or in the cabins during the previous night all accounts fail to say. Elisha Anglin was the father of Abram, but his whereabouts do not appear in any of the accounts. At twilight Abram Anglin and Evan Faulkenberry started back to the fort. On reaching Elisha Anglin's cabin, they found old mother Parker covered with blood and nearly naked. They secreted her and went on to the fort, where they found no one alive, but found \$106.50 where the old lady had secreted the money under a book. They returned and conducted her to those in the bottom, where they also found Nixon, who had failed to find his wife, for, as he ought to have known, she was with her father. On the next morning, Bates, Anglin and E. Faulkenberry went back to the fort, secured five horses and provisions and the party in the bottom were thus enabled to reach Fort Houston without material suffering. Fort Houston, an asylum on this as on many other occasions, stood on what has been for many years the field of a wise statesman, a chivalrous soldier and an incorruptible patriot — John H. Reagan — two miles west of Palestine.

After six days of starvation, with their clothing torn into shreds, their bodies lacerated with briars and thorns, the women and children with unshod and bleeding feet, the party of James W. Parker — 2 men, 19 women and children — reached Tinnin's, at the old San Antonio and Nacogdoches crossing of the Navasota. Being informed of their approach, Messrs. Carter and Courtney, with five horses, met

them some miles away, and thus enabled the women and children to ride. The few people around, though but returned to their deserted homes after the victory of San Jacinto, shared all they had of food and clothing with them. Plummer, after six days of wanderings, joined the party the same day. In due time the members of the party located temporarily as best suited the respective families. A party from Fort Houston went up and buried the dead.

The experienced frontiersman of later days will be struck with the apparent lack of leadership or organization among the settlers. Had they existed, combined with proper signals, there can be little doubt but that the Indians would have been held at bay.

THE CAPTIVES.

Mrs. Kellogg fell into the hands of the Keechis, from whom, six months after her capture, she was purchased by some Delawares, who carried her into Nacogdoches and delivered her to Gen. Houston, who paid them \$150.00, the amount they had paid and all they asked. On the way thence to Fort Houston, escorted by J. W. Parker and others, a hostile Indian was slightly wounded and temporarily disabled by a Mr. Smith. Mrs. Kellogg instantly recognized him as the savage who had scalped the patriarch, Elder John Parker, whereupon, without judge, jury or court-martial, or even dallying with Judge Lynch, he was involuntarily hastened on to the happy hunting-ground of his fathers.

Mrs. Rachel Plummer, after a brutal captivity, through the agency of some Mexican Santa Fe traders, was ransomed by a noble-hearted American merchant of that place, Mr. William Donoho. She was purchased in the Rocky Mountains so far north of Santa Fe that seventeen days were consumed in reaching that place. She was at once made a member of her benefactor's family, after a captivity of one and a half years. She, ere long, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Donoho to Independence, Missouri, and in due time embraced her brother-in-law, Nixon, and by him was escorted back to her people. On the 19th of February, 1838, she reached her father's house, exactly twenty-one months from her capture. She had never seen her infant son, James P., since soon after their capture, and knew nothing of his fate. She wrote, or dictated an account of her sufferings and observations among the savages, and died on the 19th of February, 1839. About six months after her capture she gave birth to a child, but it was cruelly murdered in her presence. As remark-

able coincidences it may be stated that she was born on the 19th, married on the 19th, captured on the 19th, released on the 19th, reached Independence on the 19th, arrived at home on the 19th, and died on the 19th of the month. Her child, James Pratt Plummer, was ransomed and taken to Fort Gibson late in 1842, and reached home in February, in 1843, in charge of his grandfather. He became a respected citizen of Anderson County. This still left in captivity Cynthia Ann and John Parker, who, as subsequently learned, were held by separate bands. John grew to manhood and became a warrior. In a raid into Mexico he captured a Mexican girl and made her his wife. Afterwards he was seized with small-pox. His tribe fled in dismay, taking his wife and leaving him alone to die; but she escaped from them and returned to nurse him. He recovered and in disgust quit the Indians to go and live with his wife's people, which he did, and when the civil war broke out, he joined a Mexican company in the Confederate service. He, however, refused to leave the soil of Texas and would, under no circumstance, cross the Sabine into Louisiana. He was still living across the Rio Grande a few years ago, but up to that time had never visited any of his Texas cousins.

RECOVERY OF CYNTHIA ANN PARKER.

From May 19th, 1836, to December 18th, 1860, was twenty-four years and seven months. Add to this nine years, her age when captured, and, at the latter date Cynthia Ann Parker was in her thirty-fourth year. During that quarter of a century no reliable tidings had ever been received of her. She had long been given up as dead or irretrievably lost to civilization. As a prelude to her reclamation, a few other important events may be narrated.

When, in 1858, Major Earl Van Dorn, United States dragoons, was about leaving Fort Belknap on his famous campaign against the hostile tribes, Lawrence Sullivan Ross (the Gen. "Sul" Ross, a household favorite throughout Texas to-day), then a frontier Texas youth of eighteen, had just returned for vacation from college. He raised and took command of 135 friendly Waco, Tehuacano, Teneahua and Caddo Indians and tendered their services to Van Dorn, which were gladly accepted. He was sent in advance to "spy out the land," the troops and supply trains following. Reaching the Wichita mountains, Ross sent a confidential Waco and Tehuacano to the Wichita village, 75 miles east of the Washita river, hoping to learn where the

hostile Comanches were. On approaching the village these two scouts, to their surprise, found that Buffalo Hump and his band of Comanches, against whom Van Dorn's expedition was intended, were there, trading and gambling with the Wichitas. The scouts lay concealed till night, then stole two Comanche horses and hastily rejoined Ross with the tidings. With some difficulty Ross convinced Van Dorn of the reliability of the scouts and persuaded him to deflect his course and make a forced march for the village. At sunrise, on the first day of October, they struck the village as a whirlwind, almost annihilating Buffalo Hump and his powerful band, capturing horses, tents, equipage and numerous prisoners, among whom was the white girl, "Lizzie," never recognized or claimed by kindred, but adopted, educated and tenderly reared by Gen. Ross and subsequently married and died in California. Van Dorn was dangerously wounded; as was also Ross, by a rifle ball, whose youthful gallantry was such that every United States officer, while yet on the battle field, signed a petition to the President to commission him as an officer in the regular army, and he soon received from Gen. Winfield Scott a most complimentary official recognition of his wise and dauntless bearing.

Graduating at college a year later (in 1859), in 1860 and till secession occurred in the beginning of 1861, young Ross was kept, more or less, in the frontier service. In the fall of 1860, under the commission of Governor Sam Houston, he was stationed near Fort Belknap, in command of a company of rangers. Late in November a band of Comanches raided Parker County, committed serious depredations and retreated with many horses, creating great excitement among the sparsely settled inhabitants. Ross, in command of a party of his own men, a sergeant and twenty United States cavalry, placed at his service by Capt. N. G. Evans, commanding at Camp Cooper, and seventy citizens from Palo Pinto County, under Capt. Jack Curington, followed the marauders a few days later. Early on the 18th of December near some cedar mountains, on the head waters of Pease river, they suddenly came upon an Indian village, which the occupants, with their horses already packed, were about leaving. Curington's company was several miles behind, and twenty of the rangers were on foot, leading their broken-down horses, the only food for them for several days having been the bark and sprigs of young cottonwoods. With the dragoons and only twenty of his own men, seeing that he was undiscovered, Ross charged the camp, completely surprising the Indians. In less than half an hour he had complete possession of the

camp, their supplies and 350 horses, besides killing many. Two Indians, mounted, attempted to escape to the mountains, about six miles distant. Lieut. Thomas Killiker pursued one; Ross and Lieut. Somerville followed the other. Somerville's heavy weight soon caused his horse to fail, and Ross pursued alone till, in about two miles, he came up with Mohee, chief of the band. After a short combat, Ross triumphed in the death of his adversary, securing his lance, shield, quiver and head-dress, all of which remain to the present time among similar trophies in the State collection at Austin. Very soon Lieut. Killiker joined him in charge of the Indian he had followed, who proved to be a woman, with her girl child, about two and a half years old. On the way back a Comanche boy was picked up by Lieut. Sublett. Ross took charge of him, and he grew up at Waco, bearing the name of Pease, suggested doubtless by the locality of his capture.

It soon became evident that the captured woman was an American, and through a Mexican interpreter it became equally certain that she had been captured in childhood—that her husband had been killed in the fight, and that she had two little boys elsewhere among the band to which she belonged. Ross, from all the facts, suspected that she might be one of the long missing Parker children, and on reaching the settlements, sent for the venerable Isaac Parker, of Tarrant County, son and brother respectively of those killed at the Fort in 1836. On his arrival it was soon made manifest that the captured woman was Cynthia Ann Parker, as perfectly an Indian in habit as if she had been so born. She recognized her name when distinctly pronounced by her uncle; otherwise she knew not an English word. She sought every opportunity to escape, and had to be closely watched for some time. Her uncle brought herself and child into his home—then took them to Austin, where the secession convention was in session. Mrs. John Henry Brown and Mrs. N. C. Raymond interested themselves in her, dressed her neatly, and on one occasion took her into the gallery of the hall while the convention was in session. They soon realized that she was greatly alarmed by the belief that the assemblage was a council of chiefs, sitting in judgment on her life. Mrs. Brown beckoned to her husband, who was a member of the convention, who appeared and succeeded in reassuring her that she was among friends.

Gradually her mother tongue came back, and with it occasional incidents of her childhood, including a recognition of the venerable Mr. Anglin and perhaps one or two others. She proved to be a

sensible and comely woman, and died at her brother's in Anderson County, in 1870, preceded a short time by her sprightly little daughter, "Prairie Flower."

One of the little sons of Cynthia Ann died some years later. The other, now known as Capt. Quanah Parker, born, as he informed me, at Wichita Falls, in 1854, is a popular and trustworthy chief of the Comanches, on their reservation in the Indian Territory. He speaks English, is considerably advanced in civilization, and owns a ranch with considerable live stock and a small farm—without a fine looking and dignified son of the plains.

Thus ended the sad story begun May 19th, 1836. Various detached accounts have been given of it.

Some years ago I wrote it up from the best data at command. Since then I have used every effort to get more complete details from those best informed, and am persuaded that this narrative states correctly every material fact connected with it.

NOTE. Elder Daniel Parker, a man of strong mental powers, a son of Elder John, does not figure in these events. He signed the Declaration of Independence in 1836, and preached to his people till his death in Anderson County, in 1845. Ex-Representative Ben. F. Parker is his son and successor in preaching at the same place. Isaac Parker, before named, another son, long represented Houston and Anderson Counties in the Senate and House, and in 1855 represented Tarrant County. He died in 1884, not far from eighty-eight years of age. Isaac D. Parker of Tarrant is his son.

The Break-up in Bell County in 1836 — Death of Davidson and Crouch — The Childers Family — Orville T. Tyler — Walker, Monroe, Smith, Etc. — 1836.

When the invasion of Santa Anna occurred, from January to April, 1836, there were a few newly located settlers on Little river, now in Bell County. They retreated east, as did the entire population west of the Trinity. Some of these settlers went into the army till after the victory at San Jacinto on the 21st of April. Some of them, immediately after that triumph, with the family of Gouldsby Childers, returned to their deserted homes. During the previous winter each head of a family and one or two single men had cleared about four acres of ground on his own land and had planted corn before the retreat. To cultivate this corn and thus have bread was the immediate incentive to an early return. Gouldsby Childers had his cabin and little field on his own league on Little river. Robert Davidson's cabin and league were a little above on the river, both being on the north side. Orville T. Tyler's league, cabin and cornfield were on the west side of the Leon in the three forks of Little river, its limits extending to within a mile of the present town of Belton. Wm. Taylor's league was opposite that of Tyler, but his cornfield was on the other land. At this time Henry Walker, Mr. Monroe, and James (Camel Back) Smith had also returned to their abandoned homes, in the edge of the prairie, about eight miles east of the present

town of Cameron, in Milam County, their cabins being only about a hundred yards apart. This was the same James Smith who, in October, 1838, escaped, so severely wounded, from the Surveyor's Fight, in sight of the present town of Dawson, in Navarro County, as narrated in the chapter on that subject.

Nashville, on the Brazos, near the mouth of Little river, was then the nearest settlement and refuge to these people, and the families of those who returned to cultivate their corn in the new settlement, remained in that now extinct village.

The massacre at Parker's Fort on the Navasota, occurred on the 19th of May. In the month of June, but on what day of the month cannot be stated, two young men named John Beal and Jack Hopson, arrived as messengers from Nashville to advise these people of their great peril, as large bodies of hostile Indians were known to be marauding in the country. On receipt of this intelligence immediate preparations were made to retreat in a body to Nashville. Their only vehicle was a wagon to be drawn by a single pair of oxen. They had a few horses but not enough to mount the whole party. The entire party consisted of Capt. Gouldsby Childers, his wife, sons, Robert (now living at Temple), Frank (17 years of age, and

killed in Erath's fight with the Indians, on Big Elm, in the same section, in January, 1837), William and Prior Childers, small boys; his two grown daughters, Katherine (afterwards Mrs. E. Lawrence Stickney); Amanda (afterwards Mrs. John E. Craddock, and still living in Bell County); and Caroline, eight years old (now the widow of Orville T. Tyler and the mother of George W. Tyler, living in Belton), the whole family consisting of nine souls — also an old man named Rhoads, living with the Childers family, — Shackelford, Orville T. Tyler, Parson Crouch and Robert Davidson (whose families were in Nashville), Ezekiel Roberson and the two messengers, John Beal and Jack Hopson — total souls, seventeen, of whom eleven were able to bear arms, though Mr. Rhoads was old and infirm.

On the evening of the first day they arrived and encamped at the house of Henry Walker, where the families of Monroe and Smith had already taken refuge. It was expected that these three families would join them in the march next morning; but they were not ready, and the original party, when morning came, moved on. When two or three miles southeast of Walker's house, on the road to Nashville, via Smith's crossing of Little river, Davidson and Crouch being about three hundred, and Capt. Childers about one hundred yards ahead and two or three men perhaps two hundred yards behind, driving a few cattle, the latter discovered about two hundred mounted warriors advancing from the rear at full speed. They gave the alarm and rushed forward to the wagon. Capt. Childers, yelling to Crouch and Davidson, hastened back. They reached the wagon barely in time to present a bold front to the advancing savages and cause them to change their charge into an encirclement of the apparently doomed party; but in accomplishing this purpose the enemy discovered Messrs. Crouch and Davidson seeking to rejoin their companions. This diverted their attention from the main party to the two unfortunate gentlemen, who, seeing the impossibility of their attempt, endeavored to escape by flight, but being poorly mounted, were speedily surrounded, killed and scalped. Then followed great excitement among the Indians, apparently quarreling over the disposition of the scalps and effects of the two gentlemen. This enabled the main party to reach a grove of timber about four hundred yards distant, where they turned the oxen loose, and only sought to save their lives. At this critical crisis and just as the savages were returning to renew the attack, Beal and Hopson, who had won the friendship of

all by coming as messengers, and by their conduct up to that moment, made their escape from what seemed certain death.

For a little while the Indians galloped around them, yelling, firing and by every artifice seeking to draw a fire from the little band; but they presented a bold front and fired not a gun. Shackelford could speak the Indian tongue and challenged them to charge and come to close quarters, but the Indians evidently believed they had pistols and extra arms in the wagons and failed to approach nearer than a hundred yards and soon withdrew. In close order, the besieged retreated changing their route to the raft, four or five miles distant, on Little river, on which they crossed, swimming their horses. Carolina Childers, the child of eight, rode behind her future husband, Orville T. Tyler, who had a lame foot and was compelled to ride, while others, for want of horses, were compelled to travel on foot. They doubted not the attack would be renewed at some more favorable spot, but it was not. Thus they traveled till night and encamped. They reached Nashville late next day.

During the next day Smith, Monroe and Walker, with their families, arrived. Immediately on leaving the former party the Indians had attacked the three families in Walker's house and kept up a fire all day without wounding either of the defenders, who fired deliberately through port-holes whenever opportunity appeared. While not assured of killing a single Indian, they were perfectly certain of having wounded a considerable number. As night came on, the Indians retired, and as soon as satisfied of their departure, the three families left for Nashville, and arrived without further molestation.

NOTE. Robert Davidson was a man of intelligence and merit, and was the father of Wilson T. Davidson and Mrs. Harvey Smith of Belton, Mrs. Francis T. Duffau of Austin, and Justus Davidson of Calveston, all of whom have so lived in the intervening fifty-one years as to reflect honor on their slaughtered father. Of the family of Mr. Crouch I have no knowledge. Mrs. Stickney died in Coryell County, December 24, 1880. Prior Childers died in Falls County in 1867 or 1868. William Childers died in the Confederate army in 1864, having served from the beginning of the war.

O. T. Tyler was born in Massachusetts, August 28, 1810; landed in Texas in February, 1835; married Caroline Childers in 1850; was the first chief-justice of Coryell County, and filled various other public stations; and full of years and the honors of a well-spent life, died at his elegant home in Belton, April 17th, 1886. His son, Senator George W. Tyler, of Belton, was the first white child born in Coryell County.

The Murder of the Douglas and Dougherty Families—1836.

The month of March, 1836, ranks overwhelmingly as the bloodiest and yet, in one respect, the brightest in the annals of Texas. On the second day of that month, at Washington on the Brazos, the chosen delegates of the people, fifty-two being present, unanimously declared Texas to be a free, sovereign and independent Republic, according to Gen. Sam Houston, their most distinguished colleague, the opportunity of subscribing his name to the solemn declaration, the second of its kind in the history of the human family, on his birthday, an event not dreamed of by his noble mother when in Rockbridge County, Virginia, on the second day of March, 1793, she first clasped him to her bosom. On the 4th of March, Gen. Houston was elected commander-in-chief of the armies of the Republic, as he had been in the previous November of the armies of the Provisional, or inchoate, government. On the 11th, Henry Smith, the Provisional Governor, one of the grandest characters adorning the history of Texas and to whom more than to any one man, the cause of Independence was indebted for its triumph, surrendered his functions to the representatives of the people. On the 2d, Dr. Grant and his party, beyond the Nueces, were slaughtered by Urrea's dragoons, one man only escaping massacre, to be held long in Mexican dungeons and then escape, to survive at least fifty-five years, with the fervent hope by hosts of friends that he may yet be spared many years to see a commercial city arise where he has resided for over half a century. The veteran gentleman referred to is Col. Reuben R. Brown, of Velasco, at the mouth of the Brazos. On the 6th the Alamo and its 182 defenders went down to immortality under the oft-repulsed but surging columns of Santa Anna. On the 19th Fannin capitulated to Urrea on the plains of Coleto. On the 27th he and his followers, to the number of about 480, were massacred in cold blood, under the specific orders of that arch traitor and apostate to liberty, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, whose life, twenty-four days later, when a prisoner in their hands, was spared through a magnanimity unsurpassed in the world's history, by the lion-hearted defenders of a people then and ever since, by prejudiced fanatics and superficial scribblers, characterized as largely composed of outlaws and quasi-barbarians, instead of being representatives, as they were, of the highest type of American chivalry, American civilization and American liberty.

While these grand events were transpiring, the American settlers on the Guadalupe, the Lavaca and farther east were removing their families eastwardly, flying from the legions of Santa Anna as from wild beasts. Many had no vehicles and used horses, oxen, sleds or whatever could be improvised to transport the women, children, bedding and food. Among those thus situated were two isolated families, living on Douglas' or Clark's creek, about twelve miles southwest of Hallettsville, in Lavaca County. These were John Douglas, wife and children, and — Dougherty, a widower, with three children. The parents were natives of Ireland, but had lived and probably married in Cambria County, Pennsylvania, where their children were born and from which they came to Texas in 1832. They were worthy and useful citizens, and lived together. They prepared sleds on which to transport their effects, but when these were completed the few people in that section had already left for the east. On the morning of the 4th of March Augustine Douglas, aged fifteen, and Thaddeus Douglas, aged thirteen, were sent out by their father to find and bring in the oxen designed to draw the sleds. Returning in the afternoon, at a short distance from home, they saw that the cabins were on fire, and heard such screams and war whoops as to admonish them that their parents and kindred were being butchered; but they were unarmed and powerless and realized that to save their own lives they must seek a hiding-place. This they found in a thicket near by, and there remained concealed till night. When dark came they cautiously approached the smoldering ruins and found that the savages had left. A brief examination revealed to them the dead and scalped bodies of their father, mother, sister and little brother and of Mr. Dougherty, one son and two daughters, lying naked in the yard — eight souls thus brutally snatched from earth. Imagination, especially when assured that those two boys were noted for gentle and affectionate natures, as personally known to the writer for a number of years, may depict the forlorn anguish piercing their young hearts. It was a scene over which angels weep.

There were scarcely anything more than paths, and few of them, through that section. Augustine had some idea as to courses, and speedily determined on a policy. With his little brother he proceeded to the little settlement in the vicinity of



where Hallettsville is, but found that every one had retreated. They then followed the Lavaca down about thirty-five miles to where their older sister, the wife of Capt. John McHenry, and a few others lived — but found that all had been gone some time. They then took the old Atascosita road from Goliad which crossed the Colorado a few miles below where Columbia is. Near the Colorado, almost starved to death, they fell in with some Mexican scouts and were conducted to the camp of the Mexican general, Adrian Woll, a Frenchman, who could speak English and to whom they narrated their sad story. Woll received them kindly and had all needful care taken of them. In a few days the boys were taken by a Frenchman named Auguste, a traitor to Texas, to his place on Cummins' creek, where he had collected a lot of negroes and a great many cattle belonging to the retreating citizens, from which he was supplying Gen. Woll with beef at enormous prices. The 21st of April passed and San Jacinto was won. Very soon the Mexicans began preparations for retreat. Auguste, mounting Augustine Douglas on a fine horse, sent him down to learn when Woll could start. In the meantime a party of Texians, headed by Alison York, who had heard of Auguste's thieving den, hurried forward to chastise him before he could leave the country with his booty. He punished them severely, all who could fleeing into the bottom and thence to Woll's camp. When York's party opened fire, little Thadeus Douglas,

not understanding the cause, fled down the road and in about a mile met his brother returning from Woll's camp on Auguste's fine horse. With equal prudence and financial skill they determined to save both themselves and the horse. Thadeus mounting behind, they started at double quick for the Brazos. They had not traveled many miles, however, when they met the gallant Capt. Henry W. Karnes, at the head of some cavalry, from whom they learned for the first time, of the victory of San Jacinto, and that they yet would see their only surviving sister and brother-in-law, Capt. and Mrs. McHenry. In writing of this incident in *De Bow's Review* of December, 1853, eighteen years after its occurrence, I used this language: —

"These boys, thus rendered objects of sympathy, formed a link in the legends of the old Texians, and still reside on the Lavaca, much respected for their courage and moral deportment."

It is a still greater pleasure to say now that they ever after bore honorable characters. One of the brothers died some years ago, and the other in 1889. The noble old patriot in three revolutions — Mexico in 1820, South America in 1822, and Texas in 1835 — preceded by gallant conduct at New Orleans in 1815, when only sixteen years old — the honest, brave and ever true son of Erin's isle, Capt. John McHenry, died in 1885, leaving a memory sweetly embalmed in many thousand hearts.

Erath's Fight, January 7, 1837.

Among the brave and useful men on the Brazos frontier from 1835 till that frontier receded far up the river, conspicuously appears the name of the venerable Capt. George B. Erath. He was born in Austria. His first services were in Col. John H. Moore's expedition for the relief of Capt. Robert M. Coleman, to the Tehuacano Hill country, in July, 1835. Though green from the land of the Hapsburgs, he won a character for daring courage in his first engagement, leading in the charge and gaining the soubriquet of "The Flying Dutchman." His second experience was on the field of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836. In the summer of that year he located at Nashville, at the falls of the Brazos, and ever after resided in that vicinity and McLen-

nan county. As surveyor and ranger for ten years or more he had many adventures and was in many skirmishes and engagements with the Indians. He served in the Congress of the Republic, and afterwards in the one or the other house of the Legislature, at intervals, till 1865.

His third engagement as a soldier occurred on the 7th of January, 1837, on Elm creek, in Milam County. At that time Lieut. Curtis commanded a small company of illy equipped rangers at a little fort at the three forks of Little river, in Bell County, subsisting chiefly on wild meat and honey. Erath, as a lieutenant, was first there and erected several cabins, but on the arrival of Curtis he became the ranking officer.

A man arriving at the fort reported a fresh "foot" Indian trail twelve miles east and bearing towards the settlements below. It was agreed that Erath should pursue them. He started on the morning of the 6th with thirteen men and boys, nearly half being on foot. Three of the number were volunteers for the trip, and eleven were soldiers, viz.: Lishley (a stranger), Robert Childers (now living at Temple) and Frank Childers, his boy-brother, volunteers; the soldiers were Lieut. Erath, Sergt. McLochlan, Lee R. Davis, David Clark, Empson Thompson, Jack Gross, Jack Houston, and four boys, viz.: Lewis Moore, Morris Moore, John Folks and Green McCoy, a boy from Gonzales. They traveled twenty-three miles east, striking the trail and finding that it was made by about a hundred Indians on foot. At night they heard the Indians, who were encamped in the bottom, on the bank of Elm creek, eight miles west of the present town of Cameron, in Milam County. They remained quiet till nearly daylight, then, after securing their horses, cautiously approached along ravines and the bed of the creek till they secured a position under the bank within twenty-five yards of the yet unsuspecting savages, who very soon began to move about and kindle their fires. When it was sufficiently light each man and boy took deliberate aim and about ten Indians tumbled over. With revolvers (then unknown), they could easily have routed the whole band. But each one had to reload by the old process. During the interval the Indians seized their guns, there not being a bow among them, and, realizing the small number of their assailants, jumped behind trees and fought furiously. Some of them entered the creek below to enfilade Erath's position, and this compelled a retreat to the opposite bank, in accomplishing which David Clark was killed and Frank Childers wounded. Erath continued to retreat by

alternation, one half of the men covering the retreat of the other half for thirty or forty yards at a time, so that half of the guns were alternately loaded and fired. The bottom favored this plan till they reached their horses at the edge of the prairie. On the way, Frank Childers, finding his life ebbing, reached a secluded spot on one side, sat down by a tree against which his gun rested, and there expired, but was not discovered by the enemy, who, instead of continuing the fight, returned to their camp and began a dismal howl over their own dead.

There were numerous narrow escapes, balls cutting the clothes of nearly every man. One broke McLochlan's ramrod, another the lock of his gun, a third bursted his powder horn, a fourth passed through his coat and a fifth through the handkerchief worn as a turban on his head. At that time the families of Neil McLennan and his sons-in-law were living eight miles distant. The men were absent, and, but for this attack of the bold "Flying Dutchman," the women and children would have fallen easy victims to the savages. A month later one of McLennan's young negroes was carried into captivity by them. David Clark was past middle age and was a son of Capt. Christopher Clark, of near Troy, Lincoln County, Missouri, known to the writer of these sketches from his infancy. Green McCoy was a maternal nephew of Clark and a paternal nephew of Jesse McCoy, who fell in the Alamo. The Childers brothers were maternal uncles of George W. Tyler, the first child born (in 1854) in Coryell County. Capt. Erath, Robert Childers and Lewis Moore, of McLennan County, are the only survivors of this episode of nearly fifty-two years ago. Of the whole party, men and boys, every one through life bore a good character. They were in truth of the "salt of the earth" and "pillars of strength" on the frontier.

The Surveyors' Fight in Navarro County, in October, 1838.

At this date the long since abandoned village of "Old" Franklin, situated in the post oaks between where Bryan and Calvert now stand, was the extreme outside settlement, omitting a few families in the Brazos valley, in the vicinity of Marlin, and was the county seat of the original Robertson County, with its immense unsettled territory,

including the west half of Dallas County and territory north and west of it. It was a rendezvous for both surveying parties and volunteers on expeditions against the Indians. Its male population was much larger than the female, and embraced a number of men of more or less note for intelligence and courage. Among these were Dr. George W.

Hill, long a senator and once in President Houston's Cabinet, for whom Hill County was named; Capt. Eli Chandler, a brave frontiersman; E. L. R. Wheelock, Cavitt Armstrong, the father of the Cavitt family of later times, and others.

There was a great desire on the part of both discharged soldiers and other citizens who had just received bounty and head-right certificates for land to have them located and the land surveyed. In the early summer of 1838, near Richland creek, twelve or fourteen miles southerly from Corsicana, three men belonging to a surveying party were surprised and killed. Their names were Barry, Holland, and William F. Sparks, a land locator from Nacogdoches. The remainder of the party, too weak for defense against the number of the savages, cautiously and successfully eluded them and returned home.

Early in October of the same year William F. Henderson, for many years since an estimable citizen of Corsicana, fitted out a surveying party to locate lands in what is now the southwest portion of Navarro County. He and his assistant each had a compass. The entire party consisted of twenty-four men and one boy, and was under the command of Capt. Neill.

The party arrived on the field of their labors and encamped at a spring or water hole about two mile northwest of what after that expedition was and ever since has been known as Battle creek.

Here they met with a large body of Indians, chiefly Kickapoos, but embracing some of several tribes, who were encamped in the vicinity, killing buffalo. They professed friendship, but manifested decided opposition to having the lands surveyed, assuring the party that if they persisted the Comanches and Ionies would kill them. But it was believed their design was only to frighten them away. After a day or two a trial of the compasses was made, when it was found one of the needles had lost its magnetism and would not work. William M. Love, afterward a well-known citizen of Navarro County, and a Mr. Jackson were sent back to Franklin for a magnet to recharge the needle, thus reducing the party to twenty-three. Early on the following morning Henderson ran a line for a mile or so, more or less Indians following and intently watching the manipulation of the compass, one of them remarking: "It is God's eye." The party, after a satisfactory trial, returned to camp for breakfast, and after that was over, returned to, and were about resuming their work, when from a ravine, about forty yards distant, they were fired upon by about fifty Indians. The men, led by Capt. Neill, at once charged upon

them, but in doing so, discovered about a hundred warriors rushing to aid those in the ravine from the timber behind them. At the same time about the same number of mounted Indians charged them from the prairie in their rear. Neill retreated under heavy fire to the head of a branch in the prairie with banks four or five feet high. There was some brush and a few trees; but seventy-five yards below them was another cluster, of which the enemy took possession. This was between 9 and 10 o'clock a. m., and there the besieged were held under a fluctuating fire until midnight. Every one who exposed himself to view was killed or wounded. Euclid M. Cox for an hour stood behind a lone tree on the bank doing much execution, but was finally shot through the spine, upon which Walter P. Lane, afterwards a distinguished Brigadier-general in the Confederate army, jumped upon the bank and dragged him into the ravine, in which he died soon afterwards. A man named Davis, from San Augustine, having a fine horse, attempted to escape through the line of Indians strung in a circle around the little band, but he was killed in sight of his comrades. A band of mounted Indians, not participating in the fight, collected on an elevation just out of gunshot, and repeatedly called out, "Come to Kickapoo! Kickapoo good Indian!" and by gesticulations manifested friendship, in which our men placed no possible confidence; but among them was Mr. Spikes, a feeble old man of eighty-two years, who said his days were few at best, and as he could not see to shoot he would test their sincerity. He mounted and rode up to them and was mercilessly butchered. Night brought no relief or cessation of the attack, and a number of our men were dead in the ravine. The moon shone brightly until midnight. But when it sank below the horizon, the survivors determined to make an effort to reach the timber on a brushy branch leading into a creek heavily covered with thickets and trees, and distant hardly half a mile. Three horses yet lived, and on these the wounded were placed, and the fiery ordeal began. The enemy pressed on the rear and both flanks. The wounded were speedily shot from their horses. Capt. Neill was wounded and immediately lifted on one of the horses, but both fell an instant later. A hundred yards from the brush Walter P. Lane was shot in the leg, below the knee, shattering, but not breaking the bone. He entered the brush with Henderson and Burton. Mr. William Smith entered at another place alone, and Mr. Violet at still a different place. terribly wounded, and at the same instant another man escaped in like manner. Once under

cover, in the dark, each lone man, and the group of three, felt the necessity of perfect silence. Each stealthily and cautiously moved as he or they thought best, and the fate of neither became known to the other until all had reached the settlements. Smith, severely wounded, traveled by night and lay secreted by day till he reached the settlements on the Brazos, distant over forty miles.

The unnamed man, slightly wounded, escaped eastwardly and succeeded, after much suffering, in reaching the settlements. Henderson, Lane and Burton found lodgment in a deep ravine leading to the creek. Lane became so weak from the loss of blood that Henderson tore up his shirt to stanch and bandage the wound, and succeeded in the effort. Passing down some distance, they heard the Indians in pursuit, and ascended the bank and lay in brush with their guns cocked. The pursuers passed within three or four feet but failed to discover them. About an hour before day they reached the creek and traveled down to a muddy pool of water. On a log they crawled onto a little island densely matted with brush, under which they lay concealed all day. They repeatedly heard the Indians, but remained undiscovered. When night came as an angel of mercy, throwing its mantle over them, they emerged from their hiding place; but when Lane rose up, the agony from his splintered leg was so great that he swooned. On recovering consciousness he found that Burton, probably considering his condition hopeless, was urging Henderson to abandon him; but that great-hearted son of Tennessee spurned the suggestion. The idea inspired Lane with indignation and the courage of desperation. In words more emphatic than mild he told Burton to go, and declared for himself that he could, and with the help of God and William F. Henderson, would make the trip. By the zigzag route they traveled it was about thirty miles to Tehuacano springs. They traveled, as a matter of course, very slowly, and chiefly by night, Lane hobbling on one leg, supported by Henderson. For two days and nights after leaving their covert they had neither food nor drink. Their sufferings were great and their clothing torn into rags. On the third day, being the fourth from their first assault by the enemy, they reached the springs named, where three Kickapoos were found with their families. At first they appeared distant and suspicious, and demanded of them where and how they came to be in such condition. Henderson promptly answered that their party, from which they had become separated, had been attacked by Comanches and Ionies, and that they, in their dis-

tress, had been hoping to fall in with some friendly Kickapoos. This diplomacy, however remote from the truth, had the desired effect. One of the red men thereupon lighted his pipe, took a few whiffs, and passed it to Henderson, saying, "Smoke! Kickapoo good Indian!" All smoked. Provisions were offered, and the women bathed, dressed and bandaged Lane's leg. Henderson then offered his rifle to one of them if he would allow Lane to ride his horse into Franklin. After some hesitation he assented, and they started on; but during the next day, below Parker's abandoned fort, hearing a gunshot not far off (which proved to belong to another party of Kickapoos, but were not seen), the Indian became uneasy and left them, taking both his pony and the rifle. It should be stated that Lane's gun had been left where they began their march, at the little island, simply because of his inability to carry it; hence Burton's gun was now their last remaining weapon. But now, after the departure of the Indian, they were gladdened by meeting Love and Jackson, returning with the magnet, ignorant, of course, of the terrible calamity that had fallen upon their comrades. Lane was mounted on one of their horses, and they hurried on to Franklin, arriving there without further adventure.

A party was speedily organized at Franklin to go to the scene and bury the dead. On their way out at Tehuacano springs, by the merest accident, they came upon Mr. Violet in a most pitiable and perishing condition. His thigh had been broken, and for six days, without food or water, excepting uncooked grasshoppers, he had crawled on his hands and knees, over grass and rocks and through brush, about twenty-five miles, in an air line, but much more, in fact, by his serpentine wanderings in a section with which he was unacquainted. His arrival at the springs was a providential interposition, but for which, accompanied by that of the relief party, his doom would have been speedy and inevitable. Two men were detailed to escort him back to Franklin, to friends, to gentle nursing, and finally to restoration of health, all of which were repaid by his conduct as a good citizen in after life.

The company continued on to the battle-ground, collected and buried the remains of the seventeen victims of savage fury, near a lone tree.

It may well be conceived that heroic courage and action were displayed by this little party of twenty-three, encircled by at least three hundred Indians — not wild Comanches with bows and arrows, but the far more formidable Kickapoos and kindred associates, armed with rifles. It was ascertained after-

wards that they had sustained a loss in killed equal to double the number of the Texans, besides many wounded. It was believed that Euclid M. Cox, before receiving his death wound, killed eight or ten.

The Surveyors' Fight ranks, in stubborn courage and carnage, with the bloodiest in our history — with Bowie's San Saba fight in 1831, Bird's victory and death in Bell County in 1839, and Hays' mountain fight in 1844, and others illustrating similar courage and destructiveness.

THE SLAIN.

Of the twenty-three men in the fight seventeen were killed, viz.: Euclid M. Cox, Thomas Barton, Samuel Allen, — Ingraham, — Davis, J. Hard, Asa T. Mitchell, J. Neal or Neill, William Tremier, — Spikes, J. Bullock, N. Barker, A. Houston, P. M. Jones, James Jones, David Clark, and one whose name is not remembered.

Those who escaped were William F. Henderson, Walter P. Lane, wounded as described, and Burton, who escaped together; Violet, wounded as described; William Smith, severely wounded in the shoulder; and the man slightly wounded, who escaped towards the east — 6. Messrs. Love and Jackson, though not in the fight, justly deserve to be classed with the party, as they were on hazardous duty and performed it well, besides relieving Lane and then participating in the interment of the dead.

In the year 1885, John P. and Rev. Fred Cox, sons of Euclid, at their own cost, erected, under the shadow of that lone tree, a handsome and befitting monument, on which is carved the names of all who were slain and all who escaped, excepting

that one of each class whose names are missing. The tree and monument, inclosed by a neat fence, one mile west of Dawson, Narvarro County, are in plain view of the Texas and St. Louis railroad.

NOTE. This William Smith, prior to this disastrous contest, but at what precise date cannot be stated, but believed to have been in the winter of 1837-8, lived in the Brazos bottom. The Indians became so bad that he determined to move, and for that purpose placed his effects in his wagon in his yard, but before starting his house was attacked. He barred his door and through cracks between the logs fired whenever he could, nearly always striking an Indian, but all his reserve ammunition had been placed in the wagon and the supply in his pouch was nearly exhausted, when Mrs. Smith opened the door, rushed to the wagon, secured the powder and lead and rushed back. Balls and arrows whizzed all about her but she escaped with slight wounds and immediately began moulding bullets. She thought not of herself but of her little children. Honored forever be the pioneer mothers of Texas and thrice honored be such as Mrs. Smith. It was my pleasure afterwards, personally, to know her and some of her children, and to serve on the Southwestern frontier with her fearless husband, an honest Christian man. One of their sons was the late Prof. Smith of Salado College, a son worthy of such parents. Mr. Smith crippled so many of his assailants that they retired, leaving him master of the situation, when he removed farther into the settlements. There is one fact in connection with this affair that, as a TEXIAN, I blush to state. There was an able-bodied man in Mr. Smith's house all the time who slunk away as the veriest craven, taking refuge under the bed, while the heroic father and mother "fought the good fight and kept the faith." I have not his name and if it were known to me would not publish it, as it may be borne by others of heroic hearts, and injustice might be done; besides, the subsequent life of that man must have been a continuing torture.

Karnes' Fight on the Arroyo Seco, August 10, 1838.

From the beginning of 1837, to his death in August, 1840, Henry W. Karnes, a citizen of San Antonio, stood as a pillar of strength and wall of defense to the Southwestern frontier. He was ever ready to meet danger, and often commanded small bodies of volunteers in search or pursuit of hostile Indians. He had numerous skirmishes and minor encounters with them and was almost invariably successful.

In the summer of 1838, in command of twenty-one fearless volunteers, while halting on the Arroyo Seco, west of the Medina, and on the 10th day of August, he was suddenly and furiously assailed by two hundred mounted Comanches; but, ever alert and prepared for danger, in the twinkling of an eye his horses were secured and his men stationed in their front, somewhat protected by a ravine and chaparral, and fired in alternate platoons, by which

one-third of their guns were always loaded to meet the attack at close quarters. Their aim was deadly and warriors were rapidly tumbled to the ground. Yet, knowing they were ten to one against the Texans, the Comanches were not willing to give up the contest till over twenty of their number lay dead, and doubtless as many more were wounded. Col. Karnes, in his intense and unselfish desire to both save and encourage his men, greatly exposed himself and was severely wounded, this being the only casualty to his party, though nearly all his horses were more or less wounded. It was a gallant and successful defense against immense odds, and served to cement more closely the already

strong ties that bound the modest but ever faithful and fearless Karnes to the hearts of the people of San Antonio and the whole Southwest. Living, fighting and dying in the country without family or kindred; leaving no trace on paper indicating his long and faithful service; largely winning achievements of which neither official nor private record was kept; though personally having had very slight acquaintance with him, it has ever been to the writer a sincere pleasure to rescue from oblivion his many gallant deeds, and place his memory where it rightfully belongs in the galaxy composed of the truest, best, most unselfish and bravest men who wrought for Texas at any time between 1821 and 1846.

The Captivity of the Putman and Lockhart Children in 1838.

In the summer of 1837, succeeding the great exodus of 1836, Mr. Andrew Lockhart returned to his frontier home on the west side of the Guadalupe, and nearly opposite the present considerable town of Cuero, in DeWitt County. He was accompanied, or soon joined, by Mitchell Putman, with his wife and several children. Mr. Putman was a man of good character, and had been honorably discharged from the army after having served a full term and being in the battle of San Jacinto. The two families temporarily lived in the same yard.

When the pecans began ripening in the fall, the children of both families frequented the bottom near by to gather those delicious nuts, which, of course, were highly prized at a time when nearly all, and oftentimes all, the food attainable was wild meat, indigenous nuts and fruit.

On one occasion, in October, 1838, Matilda, daughter of Mr. Lockhart, aged about thirteen, and three of Mr. Putman's children, a small girl, a boy of four and a girl of two and a half years, left home in search of pecans. The hours flew by—night came, and through its weary hours parental hearts throbbed with anguish. Signal fires were lighted, horns blown and guns fired—the few accessible settlers were notified, but the morning sun rose upon two disconsolate households. The four children, as time revealed, had been cunningly surprised, awed into silence, and swiftly borne away by a party of wild Indians. Pursuit was impracticable. There were not men

enough in the country and the families needed nightly protection at home.

Mr. Lockhart, more able to do so than Mr. Putman, made every effort to recover his daughter and the other children. For this purpose he accompanied Col. John H. Moore on expeditions into the mountains in both 1838 and 1839. In one of these expeditions Col. Moore made a daylight attack on a large hostile village on the San Saba, or rather just as day was dawning. Despite the remonstrances of others the resolute seeker of his lost child rushed ahead of all others, exclaiming in stentorian voice: "Matilda Lockhart! Oh, my child! if you are here run to me. I am your father!" He continued so to shout, and, dear reader, Matilda heard and recognized that loved voice repeatedly; but the moment the fight opened she was lashed into a run by squaws and speedily driven into the recesses of thickets. So time passed, the stricken father seizing upon every hope, however faint, to recover his child.

Negotiations were opened with the hostiles, by direction of President Lamar, in the winter of 1839-40, seeking a restoration of all our captive children, and there was known to be quite a number among them. The wily foe betrayed the cunning and dissimulation of their race from the first. They promised much in two or three interviews, but performed little.

During the spring of 1840 the little boy of Mr. Putman was brought in and restored to his parents. The elder daughter was not heard of until during

the late war, in 1864, twenty-seven years after her captivity, when she was providentially restored to her family at Gonzales, and it happened in this wise: Judge John R. Chenault, of Southwest Missouri, who had, in former years, been an Indian agent west of that State, refugeed to Gonzales, where he had kindred. In his family was a girl he had in that day recovered from the Indians, and educated. She was identified beyond doubt as the missing daughter of Mr. Putman and resumed her place among her kindred. Judge Chenault died several years since, a citizen of Dallas County.

In fulfillment of one of their violated promises to bring in all the prisoners they had, the warriors only brought in one poor woman, who had been cruelly treated throughout her captivity — her body burnt in small spots all over — and this was Matilda Lockhart.

Restored to her family and adorned in civilized costume, she speedily developed into one of the prettiest and most lovely women in the surrounding country, becoming a great favorite, distinguished alike for modesty, sprightliness, and affectionate devotion to her kindred and friends. A few years later a cold contracted at a night party, fastened upon her lungs, and speedily closed her life, to the regret of the whole surrounding country. The story, from her own lips, of the cruelties practiced upon her throughout her captivity, would fill a small volume, the reason for which was unknown to her and unexplainable at home. Temporary brutality to captives is common among the wild tribes, but in a little while the young are treated as other children.

This leaves the little girl of Mr. Putman alone to account for. She was two and a half years old when she was captured in 1838.

Another party of warriors in the spring of 1840, brought in and delivered up at San Antonio a little girl of about five, but who could not or would not tell where she was captured, and no one there from her appearance, could imagine her to be one of the lost children of whom he had any information. The child could not speak a word of English and was wild — afraid of every white person — and tried on every occasion to run away. The military authorities were perplexed and knew not how to keep or how to dispose of her. Here, again, came providential interposition.

The District Court was in session, the now lamented Judge John Hemphill presiding for the first time. In attendance as a lawyer was his predecessor, Judge James W. Robinson, who then lived two miles above Gonzales, and one mile below him lived Arch Gipson, whose wife was a daughter

of Mitchell Putman, and a sister of the missing little girl. Hearing of the child he examined her closely, trusting she might show some family resemblance to Mrs. Gipson, whom he knew well and whose father lived only fifteen miles from Gonzales. He could recognize no resemblance, but determined to take the little stranger home with him, for, as he assured the writer, he had a presentiment that she was the Putman child, and had a very sympathetic nature. He, Judge Hemphill and John R. Cunningham (a brilliant star, eclipsed in death as a Mexican prisoner two years later), made the trip on horseback together, the little wild creature alternating behind them. They exhausted every means of gentling and winning her, but in vain. It was necessary to tie her in camp at night and watch her closely by day. In this plight they arrived at Judge Robinson's house as dinner was about ready, and the Judge learned that Mrs. Gipson was very feeble from recent illness. He deemed it prudent to approach her cautiously about the child, and to this end, after dinner he rode forward, alone, leaving the other gentlemen to follow a little later with the child who, up to that time, had not spoken an English word.

Judge Robinson gently related all the facts to Mrs. Gipson, said it could not be her sister, but thought it would be more satisfactory to let her see in person and had therefore brought the little thing, adding: "Be quiet, it will be here very soon."

The gentlemen soon rode up to the yard fence, the child behind Judge Hemphill, on a very tall horse. I quote by memory the indelible words given me by Judge Robinson a few days afterwards:—

"Despite my urgent caution Mrs. Gipson, from her first realization that a recovered child was near at hand, presented the strangest appearance I ever saw in woman, before or since. She seemed, feeble as she was, to skip more as a bird than as a person, her eyes indescribably bright, and her lips tightly closed — but she uttered not a word. As the horsemen arrived she skipped over the fence, and with an expression which language cannot describe, she stood as if transfixed, peering up into the little face on horseback. Never before nor since have I watched any living thing as I watched that child at that moment. As if moved by irresistible power, the instant it looked into Mrs. Gipson's face it seemed startled as from a slumber, threw up its little head as if to collect its mind, and with a second piercing look, sprang from the horse with outstretched arms, clasping Mrs. Gipson around the neck, piteously exclaim-

ng: 'Sister, sister!'" And tears of joy mingled with audible sobs fell from three of the most distinguished men of Texas, all long since gathered to their fathers — Cunningham in Mexican bondage in 1842, Robinson in Southern Cali-

fornia about 1850, and Hemphill in the Confederate Senate in 1862. But when such tears flow do not the angels sing pæans around the throne of Him who took little children "up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them!"

Texas Independence — A Glimpse at the First Capitals, Harrisburg, Galveston, Velasco, Columbia, the First Real Capital, Houston, and Austin, the First Permanent Capital.

Independence was declared in a log cabin, without glass in its windows, in the now almost extinct town of Washington-on-the-Brazos, on the second day of March, 1836. The government *ad interim*, then established, with David G. Burnet as President, and Lorenzo de Zavala as Vice-president, first organized at Harrisburg, but soon fled from Santa Anna's army down to the barren island of Galveston, where it remained till a short time after the battle of San Jacinto, when it moved to Velasco, at the mouth of the Brazos. After the first election under the Republic, President Burnet, by proclamation, assembled the First Congress, President and Vice-president, at the town of Columbia, on the Brazos, on the 3d of October, 1836. No other place in Texas, at the time (excepting, perhaps, Nacogdoches, in the extreme east), had sufficient house room to meet the emergency. There was in Columbia a large two-story house, divided in the center by a wide hall and stairway into large rooms above and below — one on each side of the hall, and each containing several rooms. It had been erected and occupied in 1832-3 by Capt. Henry S. Brown, father of the author, and in it he died on July 26, 1834, his attending physician being Dr. Aaron Jones, afterwards the last President of the Republic. This building was torn down early in 1858.

In this building the First Congress of the Republic of Texas assembled under President Burnet's proclamation on the third of October, 1836. In it on the 22d of the same month, President Burnet delivered his farewell message, and at the same time Sam Houston, as first constitutional President, and Mirabeau B. Lamar, as Vice-president, took the oath of office and delivered their inaugural

addresses. In it all of the first Cabinet took the oath of office, viz.: Stephen F. Austin as Secretary of State (died on the 27th of December following); Ex-Governor Henry Smith, as Secretary of the Treasury (died in the mountains of California, March 4, 1851); Thomas J. Rusk, as Secretary of War (resigned a few weeks later and was succeeded by William S. Fisher, who died in 1845, while Gen. Rusk died in 1857); and Samuel Rhoads Fisher, as Secretary of the Navy (who died in 1839.) A portion of the officers were in other buildings and for a time one House of the Congress occupied a different building.

In this really first Capitol of Texas were enacted all the original laws for organizing the Republic and its counties, and the afterwards famous law defining its boundaries, the western line of which was the Rio Grande del Norte from its source to its entrance into the Gulf of Mexico; and in it Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, then a distinguished member of the United States Senate, was received as the guest of the infant nation.

From Columbia the capital was moved to the new town of Houston in the spring of 1837. From Houston it was removed to the newly planned frontier town of Austin in October, 1839, and here is where I propose to locate what follows.

The government was established at Austin in October, 1839. Mirabeau B. Lamar, one of the truest knights of chivalry that ever figured on Texas soil, was President; David G. Burnet, the embodiment of integrity — learned and experienced — was Vice-president; Abner S. Lipscomb, one of the trio who subsequently gave fame to the judicial decisions of Texas, was Secretary of State; Albert Sidney Johnston, the great soldier and



patriot who fell at Shiloh on the 6th of April, 1862, was Secretary of War; Louis P. Cooke, who died of cholera at Brownsville in 1849, and had been a student at West Point, was Secretary of the Navy; Dr. James H. Starr, of Nacogdoches, was Secretary of the Treasury; John Rice Jones was Postmaster-General; John P. Borden was Commissioner of the Land Office; Thomas J. Rusk was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the Associates being the District Judges of the Republic; James Webb was Attorney-General; Asa Brigham, Treasurer; E. Lawrence Stickney, Stock Commissioner; Wm. G. Cooke, Quartermaster-General; Hugh McLeod, Adjutant-General; Wm. L. Cazneau, Commissary-General; Jacob Snively, Paymaster-General; Peter H. Bell (afterwards Governor), Inspector-General; Edward Burleson was Colonel commanding the regular army; Charles DeMorse was Fund Commissioner, or something of that sort.

These men arrived in Austin as the government, in September and October, 1839. Austin was the outside settlement on the Colorado and so remained until annexation was perfected on the 19th of February, 1846. Through those six years it remained exposed to the forays of all the hostile Indians in upper Texas, from which many valuable lives were lost and quite a number of women and children carried into savage captivity. Just completing my eighteenth year, I became a denizen of Austin at its birth, setting type on one of the two newspapers then started, and so remained for a considerable time, in which it was my privilege to make the personal acquaintance of each of the gentlemen named as officials of the government, and ever after to enjoy the friendship of nearly all of them, the exceptions arising from early and permanent separation by distance.

No new town, in this or any other country, ever began its existence with a larger ratio of educated, talented and honorable men, especially of young men. A few of the latter now, in the fiftieth year afterwards, still live there. Among them are James H. Raymond, John M. Swisher, Joseph Lee, James F. Johnson, James M. Swisher, Fenwick Smith, Wm. S. Hotchkiss. Among those known or believed to be living elsewhere, are Henry H. Collier, in Canada; *Thomas Gales Forster, in Cincinnati; Wm. B. Billingsly, in Bastrop; Archibald C. Hyde, of Uvalde County (the first postmaster and one of the first justices of the peace at Austin); John P. Borden, of Colorado County; Gen. Geo. W. Morgan, of Mount Vernon, Ohio (then Captain in the Texian army); *Rev. Joseph A. Clark, living at Thorp's Spring, and founder of Ad Ran College; Parry W. Humphries, of Aransas Pass; John Adriance, in

Columbia; Alex. T. Gayle, Jackson County; and ex-Governor Bell, living in North Carolina. Of those who are dead I recall George J. Durham, who died in 1869; James M. Ogden, Thos. L. Jones and *Martin C. Wing, all of whom drew black beans and were put to death in Mexico, March 25, 1843; Capt. Ben. Johnson, killed by Mexicans near the Nueces soon afterwards; — Dodson and — Black, killed by Indians opposite Austin, in 1842; Henry W. Raglan, Richard H. Hord, died in Kentucky; George D. Biggar, Capt. Joseph Daniels, died in San Francisco in 1885; M. H. Nicholson, *Joel Miner, *Alexander Area, *William Clark, Ambrose B. Pattison, died in Onondaga Hollow, N. Y.; Maj. George W. Bonnell (editor, and killed as one of the guard at Mier, December 26, 1842); *James Glascock (a Mier prisoner); * — McClelland, died in Tyler; *William Carleton, Wm. H. Murrah, Alex. C. McFarlane, George K. Teulon (editor), died in Calcutta; Maj. Samuel Whiting (founder of the first paper in Austin), died in New Jersey; Rev. Edward L. Fontaine, died in Mississippi; John B. Ransom (poet), accidentally killed in 1841; John W. Lann, died a Santa Fe prisoner; Thos. Ward and Col. Thomas Wm. Ward, Dr. Richard F. Brenham (killed in the rescue of the Mier prisoners at Salado, Mexico, February — 1843); Horace L. Upshur, M. H. Beatty, M. P. Woodhouse, Wm. H. H. Johnson, James W. Smith (first Judge of Travis County), killed by Indians in sight of Austin, in 1843; Harvey Smith died in Bell County; Thomas W. Smith (their father), killed by Indians near Austin in 1841; Francis P. Morris, died a distinguished Methodist preacher in Missouri; *W. D. Mims, Dr. Moses Johnson (first Mayor of Austin), died in Lavaca; Charles Schoolfield, killed by Indians; Henry J. Jewett, Judge Luckett, Alfred W. Luckett, Wm. W. Thompson, died in Arizona; Wayne Barton (the first sheriff), killed in Washington County in 1844; Capt. James G. Swisher, *George W. Noble, died in Mobile; Musgrove Evans, Charles Mason (respectively first and second Auditors), James Newcomb, L. Vaneleve, Capt. Mark B. Lewis, killed in 1843; Jesse C. Tannehill, Jacob M. Harrell, Wm. Hornsby, Nathaniel Townsend, Samuel Browning, Capt. Stephen Crosby, Abner H. Cook, Alfred D. Coombs, Neri Chamberlain, Joseph Cecil (both arms shot off), Massillon Farley, John Green, Joseph Harrell, Anderson Harrell, Mrs. Angelina Eberly, died in Kentucky; Mrs. Eliza B. Logan, Mrs. Anna C.

* All those marked thus *, including myself, were printers.



Luckett, R. D. McAnelly, Nelson Merrill, A. B. McGill, B. D. Noble, Dr. Joseph W. Robertson, Mrs. Ann T. J. Wooldridge, Moses Wells, Joseph Waples, Thos. G. Western, Michael Ziller, Charles R. Sossaman, Martin Moore, Charles De Morse.

These names, drawn from memory, in a very large sense, apply to persons who then or subsequently became widely known in the public service — indeed, in their respective spheres valuable men in the country. Of course I can only recall a portion of those entitled to honorable mention in an article of this character. Gathered together from all parts of the Union, and a few from Europe, their bones are widely asunder, at least as far as from New York to San Francisco, and one in China.

The then future of Austin, seemingly bright, was invisibly portentous of evil. On the capture of San Antonio by Mexicans, in March, 1842, Austin was abandoned as the seat of government, and so remained for four years, or until February, 1846. Many of the inhabitants thereupon left their homes, and with a greatly depleted population, the town was left open to savage attacks from the north, east and west. Their trials and deprivations were great. The day of comparative deliverance came when, in connection with annexation, the govern-

ment was returned to Austin, from which period the place slowly grew until railroads reached it, since which time its increase in population, wealth and costly edifices has been rapid, until, with ample public buildings, and four State asylums, and a State House pronounced equal in grandeur and appointments to any in the Union, it is regarded with pride by the State and admiration by strangers as one of the most charming and beautiful of State capitals of the Union. Though perhaps the youngest of its self-governing inhabitants at the time of its birth, it was my privilege on numerous subsequent occasions, covering a period of twenty years, to represent other portions of the State in its deliberative bodies assembled there, and I have never ceased to feel a deep interest in its prosperity. Hence, on this fifty-third anniversary of Texian independence, and in the fiftieth of the life of our State capital, with the utmost sincerity, I can and do salute thee, oh! thou dearly won but beautiful city of the Colorado, and would gladly embrace each of its survivors of fifty years ago — male and female — and their children and grandchildren as well, were it practicable to do so. May the God of our fathers be their God and bless them.

A Succession of Tragedies in Houston and Anderson Counties — Death of the Faulkenberrys — Cordova's Rebellion — A Bloody Skirmish — Battle of Kickapoo — Slaughter and Cremation at John Edens' House — Butchery of the Campbell Family — 1836 to 1841 — Etc., Etc.

In the account of the fall of Parker's fort, prominent mention was made of David Faulkenberry, his son Evan, a youth, and Abram Anglin, a boy of eighteen. They with others of the defeated party temporarily located at Fort Houston, as before stated, a mile or two west of where Palestine now stands. In the fall of 1836 these three, with Columbus Anderson (one account gives this name as Andrews), went down to the Trinity to the point since known as Bonner's ferry, crossed to the west bank for the purpose of hunting, lay down under the bank and all fell asleep. James Hunter

was in the vicinity also, but remained on the east bank. While gathering nuts near by he heard the guns and yells of Indians, and hastening to the river, witnessed a portion of the scene. At the first fire Columbus Anderson received a death wound, but swam the river, crawled about two miles and died. David Faulkenberry, also mortally wounded, swam over, crawled about two hundred yards and died. Both of these men had pulled grass and made a bed on which to die.

A bullet passed through Abram Anglin's powder horn and into his thigh, carrying fragments of the

horn, but he swam the river, climbed its bank, mounted behind Hunter, and escaped, to live till 1875 or 1876, when he died, in the vicinity of his first home, near Parker's fort. Of Evan Faulkenberry no trace was ever found. The Indians afterwards said that he fought like a demon, killed two of their number, wounded a third, and when scalped and almost cloven asunder, jerked from them, plunged into the river and about midway sank to appear no more—adding another to the list of heroic boys who have died for Texas. Honored be his memory! The dead were buried the next day.

THE MEXICAN REBELLION.

At the time of the revolution there was a considerable resident Mexican population in and around Nacogdoches. About the first of September, 1838, Jose Cordova, at the head of about two hundred of these people, aided by Juan Flores, Juan Cruz and John Norris, rose in rebellion and pitched camp on the Angelina, about twenty miles southwest of Nacogdoches. Joined by renegade Indians, they began a system of murder and pillage among the thinly scattered settlers. They soon murdered the brothers, Matthew and Charles Roberts, and Mr. Finley, their relative. Speedily, Gen. Thomas J. Rusk, at the head of six hundred volunteers, was in the field. Cordova retired to the village of "The Bowl," Chief of the Cherokees, and sought, unsuccessfully, to form an alliance with him; but succeeded in attaching to his standard some of the more desperate of the Cherokees and Cooshattas. In a day or two he moved to the Kickapoo village, now in the northeast corner of Anderson County, and succeeded in winning that band to his cause. Rusk followed their line of retreat to the Killough settlement, some forty miles farther. He became convinced of his inability to overhaul them; also, that they had left the country, and returned home, disbanding his forces.

BATTLE OF KICKAPOO.

Rusk had scarcely disbanded his men, when the numerous family of Killough was inhumanly butchered by this motley confederation of Mexicans and Indians, which alarmed and incensed the people exposed to their forays. The bugle blast of Rusk soon re-assembled his disbanded followers. Maj. Leonard H. Mabbitt then had a small force at Fort Houston. Rusk directed him to unite with him at what is now known as the Duty place, four miles west of the Neches. Mabbitt, reinforced by some volunteers of the vicinity under Capt. W. T. Saddle, started to the rendezvous. On the march, six miles from Fort Houston, a number of Mabbitt's

men, a mile or more in rear of the command, were surprised by an attack of Indians and Mexicans, led by Flores and Cruz. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which the little band displayed great gallantry, but before Mabbitt came to their rescue, Bullock, Wright and J. W. Carpenter were killed, and two men, McKenzie and Webb, were wounded. The enemy, on seeing Mabbitt's approach, precipitately fled. This occurred on the 11th or 12th of October, 1838. The dead were buried. Only one Indian was left on the field, but several were killed.

On the 13th a spy company was organized, under Capt. James E. Box, and on the 14th Mabbitt renewed his march for a junction with Rusk. On the afternoon of the 15th a few Indians were seen passing the abandoned Kickapoo village, evidently carrying meat to Cordova. Gen. Rusk soon arrived, his united force being about seven hundred men. It was nearly night, and he pitched camp on a spot chosen as well to prevent surprise as for defense.

At dawn on the 16th, Rusk was furiously assailed by about nine hundred Kickapoos, Delawares, Ionies, Caddos, Cooshattas, a few Cherokees, and Cordova with his Mexicans. Indians fell within forty or fifty feet of the lines. Many were killed, and after an engagement of not exceeding an hour, the enemy fled in every direction, seeking safety in the dense forest. The assaults were most severe on the companies of Box, Snively, Bradshaw, Saddler and Mabbitt's command; but owing to the sagacity of Rusk in the selection of a defensive position, his loss was only one man, James Hall, mortally wounded, and twenty-five wounded more or less severely, among whom were Dr. E. J. DeBard, afterwards of Palestine, John Murchison, J. J. Ware, Triplett Gates, and twenty-one others. It was a signal defeat of Cordova and his evil-inspired desire for vengeance upon a people who had committed no act to justify such a savage resolve. He retired to Mexico, and thence essayed to gratify his malignant hatred by a raid, under Flores, in the following year, which was badly whipped by Burleson, six or eight miles from where Seguin stands, and virtually destroyed by the gallant Capt. James O. Rice, in the vicinity of the present town of Round Rock, on the Brushy, in Williamson County. His last attempt to satisfy his thirst for revenge was in the Mexican invasion of September, 1842, in command of a band of Mexican desperadoes and Carrizo Indians. In the battle of Salado, on the 18th of that month, a yager ball, sent by John Lowe, standing within three feet of where I stood, after a flight of about ninety yards, crushed his arm from wrist to elbow and

passed through his heart. This, however, is digression.

The wounded of Gen. Rusk were borne on litters back to Fort Houston. Hall survived about twenty days — the other twenty-five recovered.

THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY AT JOHN EDENS' HOUSE.

When the citizens of that locality volunteered under Capt. W. T. Saddler, a soldier of San Jacinto, to accompany Maj. Mabbitt in the Cordova-Kickapoo expedition, the families of several of the party were removed for safety to the house of Mr. John Edens, an old man, and there left under the protection of that gentleman and three other old men, viz.: James Madden, Martin Murchison (father of John, wounded at Kickapoo), and Elisha Moore, then a prospector from Alabama. The other persons in the house were Mrs. John Edens and daughter Emily, Mrs. John Murchison, Mrs. W. T. Saddler, her daughter, Mrs. James Madden, and two little sons, aged seven and nine years, Mrs. Robert Madden, and daughter Mary, and a negro woman of sixty years, named Betsey or Patsey. This is the same place on which Judge D. H. Edens afterwards lived, in Houston County, and on which he died. The ladies occupied one of the two rooms and the men the other, a covered passageway separating them. On the fatal night, about the 19th of October, after all the inmates had retired, the house was attacked by Indians. The assault was made on the room occupied by the ladies and children. The savages broke down the door and rushed in, using knives and tomahawks. Mrs. Murchison and her daughter, Mrs. Saddler, were instantly killed. Mrs. John Edens, mortally wounded, escaped from the room and crossed two fences to die in the adjoining field. Of Mary, daughter of Robert Madden; Emily, daughter of John Edens, each three years old, and the two little sons of James Madden, no tidings were ever heard. Whether carried into captivity or burned to ashes, was never known, but every presumption is in favor of the latter. The room was speedily set on fire. The men durst not open the door into the passage. Mrs. Robert Madden, dangerously wounded, rushed into the room of the men, falling on a bed. One by one, or, rather, two by two, the four men ran the gauntlet and escaped, supposing all the others were dead. Early in the assault Patsey (or Betsey), seized a little girl of John Edens', yet living, the beloved wife of James Duke, swiftly bore her to the house of Mr. Davis, a mile and a half distant, and then, moved by an inspiration that should embalm her memory in every

generous heart, as swiftly returned as an angel of mercy to any who might survive. She arrived in time to enter the rapidly consuming house and rescue the unconscious Mrs. Robert Madden, but an instant before the roof fell in. Placing her on her own bed, in her unmolested cabin in the yard, she sought elsewhere for deeds of mercy, and found Mrs. James Madden, utterly helpless, under the eaves of the crumbling walls, and doomed to speedy cremation. She gently bore her to the same refuge, and by them watched, bathed, poulticed and nursed — aye, prayed! — till the morrow brought succor. However lowly and humble the gifts of the daughters of Ham, every Southron, born and reared among them, will recognize in this touching manifestation of humanity and affection elements with which he has been more or less familiar since his childhood. Honored be the memory and cherished be the saintly fidelity of this humble servant woman.

Mrs. James Madden, thus rescued from the flames, bore upon her person three ghastly wounds from a tomahawk, one severing her collar bone, two ribs cut asunder near the spine, and a horrible gash in the back. But it is gratifying to record that both of these wounded ladies recovered, and in 1883, were yet living near Augusta, Houston County, objects of affectionate esteem by their neighbors.

On the day following this horrid slaughter, the volunteers — the husbands and neighbors of the victims — returned from the battle of Kickapoo, in time to perform the last rites to the fallen and to nurse the wounded. The late venerable Capt. William Y. Lacey, of Palestine, Robert Madden, Elder Daniel Parker, and others of the Edens and other old families of that vicinity were among them.

ANOTHER BLOODY TRAGEDY — MURDER OF MRS. CAMPBELL, HER SON AND DAUGHTER.

In the year 1837, Charles C. Campbell arrived in the vicinity of Fort Houston, and settled on what is now called Town creek, three miles west of Palestine. His family consisted of himself, wife and five children — Malathiel, a youth of twenty; Pamela, aged seventeen; Hulda, fourteen; Fountain, eleven; George, four, and two negro men. They labored faithfully, built cabins, opened a field, and in 1838, made a bountiful crop.

In February, 1839, Mr. Campbell sickened and died. During a bright moon, about a week later, in the same month, soon after the family had retired, the house was suddenly attacked by a party

of Indians. The only weapon in the house was an old rifle with a defective flint lock. With this Malathiel heroically endeavored to defend his mother and her children. The negro men, having no means of defense, managed to escape. Mrs. Campbell caused Pamela, the elder daughter, to take refuge under the puncheon floor, with her little brother George, enjoining upon her silence as the only means of saving herself and the child. The son soon found that the gun lock refused to work, and the mother sought to ignite the powder with a brand of fire, but in doing so stood so near the door that an Indian, forcing it slightly ajar and thrusting in his arm, nearly severed her arm from her body. The door was then forced open, the Indians rushed in, and in a moment tomahawked unto death Mrs. Campbell, Huldah and Fountain. Malathiel, knife in hand, sprang from the room into the yard, but was speedily slain by those outside. While these things were being enacted in the house Pamela, with little George, stealthily emerged from her hiding place and nearly escaped unobserved; but just as she was entering a thicket near by, an arrow struck the back of her head, but fortunately it glanced around without entering the skull, and she soon reached Fort Houston to report her desolation.

The Indians robbed the house of its contents, including six feather-beds (leaving the feathers, however), a keg of powder, four hundred silver dollars, and a considerable amount of paper money, which, like the feathers, was cast to the winds. At daylight the bloody demons crossed the Trinity eight miles away, and were thus beyond pursuit by the small available force at hand; for the west side of the river at that time teemed with hostile savages.

Pamelia Campbell, thus spared and since de-

prived by death of the little brother she saved, yet lives, the last of her family, respected and beloved, the wife or widow of Mr. Moore, living on Cedar creek, Anderson County.

THE LAST RAID.

The last raid in that vicinity was by one account in 1841, by another in 1843, but both agree as to the facts. A small party of Indians stole some horses. They were pursued by Wm. Frost, who escaped from the Parker's Fort disaster in 1836, and three others. They came upon the Indians while they were swimming the Trinity at West Point. Frost fired, killing an Indian, on reaching the bank a little in advance of the others, but was instantly shot dead by a warrior already on the opposite bank. The other three men poured a volley into the enemy yet under the bank and in the river. Four were killed, when the remainder fled, leaving the horses in the hands of the pursuers.

In 1837 there was a severe encounter in Maine's prairie, Anderson County, but the particulars are not before me, nor are those attending the butchery of the Killough family, which led to the battle of Kickapoo, and was one of the impelling causes of the expulsion of the Cherokees and associate bands from the country.

In the accounts here given some conflicting statements are sought to be reconciled. The unrecorded memory of most old men, untrained in the habits of preserving historical events, is often at fault. Unfamiliar with the localities, it is believed that substantial accuracy is attained in this condensed account of these successive and sanguinary events, illuminating the path of blood through which that interesting portion of our beloved State was transferred from barbarism to civilization.

Some Reminiscences — First Anniversary Ball in the Republic of Texas, and other Items of Interest.

The following relating to the first anniversary celebration of Texian Independence and the battle of San Jacinto, respectively given at Washington, March 2d, 1837, and at the newly laid out town of Houston, April 21, 1837, will doubtless interest the reader.

The invitation to the first or Independence ball ran thus: —

WASHINGTON, 28th February, 1837.—The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited at a party to be given in Washington on Thursday, 2d

March, to celebrate the birthday of our national independence.

Devereau J. Woodlief, Thos. Gay, R. Stevenson, W. B. Scates, Asa Hoxey, James R. Cook, W. W. Hill, J. C. Hunt, Thos. P. Shapard, managers.

All these nine now sleep with their fathers. Mr. Scates, the last to die a few years since, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence; Woodlief was terribly wounded at San Jacinto; the gallant James R. Cook, a lieutenant at San Jacinto and a colonel under Somervell in 1842-43, was killed in a momentary difficulty about the first of April, 1843, a deeply lamented occurrence.

For a description of the ball in Houston credit is due the gifted pen of a lady survivor of the scene, then little more than a child: —

"Following the impulses common to humanity, as the 21st of April, 1837, drew near, the patriotic citizens of Texas, with the memory of San Jacinto still fresh in their minds and appreciating the advantages resulting from it, resolved that the event should be celebrated at the capital of the Republic, which this victory had made possible, and which had been most appropriately named for him who wore the laurel. The city of Houston was at that time a mere name, or at best a camp in the woods. White tents and temporary structures of clapboards and pine poles were scattered here and there near the banks of the bayou, the substantial log house of the pioneer was rare, or altogether wanting, it being the intention of the builders soon to replace what the needs of the hour demanded, with buildings fitted to adorn the capital of a great Republic.

"The site of the capitol had been selected where now stands the fine hotel bearing its name, but the materials for its construction had not yet arrived from Maine. There was, however, a large two-story building about half finished on the spot now occupied by T. W. House's bank. It was the property of the firm of Kelsey & Hubbard, and, having been tendered for the free use of the public on this occasion, men worked night and day that it might at least have floor, walls and roof, which were indeed the chief essentials of a dancing hall. As there was neither time nor material at hand for ceiling or laying the second floor, a canopy of green boughs was spread over the beams to do away with the unpleasant effect of skeleton timbers and great space between floor and pointed roof.

"Chandeliers were suspended from the beams overhead, but they resembled the glittering ornament of to-day in naught save use for which they were intended. Made of wood, with sockets to hold the sperm candles, and distributed at regular distances, each pendant comprised of five or six

lights, which shed a dim radiance, but alas, a liberal spattering of sperm upon the dancers beneath. The floor being twenty-five feet wide, by fifty feet in length, could easily accommodate several cotillions, and, although the citizens of Houston were very few, all the space was required for the large number who came from Brazoria, Columbia, San Felipe, Harrisburg and all the adjacent country. Ladies and gentlemen came in parties on horseback, distances of fifty and sixty miles, accompanied by men servants and ladies' maids, who had in charge the elegant ball costumes for the important occasion. From Harrisburg they came in large row boats, that mode of conveyance being preferable to a horseback ride through the thick undergrowth, for at that time there was nothing more than a bridle path to guide the traveler between the two places.

"Capt. Mosley Baker, a captain at San Jacinto, and one of Houston's first citizens, was living with his wife and child (now Mrs. Fannie Darden), in a small house built of clapboards; the house comprised one large room designed to serve as parlor, bed-room and dining-room, and a small shed-room at the back. The floor, or rather the lack of the floor, in the large apartment, was concealed by a carpet, which gave an air of comfort contrasting strongly with the surroundings.

"As the time for going to the ball drew near, which was as soon as convenient after dark, several persons assembled at Capt. Baker's for the purpose of going together. These were Gen. Houston, Frank R. Lubbock, afterwards Governor, and his wife, John Birdsall (soon after Attorney-General), and Mary Jane Harris (the surviving widow of Andrew Briscoe.) Gen. Houston was Mrs. Baker's escort, Capt. Baker having gone to see that some lady friends were provided for. When this party approached the ball room, where dancing had already begun, the music, which was rendered by a violin, bass viol and fife, immediately struck up 'Hail to the Chief,' the dancers withdrew to each side of the hall, and the whole party, Gen. Houston and Mrs. Baker leading, and maids bringing up the rear, marched to the upper end of the room. Having here laid aside wraps, and exchanged black slippers for white ones, for there was no dressing room, they were ready to join in the dance, which was soon resumed. A new cotillion was formed by the party who had just entered, with the addition of another couple, whose names are not preserved, and Mr. Jacob Cruger took the place of Mr. Birdsall, who did not dance. Gen. Houston and Mrs. Baker were partners, Mrs. Lubbock and Mr. Cruger, and Mr. Lubbock and Miss Harris. Then

were the solemn figures of the stately cotillion executed with care and precision, the grave balancing steps, the dos-a-dos, and others to test the nimbleness and grace of dancers.

"Gen. Houston, the President, was of course the hero of the day, and his dress on this occasion was unique and somewhat striking. His ruffled shirt, scarlet cassimere waistcoat and suit of black silk velvet, corded with gold, was admirably adapted to set off his fine, tall figure; his boots, with short, red tops, were laced and folded down in such a way as to reach but little above the ankles, and were finished at the heels with silver spurs. The spurs were, of course, quite a useless adornment, but they were in those days so commonly worn as to seem almost a part of the boots. The weakness of Gen. Houston's ankle, resulting from the wound, was his reason for substituting boots for the slippers, then universally worn by gentlemen for dancing.

"Mrs. Baker's dress of white satin, with black lace overdress, corresponded in elegance with that of her escort, and the dresses of most of the other ladies were likewise rich and tasteful. Some wore white mull, with satin trimmings; others were dressed in white and colored satins, but naturally in so large an assembly, gathered from many different places, there was great variety in the quality of costumes. All, however, wore their dresses short, cut low in the neck, sleeves generally short, and all wore ornaments or flowers or feathers in their hair, some flowers of Mexican manufacture being particularly noticeable, on account of their beauty and rarity.

"But one event occurred to mar the happiness of the evening. Whilst all were dancing merrily, the sad news arrived that the brother of the Misses Cooper, who were at the time on the floor, had been killed by Indians at some point on the Colorado river. Although the young ladies were strangers to most of those present, earnest expressions of sympathy were heard on all sides, and the pleasure of their immediate friends was of course destroyed.

"At about midnight the signal for supper was given, and the dancers marched over to the hotel of Capt. Ben Fort Smith, which stood near the middle of the block now occupied by the Hutchins House. This building consisted of two very large rooms,

built of pine poles, laid up like a log house, with a long shed extending the full length of the rooms. Under this shed, quite innocent of floor or carpet, the supper was spread; the tempting turkeys, venison, cakes, etc., displayed in rich profusion; the excellent coffee and sparkling wines invited all to partake freely, and soon the witty toast and hearty laugh went round.

* * * * *

"Returning to the ball room, dancing was resumed with renewed zest, and continued until the energy of the musicians began to flag, and the prompter failed to call out the figures with his accustomed gusto; then the cotillion gave place to the time-honored Virginia reel, and by the time each couple had enjoyed the privilege of "going down the middle," daylight began to dawn, parting salutations were exchanged, and the throng of dancers separated, many of them never to meet again.

"Ere long the memory of San Jacinto's first ball was laid away among the mementos of the dead, which, being withdrawn from their obscurity only on each recurring anniversary, continue to retain their freshness even after fifty years have flown.

"Of all the merry company who participated in that festival, only a few are known to be living at the present day. They are ex-Governor Lubbock, Mrs. Wynns, Mrs. Mary J. Briscoe and Mrs. Fannie Darden."

ADDENDA. In January, 1886, the following ancient item in a Nashville paper, announcing the death of Noah W. Ludlow, the old theatrical manager, appeared, viz.:—

"In July, 1818, in Nashville, an amateur performance of Home's tragedy of Douglas was given, in which Mr. Ludlow appeared as Old Norval. There were remarkable men in that performance. The manager of the amateur club was Gen. Jno. H. Eaton, afterward Secretary of War during Gen. Jackson's presidential term. Lieut. Sam. Houston, afterward Gen. Sam Houston, of San Jacinto fame, played Glenalvon; Wm. S. Fulton, afterward Governor of Arkansas, was the young Norval; E. H. Foster, later United States Senator from Tennessee, was a member of the club, and the part of Lord Randolph was taken by W. C. Dunlap, who, in 1839, was a member of Congress from Tennessee. Gen. Andrew Jackson was an honorary member of the same dramatic club."

Death of Capt. Robert M. Coleman in 1837 — Murder of "Mrs. Coleman and her Heroic Boy" and the Battle of Brushy in 1839.

Robert M. Coleman, a native of Trigg County, Kentucky, born in 1799, is elsewhere mentioned in connection with the expedition under himself first, and Col. John H. Moore, secondly, into the Tehuacano Hill region, in 1835. He was a gallant man, courageous and impetuous, and settled on the Colorado, near Bastrop, in 1830. He was in the siege of Bexar, in the fall of 1835, signed the Declaration of Independence on the second of March, 1836, and commanded a company at San Jacinto, on the 21st of April, his wife and children being then among the refugees east of the Trinity. In the summer of 1837, while on a mission to Velasco, at the mouth of the Brazos, he was drowned while bathing in the river. This was justly deplored as a great loss to the frontier of the country. He left, besides his wife, three sons and two daughters.

Mrs. Coleman returned to their former home in what was called Wells' prairie, a prolongation of the lower end of Webber's prairie, perhaps twelve miles above Bastrop, her nearest neighbors being the late Geo. W. Davis and Dr. J. W. Robertson, of Austin, and one or two others. Her cabin and little field stood in the lower point of a small prairie, closely flanked on the east, west and south by dense bottom timber, the only approach being through the prairie on the north, and it was very narrow. She and her sons made a small crop there in 1838.

On the 18th of February, 1839, while Mrs. Coleman and four of her children were employed a short distance from the cabin, a large body of Indians, estimated at from two to three hundred, suddenly emerged from the timber, and with the wildest yells, rushed towards them. They fled to the cabin and all reached it except Thomas, a child of five years, who was captured, never more to return to his kindred though occasionally heard of many years later as a Comanche warrior. At the moment of the attack James Coleman and — Rogers were farther away, separated from the others by the Indians, and being powerless, escaped down the bottom to notify the people below.

As Mrs. Coleman reached the door of the cabin, Albert and the two little girls entered, when, missing

little Thomas, she halted to look for him. It was but for an instant, but long enough for an arrow to pierce her throat. In the throes of death she sprang inside. Albert closed and barred the door, and she sank to the floor, speedily to expire. Albert was a boy under fifteen years of age, but a worthy son of his brave sire. There being two or three guns in the cabin, he made a heroic fight, holding the enemy at bay for some time, certainly killing four of their number; in the meantime raising a puncheon, causing his two little sisters to get under the floor, replacing the puncheon, and enjoining upon them, whether he survived or perished, to make no noise until sure that white men called them. Soon after this he received a fatal wound. As life ebbed he sank down, repeated his former injunction to his little sisters, then, pillowing his head on his mother's pulseless bosom, died. A year later, in the Congress of Texas, my youthful heart was electrified on hearing the old patriot, William Menefee, of Colorado, in a speech on the "Cherokee Land Bill," utter an eloquent apostrophe to "Mrs. Coleman and her heroic boy."

For some reason, doubtless under the impression that there were other men in the house, the Indians withdrew. They next appeared at the house of Dr. Robertson, captured seven negroes and, the doctor being absent, robbed the house.

At twilight John D. Anderson, a youth who lived within a few miles (afterwards distinguished as a lawyer and an orator), rode to the cabin and called the children by name. They recognized his voice and answered. He then raised a puncheon and released them. Remounting, with one before and one behind him, he conveyed them to Geo. W. Davis' house, where the families of the vicinity had assembled for safety — possibly at a different house, but Mr. Davis remained in charge of the guard left to protect the women and children.

Speedily two squads of men assembled at the locality — twenty-five under Capt. Joseph Burleson and twenty-seven commanded by Capt. James Rogers. Thus, fifty-two in number, they pursued the savages in a northerly direction. On the next forenoon, near a place since called Post Oak Island and three or four miles north of Brushy creek, they

came in sight of the enemy, who, all being on foot, sought to reach the thicket on a branch, somewhat between the parties. To prevent this a charge was ordered to cut them off, and if need be, occupy the thicket as a base of defense; but some of the men hesitated, while others advanced. Skirmishing began, confusion ensued, followed by a disorderly retreat, some men gallantly dismounting time and again, to hold the enemy in check. In this engagement Capt. Joseph Burleson was killed, while dismounted and trying to save the day. The horse of W. W. (afterward Captain) Wallace escaped and was caught and mounted by an Indian. A. J. Haynie, seeing this, gallantly took Mr. Wallace up behind him and thus saved his life.

The whole party, notwithstanding the disorder, halted on reaching Brushy.

While remaining in a state of indecision, Gen. Edward Burleson (of whom Joseph was a brother) came up with thirty-two men. All submitted at once to his experienced leadership. Reorganizing the force, with Capt. Jesse Billingsley commanding a portion, he moved forward, and about the middle of the afternoon found the Indians in a strong position, along a crescent-shaped branch, partly protected by high banks, and the whole hidden by brush. Burleson led one party into the ravine above and Billingsley the other into it below the Indians, intending to approach each way and drive the enemy out. But each party found an intervening, open and flat expansion of the ravine, in

passing which they would be exposed to an enfilading fire from an invisible enemy. Hence this plan was abandoned and a random skirmish kept up until night, a considerable number of Indians being killed, as evidenced by their lamentations, as they retreated as soon as shielded by darkness. Burleson camped on the ground.

The next day, on litters, the dead and Mr. Gilleland were carried homeward, the latter to die in a few days.

The men of Bastrop were ever famed for gallantry, and many were the regrets and heart-burnings among themselves in connection with the first engagement of the day; but ample amends were made on other fields to atone for that untoward event.

Doubtless interesting facts are omitted. Those given were derived long ago from participants, supplemented by a few points derived at a later day from Mr. A. D. Adkisson, who was also one of the number.

For several years succeeding the raids into and around Bastrop, stealing horses, and killing, sometimes one and sometimes two or three persons, were so frequent that their narration would seem monotonous. In most cases these depredations were committed by small parties early in the night, and by sunrise they would be far away, rendering pursuit useless. They were years of anguish, sorely testing the courage and fortitude of as courageous a people as ever settled in a wilderness.

Cordova's Rebellion in 1838-9 — Rusk's Defeat of the Kickapoos — Burleson's Defeat of Cordova — Rice's Defeat of Flores — Death of Flores and Cordova — Capt. Matthew Caldwell.

At the close of 1837, and in the first eight or nine months of 1838, Gen. Vicente Filisola was in command of Northern Mexico, with headquarters in Matamoros. He undertook, by various well-planned artifices, to win to Mexico the friendship of all the Indians in Texas, including the Cherokees and their associate bands, and unite them in a persistent war on Texas. Through emissaries passing above the settlements he communicated with the Cherokees and others, and with a number of Mexi-

can citizens, in and around Nacogdoches, and succeeded in enlisting many of them in his schemes. The most conspicuous of these Mexicans, as developed in the progress of events, was Vicente Cordova, an old resident of Nacogdoches, from which the affair has generally been called "Cordova's rebellion," but there were others actively engaged with him, some bearing American names, as Nat Norris and Joshua Robertson, and Mexicans named Juan Jose Rodriguez, Carlos Morales, Juan Santos

Coy, Jose Vicenti Micheli, Jose Ariola, and Antonio Corda.

The first outbreak occurred on the 1th of August, 1838, when a party of Americans who had pursued and recovered some stolen horses from a Mexican settlement in Nacogdoches County, were fired upon on their return trip and one of their number killed.

The trail of the assailants was followed and found to be large and made by Mexicans. On the 7th Gen. Rusk was informed that over a hundred Mexicans, headed by Cordova and Norris, were encamped on the Angelina. He immediately recruited a company of sixty volunteers and posted them at the lower ford of that stream. The enemy were then on the west side. On the 10th it was reported that about 300 Indians had joined Cordova. On the same day President Houston, then in Nacogdoches, who had issued a proclamation to the immigrants, received a letter signed by the persons whose names have been given, disavowing allegiance to Texas and claiming to be citizens of Mexico.

Cordova, on the 10th, moved up towards the Cherokee Nation. Maj. H. W. Augustin was detailed to follow his trail, while Gen. Rusk moved directly towards the village of Bowles, the head chief of the Cherokees, believing Cordova had gone there; but, on reaching the Saline, it was found that he had moved rapidly in the direction of the Upper Trinity, while the great body of his followers had dispersed. To the Upper Trinity and Brazos, he went and remained till March, 1839, in constant communication with the wild Indians, urging them to a relentless war on Texas, burning and destroying the homes and property of the settlers, of course with the deadly horrors of their mode of warfare, and promising them, under the instructions of Gen. Filisola first, and his successor, Gen. Valentino Canalizo, secondly, protection under the Mexican government and fee simple rights to the respective territories occupied by them. He sent communications to the generals named, and also to Manuel Flores, in Matamoras, charged with diplomatic duties, towards the Indians of Texas, urging Flores to meet with him for conference and a more definite understanding.

In the meantime a combination of these lawless Mexicans and Indians committed depredations on the settlements to such a degree that Gen. Rusk raised two hundred volunteers and moved against them. On the 14th of October, 1838, he arrived at Fort Houston, and learning that the enemy were in force at the Kickapoo village (now in Anderson County), he moved in that direction. At daylight on the 16th he attacked them and after a short, but

hot engagement, charged them, upon which they fled with precipitation and were pursued for some distance. Eleven warriors were left dead, and, of course, a much larger number were wounded. Rusk had eleven men wounded, but none killed.

The winter passed without further report from Cordova, who was, however, exerting all his powers to unite all the Indian tribes in a destructive warfare on Texas.

On the 27th of February, 1839, Gen. Canalizo, who had succeeded Filisola in command at Matamoras, sent instructions to Cordova, the same in substance as had already been given to Flores, detailing the manner of procedure and directing the pledges and promises to be made to the Indians. Both instructions embraced messages from Canalizo to the chiefs of the Caddos, Seminoles, Biloxies, Cherokees, Kickapoos, Brazos, Tehuacanos and other tribes, in which he enjoined them to keep at a goodly distance from the frontier of the United States, — a policy dictated by fear of retribution from that country. Of all the tribes named the Caddos were the only ones who dwelt along that border and, in consequence of acts attributed to them, in November, 1838, Gen. Rusk captured and disarmed a portion of the tribe and delivered them to their American agent in Shreveport, where they made a treaty, promising pacific behavior until peace should be made between Texas and the remainder of their people.

CORDOVA EN ROUTE TO MATAMOROS.

In his zeal to confer directly with Flores and Canalizo, Cordova resolved to go in person to Matamoras. From his temporary abiding place on the Upper Trinity, with an escort of about seventy-five Mexicans, Indians and negroes, he set forth in March, 1839. On the 27th of that month, his camp was discovered at the foot of the mountains, north of and not far from where the city of Austin now stands. The news was speedily conveyed to Col. Burleson at Bastrop, and in a little while that ever-ready, noble and lion-hearted defender of his country found himself at the head of eighty of his Colorado neighbors, as reliable and gallant citizen soldiers as ever existed in Texas. Surmising the probable route of Cordova, Col. Burleson bore west till he struck his trail and, finding it but a few hours old, followed it as rapidly as his horses could travel till late in the afternoon of the 29th, when his scouts reported Cordova near by, unaware of the danger in his rear. Burleson increased his pace and came up with the enemy in an open body of post oaks about six miles east, or

probably nearer southeast, from Seguin, on the Guadalupe. Yoakum says the enemy fled at the first fire. He was misinformed. Cordova promptly formed his men, and, shielded by the large trees of the forest, made a stubborn resistance. Burleson dismounted a portion of his men, who also fought from the trees for some time. Finally seeing some of the enemy wavering, Burleson charged them, when they broke and were hotly pursued about two miles into the Guadalupe bottom, which they entered as twilight approached. Further pursuit was impossible at night and Burleson bore up the valley six miles to Seguin, to protect the few families resident there against a possible attack by the discomfited foe. The conduct of Gen. Burleson in this whole affair, but especially during the engagement in the post oaks, was marked by unusual zeal and gallantry. The lamented John D. Anderson, Owen B. Hardeman, Wm. H. Magill and other participants often narrated to me, the writer, then a youth, how gloriously their loved chief bore himself on the occasion. All the Bastrop people loved Burleson as a father. Cordova lost over twenty-five in killed, fully one-third of his followers, Burleson lost none by death, but had several wounded.

PURSUIT OF CORDOVA BY CALDWELL.

At the time of this occurrence Capt. Matthew Caldwell, of Gonzales, one of the best known and most useful frontier leaders Texas ever had, was in command of a company of six months' rangers, under a law of the previous winter. A portion of the company, under First Lieut. James Campbell, were stationed in the embryo hamlet of Seguin. The other portion, under Caldwell, was located on the Guadalupe, fourteen miles above Gonzales and eighteen miles below Seguin, but when the news reached them of this affair, during the night succeeding Cordova's defeat, Capt. Caldwell was in Gonzales and Second Lieut. Canoh C. Colley was in command of the camp. He instantly dispatched a messenger, who reached Caldwell before daylight. The latter soon sent word among the yet sleeping villagers, calling for volunteers to join him by sunrise. Quite a number were promptly on hand, among whom were Ben McCulloch and others of approved gallantry.

Traveling rapidly, the camp was soon reached and, everything being in readiness, Capt. Caldwell lost no time in uniting with Campbell at Seguin, so that in about thirty-six hours after Burleson had driven Cordova into the Guadalupe bottom, Caldwell, with his own united company (omitting the

necessary camp guards), and the volunteer citizens referred to, sought, found and followed the trail of Cordova.

But when Cordova, succeeding his defeat, reached the river, he found it impracticable to ford it and, during the night, returned to the uplands, made a detour to the east of Seguin, and struck the river five miles above, where, at daylight, March 30th, and at the edge of the bottom, he accidentally surprised and attacked five of Lieut. Campbell's men returning from a scout, and encamped for the night. These men were James M. Day, Thomas R. Nichols, John W. Nichols, D. M. Poor and David Reynolds. Always on the alert, though surprised at such an hour by men using fire-arms only, indicating a foe other than wild Indians, they fought so fiercely as to hold their assailants in check sufficiently to enable them to reach a dense thicket and escape death, though each one was severely wounded. They lost their horses and everything excepting their arms. Seeing Cordova move on up the river, they continued down about five miles to Seguin, and when Caldwell arrived early next morning gave him this information. Besides those from Gonzales Caldwell was joined at Seguin by Ezekiel Smith, Sr., Peter D. Anderson and French Smith, George W. Nichols, Sr., William Clinton, H. G. Henderson, Doctor Henry, Frederick Happell, George H. Gray and possibly two or three others.

Caldwell pursued Cordova, crossing the Guadalupe where New Braunfels stands, through the highlands north of and around San Antonio and thence westerly or northwesterly to the Old Presidio de Rio Grande road, where it crosses the Rio Frio and along that road to the Nueces. It was evident from the "signs" that he had gained nothing in distance on the retreating chief who would easily cross the Rio Grande thirty or forty miles ahead. Hence farther pursuit was futile and Caldwell returned, following the road to San Antonio. He had started without provisions, relying upon wild game; but Cordova's party had, for the moment, frightened wild animals from the line of march and after a serpentine route of a hundred and sixty miles through hills, the men were in need of food and became much more so before traveling a hundred and ten additional miles to San Antonio. Arriving there, however, the whole town welcomed them with open arms. In a note to the author written August 24, 1887, more than forty-eight years later, Gen. Henry E. McCulloch, who was a private in Caldwell's Company, says: "The hospitable people of that blood-stained old town, gave us a warm reception and the best dinner pos-

sible in their then condition, over which the heroic and ever lamented Col. Henry W. Karnes presided. They also furnished supplies to meet our wants until we reached our respective encampments."

On the way out Caldwell passed at different points wounded horses abandoned by Cordova. One such, in the mountains, severely wounded, attracted the experienced eye of Ben McCulloch as a valuable horse, if he could be restored to soundness. On leaving San Antonio for home by permission of Capt. Caldwell, with a single companion, he went in search of the horse. He found him, and by slow marches took him home, where, under good treatment, he entirely recovered, to become famous as "Old Pike," McCulloch's pet and favorite as long as he lived—a fast racer of rich chestnut color, sixteen hands high, faultless in disposition and one of the most sagacious horses ever known in the country. The tips of his ears had been split for about an inch, proving his former ownership by one of the Indian tribes. Another coincidence may be stated, viz., that returning from a brief campaign in June, 1841, when at a farm house (that of Mrs. Sophia Jones), eight miles from Gonzales, the rifle of an old man named Triplett, lying across his lap on horseback, with the rod in the barrel, accidentally fired, driving the ramrod into Old Pike's shoulder blade, not over four feet distant. McCulloch was on him at the time and the writer of this, just dismounted, stood within ten feet. The venerable Mrs. Jones (mother of the four brothers, William E., Augustus H., Russell and Isham G. Jones), wept over the scene as she gazed upon the noble animal in his agonizing pain, and strong men wept at what they supposed to be the death scene of Old Pike. But it was not so. He was taken in charge by Mrs. Jones; the fragments of the shattered ramrod, one by one, extracted, healthy supuration brought about; and, after about three months' careful nursing, everyone in that section rejoiced to know that Old Pike "was himself again." In a chase after two Mexican scouts, between the Nueces and Laredo, in the Somervell expedition, in December, 1842, in a field of perhaps twenty-five horses, Flacco, the Lipan chief, slightly led, closely followed by Hays on the horse presented him by Leonard W. Grace, and Ben McCulloch, on Old Pike. Both Mexicans were captured.

PURSUIT AND DEATH OF MANUEL FLORES.

Bearing in mind what has been said of Cordova's correspondence with Manuel Flores, the Mexican

Indian agent in Matamoros, and his desire to have a conference with that personage, it remains, in the regular order of events, to say that Flores, ignorant of the calamitous defeat of Cordova (on the 29th of March, 1839), set forth from Matamoros probably in the last days of April, to meet Cordova and the Indian tribes wherever they might be found, on the upper Brazos, Trinity or east of the latter. He had an escort of about thirty Indians and Mexicans, supplies of ammunition for his allies and all his official papers from Filisola and Canalizo, to which reference has been made, empowering him to treat with the Indians so as to secure their united friendship for Mexico and combined hostility to Texas. His march was necessarily slow. On the 14th of May, he crossed the road between Seguin and San Antonio, having committed several depredations on and near the route, and on the 15th crossed the Guadalupe at the old Nacogdoches ford. He was discovered near the Colorado not far above where Austin was laid out later in the same year.

Lieut. James O. Rice, a gallant young ranger, in command of seventeen men, fell upon his trail, pursued, overhauled and assailed him on Brushy creek (not the San Gabriel as stated by Yoakum), in the edge of Williamson County. Flores endeavored to make a stand, but Rice rushed forward with such impetuosity as to throw the enemy into confusion and flight. Flores and two others were left dead upon the ground, and fully half of those who escaped were wounded. Rice captured and carried in one hundred horses and mules, three hundred pounds of powder, a large amount of shot, balls, lead, etc., and all the correspondence in possession of Flores, which revealed the whole plot for the destruction of the frontier people of Texas, to be followed up by the devastation of the whole country. The destruction of the whole demoniacal scheme, it will be seen, was accomplished by a train of what must be esteemed providential occurrences.

THE FATE OF VICENTE CORDOVA.

Cordova, after these admonitions, never returned to East or North Texas, but remained on the Rio Grande. In September, 1842, in command of a small band of his renegade Mexicans and Indians, he accompanied the Mexican General, Adrian Woll, in his expedition against San Antonio, and was in the battle of Salado, on Sunday the 18th of that month. While Woll fought in front, Cordova led his band below the Texian position on the creek and reached a dry ravine where it entered the timbered bottom, at right angles with the corner of the creek.

At intervals were small thickets on the ravine, with open spaces between. Cordova, in the nearest open space to the bottom and about ninety yards to the right of my company, when in the act of firing, was shot dead by John Lowe, who belonged to the adjoining company on our right and stood about thirty feet from me, while I was loading my gun. I watched the affair closely, fearing that one of our men might fall from Cordova's fire. There could, at the instant, be no mistake about it. Others saw the same; but no one knew it was Cordova till his men were driven from the position by Lieut. John R. Baker of Cameron's Company, when old Vasquez, a New Madrid Spaniard in our command, recognized him, as did others later. And thus perished Cordova, Flores, and largely, but by no means entirely, their schemes for uniting the Indians against the people of Texas. The great invasion of 1840, and other inroads were a part of the fruit springing from the intrigues of Filisola and Canalizo.

These entire facts, in their connection and relation to each other, have never before been published; and while some minor details have been omitted, it is believed every material fact has been correctly stated.

In subsequent years contradictory statements were made as to the manner of Cordova's death, or rather, as to who killed him. I simply state the absolute truth as I distinctly saw the fact. The ball ran nearly the whole length of the arm, horizontally supporting his gun, and then entered his breast, causing instant death. I stated the fact openly and repeatedly on the ground after the battle and no one then asserted differently.

Caldwell's Company of six months' men, while failing to have any engagement, rendered valuable service in protecting the settlers, including Gonzales and Seguin, on the Guadalupe, the San Marcos and La Vaca. In the summer of 1839, Capt. Caldwell also furnished and commanded an escort to Ben McCulloch in surveying and opening a wagon road from Gonzales to the proposed new capital of Texas, then being laid out at Austin, the course, from the court house at Gonzales, being N. 17° W., and the distance, by actual measurement, fifty-five and one-fourth miles. Referring back to numerous trips made on that route from soon after its opening in 1839 to the last one in 1869, the writer has ever been of the impression that (outside of mountains and swamps), it was the longest road for its measured length, he ever traveled.

The Expulsion of the Cherokees from Texas in 1839.

When the revolution against Mexico broke out in Texas in September, 1835, all of what is now called North Texas, excepting small settlements in the present territory of Bowie, Red river and the northeast corner of Lamar counties, was without a single white inhabitant. It was a wilderness occupied or traversed at will by wild Indians. The Caddos, more or less treacherous, and sometimes committing depredations, occupied the country around Caddo and Soda lakes, partly in Texas and partly in Louisiana. The heart of East Texas, as now defined, was then the home of one branch of the Cherokees and their twelve associate bands, the Shawnees, Kickapoos, Delawares and others who had entered the country from the United States from about 1820 to 1835. It has been shown in previous chapters that in 1822 three of their chiefs visited the city of Mexico to secure a grant of land and failed: how in 1826, two of their best and most talented men, John Dunn Hunter and —

Fields, visited that capital on a similar mission and failed, returning soured against the Mexican government; how, in the autumn of that year, in consequence of that failure, they united with Col. Haden Edwards, himself outraged by Mexican injustice, as the head of a colony, in opposition to the Mexican government, in what was known as the Fredonian war, and how, being seduced from their alliance with Edwards through the promises of Ellis P. Bean, as an agent of Mexico, they turned upon and murdered Hunter and Fields, their truest and best friends, and joined the Mexican soldiery to drive the Americans from Nacogdoches and Edwards' colony.

So, when the revolution of 1835 burst forth, the provisional government of Texas, through Gen. Sam. Houston and Col. Jno. Forbes, commissioners, in February, 1836, formed a treaty with them, conceding them certain territory and securing their neutrality, so far as paper stipulations could do it.

But it was soon suspected that Mexicans were among them, and when it became known that the whole population west of the Trinity must flee to the east of that stream, if not to and across the Sabine, perhaps two or three thousand men — husbands, fathers and sons — were deterred from joining Gen. Houston's little band of three hundred at Gonzales, in its retreat, from March 13th to April 20th, to the plains of San Jacinto. It was a fearful moment. Being appealed to, on the ground that these were United States Indians, Gen. Edmund P. Gaines, the commander at Fort Jessup, near Natchitoches, Louisiana, encamped a regiment of dragoons on the east bank of the Sabine, which was readily understood by the Indians to mean that if they murdered a single Texian family, these dragoons would cross that river and be hurled upon them. This had the desired effect.

Again, in the early summer of 1836, when a second and much more formidable invasion of Texas seemed imminent, it became known that Mexican emissaries were again among these Indians, and great apprehensions were felt of their rising in arms as the Mexicans advanced. President David G. Burnet, on the 28th of June, at the suggestion of Stephen F. Austin, who had arrived at Velasco on the 26th from the United States, addressed a letter to Gen. Gaines, asking him for the time being, to station a force at Nacogdoches, to overawe the Indians. Austin also wrote him of the emergency. That noble and humane old soldier and patriot assumed the responsibility and dispatched Col. Whistler with a regiment of dragoons to take post at Nacogdoches. This had the desired effect on the Indians. The Mexican invasion did not occur, and the crisis passed.

But the seeds of suspicion and discord between the whites and Indians still existed. Isolated murders and lesser outrages began to show themselves soon afterwards. The Pearce family, the numerous family of the Killoughs and numerous others were ruthlessly murdered.

Gen. Houston, who had great influence with the Cherokees, interposed his potential voice to allay the excitement and preserve the peace. In ———, 1838, Vicente Cordova headed an insurrection of the Mexicans of Nacogdoches and took position in the Cherokee country, — and sustained more or less by that tribe, and joined by a few of them, greatly incensed the whites against them.

In November, 1838, Gen. Rusk fought and defeated a strong force of Kickapoo and other Indians. Gen. Houston retired from his first presidential term in December, and was succeeded by Gen. Mirabeau B. Lamar, who was in deep

sympathy with the people, and had probably brought with him from Georgia a measure of prejudice against those who had fought and slain his kindred and fellow-citizens in that State.

President Lamar resolved on the removal of these people from the heart of East Texas, and their return to their kindred west of Arkansas — by force if necessary. He desired to pay them for their improvements and other losses. He appointed Vice-president David G. Burnet, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, Secretary of War, Hugh McLeod, Adjutant-general, and Gen. Thomas J. Rusk to meet and treat with them for their peaceful removal; but if that failed then they were to be expelled by force. To be prepared for the latter contingency, he ordered Col. Edward Burleson, then in command of the regular army, to march from Austin to the appointed rendezvous in the Cherokee country, with two companies of regulars and the volunteer companies of Capts. James Ownsby and Mark B. Lewis, about two hundred strong, and commanded by Maj. William J. Jones, still living at Virginia Point, opposite Galveston. On the ground they found the commissioners and about the same time Gen. Kelsey H. Douglas arrived with several hundred East Texas militia and took chief command. Burleson took with him also Capt. Placido, with forty Toncagua warriors.

After three days' negotiation terms were verbally agreed upon. The Indians were to leave the country for a consideration. The second day following was fixed for signing the treaty. But the Indians did not appear. The rendezvous was ten miles from their settlements. Scouts sent out returned reporting the Indians in force moving off. It turned out that Bowles, the principal chief, had been finessing for time to assemble all his warriors and surprise the whites by a superior force. His reinforcements not arriving in time, he had begun falling back to meet them. Col. Burleson was ordered to lead the pursuit. He pressed forward rapidly and late in the afternoon (it being July 16th, 1839), came up with them and had a severe engagement, partly in a small prairie and partly in heavy timber, into which Burleson drove them, when night came on and our troops encamped. I now quote from the narrative of Maj. Wm. J. Jones, who was under Burleson in the first as well as the last engagement on the 17th of July. He says:—

"It soon became apparent that the reinforcements looked for by Bowles had not reached him and that he was falling back to meet them. This he succeeded in accomplishing next morning (the

17th day of July), at the Delaware village, now in Cherokee County, occupying an eminence in the open post oaks, with the heavily timbered bottom of the Neches in their immediate rear. When our forces overtook them the main body of the enemy were in full sight occupying the eminence where the village was located, while a detachment was posted in a ravine, tortuous in its course, and was intended to conceal their movements towards our rear, with a view to throw themselves between our men and their horses. But the watchful eye of Col. Burleson, who well understood the Indian tactics, discovered this movement in good time, when he ordered his entire force of three hundred men to charge and drive the Indians from their place of concealment. Although the weather was extremely hot and the men all famished for water, this order was executed with promptness, routing the Indians and driving them back towards the village, surrounded by fences and cornfields. Gen. Rusk, with all the force (about 400) of East Texas under his immediate command, had in the meantime advanced upon the enemy's front and kept them so hotly engaged in defense of their women and children that no reinforcement could be spared from that quarter for the support of those who had been driven from the ravine. When they retreated upon the main body, their entire force was terrorized and fell back in great disorder upon the cornfields, then in full bearing, and the dense timber of the river bottom. It was here that Bowles evinced the most desperate intrepidity, and made several unavailing efforts to rally his trusted warriors. * * * It was in his third and last effort to restore his broken and disordered ranks, that he met his death, mounted upon a very fine sorrel horse, with blaze face and four white feet. He was shot in the back, near the spine, with a musket ball and three buckshot. He breathed a short while only after his fall. * * *

"After this defeat and the loss of their great and trusted chief," the Indians disappeared, in the jungles of the Neches and, as best they could, in squads, retreated up the country, the larger portion finally joining their countrymen west of Arkansas; but as will be seen a band of them led by John Bowles (son of the deceased chief) and Egg, en route to Mexico, were defeated, these two leaders killed and twenty-seven women and children captured, near the mouth of the San Saba, on Christmas day, 1839, by Col. Burleson. These captives were afterwards sent to the Cherokee Nation.

The victory at the Delaware village freed East Texas of those Indians. It had become an imperative necessity to the safety and population of the

country. Yet let it not be understood that all of RIGHT was with the whites and all of WRONG with the Indians — for that would be false and unjust, and neither should stain our history. From their standpoint the Cherokees believed they had a moral, an equitable, and, at least, a quasi-legal right to the country, and such is truth. But between Mexican emissaries on the one hand, mischievous Indians on the other and the grasping desire of the unprincipled land grabbers for their territory, one wrong produced a counter wrong until blood flowed and women and children were sacrificed by the more lawless of the Indians, and we have seen the result. All the Indians were not bad, nor were all the whites good. Their expulsion, thus resolved into the necessity of self-preservation, is not without shades of sorrow. But it has been ever thus where advancing civilization and its opposite have been brought into juxtaposition for the mastery.

But to return to the battle-field of Delaware village. Many heroic actions were performed. Vice-president Burnet, Gen. Johnston and Adj.-Gen. McLeod were each wounded, but not dangerously so. Maj. David S. Kaufman, of the militia (afterwards the distinguished congressman), was shot in the cheek. Capt. S. W. Jordan, of the regulars (afterwards, by his retreat in October, 1840, from Saltillo, styled the Xenophon of his age), was severely wounded when Bowles was killed, and one of his privates, with "buck and ball," says Maj. Jones, "had the credit of killing Bowles."

[In a letter dated Nacogdoches, July 27, 1885, Mr. C. N. Bell, who was in the fight under Capt. Robert Smith, and is vouched for as a man of integrity, says: "Chief Bowles was wounded in the battle, and after this Capt. Smith and I found him. He was sitting in the edge of a little prairie on the Neches river. The chief asked for no quarter. He had a holster of pistols, a sword and a bowie knife. Under the circumstances the captain was compelled to shoot him, as the chief did not surrender nor ask for quarter. Smith put his pistol right to his head and shot him dead, and of course had no use for the sword." So says Mr. Bell, but the inquisitive mind will fail to see the compulsive necessity of killing the disabled chief when his slayer was enabled "to put his pistol right to his head and shoot him dead." I well remember in those days, however, that the names of half a dozen men were paraded as the champions, who, under as many different circumstances, had killed Bowles.]

In this battle young Wirt Adams was the Adjutant of Maj. Jones' battalion. He was the distinguished

Mississippi Confederate General who was killed in some sort of personal difficulty a year or two years ago. Michael Chavallier, subsequently distinguished as a Texas ranger, drew his maiden sword in this fight. Maj. Henry W. Augustine, of San Augustine, was severely wounded in it. Charles A. Ogsbury, now of Cuero, was a gallant member of Capt. Ownsby's Company. John H. Reagan,* then a youth, recently arrived in the country, was in the hottest of the engagement, and now sits in the Senate of the United States. David Rusk, standing six feet six

in his stocking feet, was there, as valiant as on San Jacinto's field. The ever true, ever cool and ever fearless Burleson covered himself with glory and by his side rode the stately and never faltering chief, Capt. Placido, who would have faced "devils and demons dire" rather than forsake his friend and beau ideal of warriors, "Col. Woordeson," as he always pronounced the name.

I cannot give a list of casualties, but the number of wounded was large — of killed small.

Col. Burleson's Christmas Fight in 1839 — Death of Chiefs John Bowles and the "Egg."

After the double defeat of the Cherokees in East Texas, in the battle of July 16th and 17th, the whereabouts of those Indians was unknown for a considerable time. Doubtless a considerable portion of them sought and found refuge among their kindred on the north side of the Arkansas, where Texas had long desired them to be. The death of their great chief, Col. Bowles, or "The Bowl," as his people designated him — the man who had been their Moses for many years — had divided their counsels and scattered them. But a considerable body remained intact under the lead of the younger chiefs, John Bowles, son of the deceased, and "The Egg." In the autumn of 1839, these, with their followers, undertook to pass across the country, above the settlements, into Mexico, from which they could harass our Northwestern frontier with impunity and find both refuge and protection beyond the Rio Grande and among our national foes.

At that time it happened that Col. Edward Burleson, then of the regular army, with a body of regulars, a few volunteers and Lipan and Toncaw Indians as scouts, was on a winter campaign against the hostile tribes in the upper country, between the Brazos and the Colorado rivers.

On the evening of December 23d, 1839, when about twenty-five miles (easterly) from Pecan bayou, the scouts reported the discovery of a large trail of horses and cattle, bearing south towards

the Colorado river. On the following day Col. Burleson changed his course and followed the trail. On the morning of the 25th, Christmas day, the scouts returned and reported an encampment of Indians about twelve miles distant, on the west bank of the Colorado and about three miles below the mouth of the San Saba. (This was presumably the identical spot from which Capts. Kuykendall and Henry S. Brown drove the Indians ten years before in 1829.)

Fearing discovery if he waited for a night attack, Col. Burleson determined to move forward as rapidly as possible, starting at 9 a. m. By great caution and the cunning of his Indian guides he succeeded in crossing the river a short distance above the encampment without being discovered.

When discovered within a few hundred yards of the camp, a messenger met them and proposed a parley. Col. Burleson did not wish to fire if they would surrender; but perceiving their messenger was being detained, the Indians opened a brisk fire from a ravine in rear of their camp, which was promptly returned by Company B. under Capt. Clendenin, which formed under cover of some trees and fallen timber; while the remainder of the command moved to the right in order to flank their left or surround them; but before this could be executed, our advance charged and the enemy gave way, and a running fight took place for two miles, our whole force pursuing. Favored by a rocky precipitous ravine, and a dense cedar brake, the warriors chiefly escaped, but their loss was great. Among the seven warriors left dead on the field were the Chiefs John Bowles and "The

* Since above was written, resigned from United States Senate, and is now a member of the Texas State Railroad Commission.

Egg." The whole of their camp equipage, horses and cattle, one man, five women and nineteen children fell into the hands of the victors. Among the prisoners were the mother, three children and two sisters of John Bowles.

Our loss was one Toncagua wounded and the brave Capt. Lynch of the volunteers killed—shot dead while charging among the foremost of the advance.

The prisoners were sent under a guard commanded by Lieut. Moran to Austin, together with important papers found in the camp.

Col. Burleson made his official report next day to Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston, Secretary of War, from which these details are derived. He

then continued his original march, scouring the country up Pecan bayou, thence across to the Leon and down the country. Several bodies of Indians were discovered by the scouts—one being large—but they fled and avoided the troops. Two soldiers deserted on the trip, and both were killed by the hostiles. Among others in this expedition were Col. Wm. S. Fisher, Maj. Wyatt, the gallant Capt. Matthew Caldwell, Lieut. Lewis, Dr. Booker and Dr. (then Capt.) J. P. B. January, who died in Victoria, Texas, a worthy survivor of the men of '36.

A few months later, after an amicable understanding, the prisoners were sent to their kindred in the Cherokee Nation, west of Arkansas.

Bird's Victory and Death in 1839.

In 1839 the savages, flushed with many trophies, became exceedingly bold, and were constantly committing depredations. The settlers on the upper Brazos, Colorado and Trinity called upon the government for some measure of relief and protection. Under an Act of the Congress in the beginning of that year several companies of three months' rangers were called out.

The fraction of a company, thirty-four men, recruited in Houston, and under the command of Lieut. William G. Evans, marched from that city and reached Fort Milam the 3d of April, 1839. This fort, situated two miles from the present town of Marlin, had been built by Capt. Joseph Daniels, with the Milam Guards, a volunteer company, also from Houston. William H. Weaver was Orderly Sergeant of Evans' Company. Evans was directed to afford all the protection in his power to the settlers.

A company of fifty-nine men from Fort Bend and Austin counties, was mustered into the service for three months, on the 21st of April, 1839, under the command of Capt. John Bird, and reached Fort Milam on the 6th of May. Capt. Bird, as senior officer, took command of both companies, but leaving Evans in the fort, he quartered in some deserted houses on the spot where Marlin now stands.

Nothing special transpired for some little time, but their provisions gave out, and the men were compelled to subsist on wild meat alone. This

occasioned some murmurs and seven men became mutinous, insomuch, as, in the opinion of Bird, to demand a court-martial; but there were not officers enough to constitute such a tribunal, and after their arrest he determined to send them under guard to Col. Burleson, at Bastrop. For this purpose twelve men were detailed under First-Lieut. James Irvine. At the same time Bird detailed twelve men, including Sergt. Weaver, from Evans' command, to strengthen his own company, and determined to bear company with the prisoners on a portion of the route towards Bastrop.

They reached the deserted fort on Little river on the night of the 25th of June and camped. Next morning, leaving Lieut. Wm. R. Allen in charge, Bird and Nathan Brookshire accompanied the guard and prisoners for a few miles on their route and then retraced their steps towards the fort. On the way, they came upon three Indians, skinning a buffalo, routed them and captured a horse loaded with meat.

About 9 o'clock a. m., and during Bird's absence, a small party of Indians, on the chase, ran a gang of buffaloes very near the fort, but so soon as they discovered the Americans they retreated north over the rolling prairie. Sergt. Weaver was anxious to pursue them, but Allen refused, lest by so doing they should expose Bird and Brookshire. So soon as the latter arrived, and were informed of what had been seen, Bird directed an examination into the condition of their arms,

and ordered "To horse," and a rapid march in the direction the Indians had gone, leaving two men in the fort as guard. In about four miles they came in view of fifteen or twenty Indians and chased without overhauling them. The enemy were well mounted and could easily elude them, but seemed only to avoid gun-shot distance, and continued at a moderate speed on the same course, through the broken prairie. Now and then, a single Indian would dart off in advance of his comrades and disappear, and after pursuing them some four or five miles small parties of well mounted Indians would frequently appear and join the first body; but still the retreat and the pursuit were continued.

After traveling some twelve miles in this way, through the prairie, the Indian force had been materially augmented, and they halted and formed on the summit of a high ridge. Bird immediately ordered a charge, which was firmly met by the enemy and they came into close quarters and hot work. As they mingled with the Indians on the elevated ridge, one of Bird's men, pointing to the next ridge beyond, sang out: "Look yonder, boys! What a crowd of Indians!" and the little band of forty-five men beheld several hundred mounted warriors advancing at full speed. They immediately surrounded our men and poured a heavy fire among them. The intrepid Weaver directed Capt. Bird's attention to a ravine two hundred yards distant and at the base of the hill, as an advantageous position. Bird, preserving the utmost composure amid the shower of bullets and arrows, ordered his men to dismount, and leading their horses in solid column, to cut their way down to the position named.

Cutting their way as best they could, they reached the head of the little ravine and made a lodgment for both men and horses, but a man named H. M. C. Hall, who had persisted in remaining on his horse, was mortally wounded in dismounting on the bank. This ravine was in the open prairie with a ridge gradually ascending from its head and on either side, reaching the principal elevations at from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards. For about eighty yards the ravine had washed out into a channel, and then expanded into a flat surface. Such localities are common in the rolling prairies of Texas. The party having thus secured this, the only defensible point within their reach, the enemy collected to the number of about six hundred on the ridge, stripped for battle and hoisted a beautiful flag of blue and red, perhaps the trophy of some precious victory. Sounding a whistle they mounted and at a gentle

and beautifully regular gallop in single file, they commenced encircling Bird and his little band, using their shields with great dexterity. Passing round the head of the ravine then turning in front of the Texian line, at about thirty yards—a trial always the most critical to men attacked by superior numbers, and one, too, that created among Bird's men a death-like silence and doubtless tested every nerve—the leading chief saluted them with: "How do you do? How do you do?" repeated by a number of his followers. At that moment, says one of the party, my heart rose to my throat and I felt like I could outrun a race-horse and I thought all the rest felt just as I did. But, just as the chief had repeated the salutation the third time, William Winkler, a Dutchman, presented his rifle with as much self-composure as if he had been shooting a beef, at the same time responding: "I dosh tolerably well; how dosh you do, God tam you!" He fired, and as the chief fell, he continued: "Now, how dosh you do, you tam red rascal!" Not another word had been uttered up to that moment, but the dare-devil impromptu of the iron-nerved Winkler operated as an electric battery, and our men opened on the enemy with loud and defiant hurrahs—the spell was broken, and not a man among them but felt himself a hero. Their first fire, however, from the intensity of the ordeal, did little execution, and in the charge, Thomas Gay fell dead in the ditch, from a rifle ball.

Recoiling under the fire, the Indians again formed on the hill and remained about twenty minutes, when a second charge was made in the same order, but in which they made a complete circuit around the Texians dealing a heavy fire among them. But the nerves of the inspired defenders had now become steady and their aim was unerring—they brought a goodly number of their assailants to the ground. They paid bitterly for it, however, in the loss of the fearless Weaver, who received a death ball in the head, and of Jesse E. Nash, who was killed by an arrow, while Lieut. Allen and George W. Hensell were severely wounded and disabled; and as the enemy fell back a second time, Capt. Bird jumped on to the bank to encourage his men; but only to close his career on earth. He was shot through the heart with an arrow by an Indian at the extraordinary distance of two hundred yards—the best arrow shot known in the annals of Indian warfare, and one that would seem incredible to those who are not familiar with their skill in shooting by elevation.

They were now left without an officer. Nathan Brookshire, who had served in the Creek war under Jackson, was the oldest man in the company, and

at the suggestion of Samuel A. Blain, was unanimously called upon to assume the command. He assented, and requited the confidence reposed in a most gallant manner.

For the third time, after a brief delay on the ridge, the enemy came down in full force, with terrific yells, and an apparent determination to triumph or sacrifice themselves. They advanced with impetuosity to the very brink of the ditch, and, recoiling under the most telling fire from our brave boys, they would rally again and again with great firmness. Dozens of them fell within twenty or thirty feet of our rifles — almost every shot killed or wounded an Indian. Brookshire's stentorian voice was heard through the lines in words of inspiring counsel. The stand made by the enemy was truly desperate; but the death-dealing havoc of the white man, fighting for victory or death, was too galling for the red man, battling for his ancient hunting-grounds, and after a prolonged contest, they withdrew with sullen stubbornness to the same position on the ridge, leaving many of their comrades on the field. It was now drawing towards night, and our men, wearied with the hard day's work, and not wishing to provoke a feeling of desperation among the discomfited foe, concluded it would be unwise to hurrah any more, as they had done, unless in resisting a charge.

The Indians drew up into a compact mass on the ridge and were vehemently addressed by their principal chief, mounted on a beautiful horse and wearing on his head a buffalo skin cap, with the horns attached. It was manifest, from his manner and gesticulations, that he was urging his braves to another and last desperate struggle for victory — but it would not do. The crowd was defeated. But not so with their heroic chief. Failing to nerve the mass, he resolved to lead the few who might follow him. With not exceeding twelve warriors, as the forlorn hope, and proudly waving defiance at his people, he made one of the most daring assaults in our history, charging within a few paces of our lines, fired, and wheeling his horse, threw his shield over his shoulders, leaving his head and neck only exposed. At this moment, the chivalrous young James W. Robinett sent a ball through his neck, causing instant death, exclaiming, as the chief fell, "Shout boys! I struck him where his neck and shoulders join!" A tremendous hurrah was the response. The Indians on the hill side, spectators of the scene, seeing their great war chief fall within thirty feet of the Americans, seemed instantly possessed by a reckless frenzy to recover his body; and with headlong impetuosity, rushed down and surrounded the

dead chief, apparently heedless of their own danger, while our elated heroes poured among them awful havoc, every ball telling upon some one of the huge and compact mass. This struggle was short, but deadly. They bore away the martyred chief, but paid a dear reckoning for the privilege.

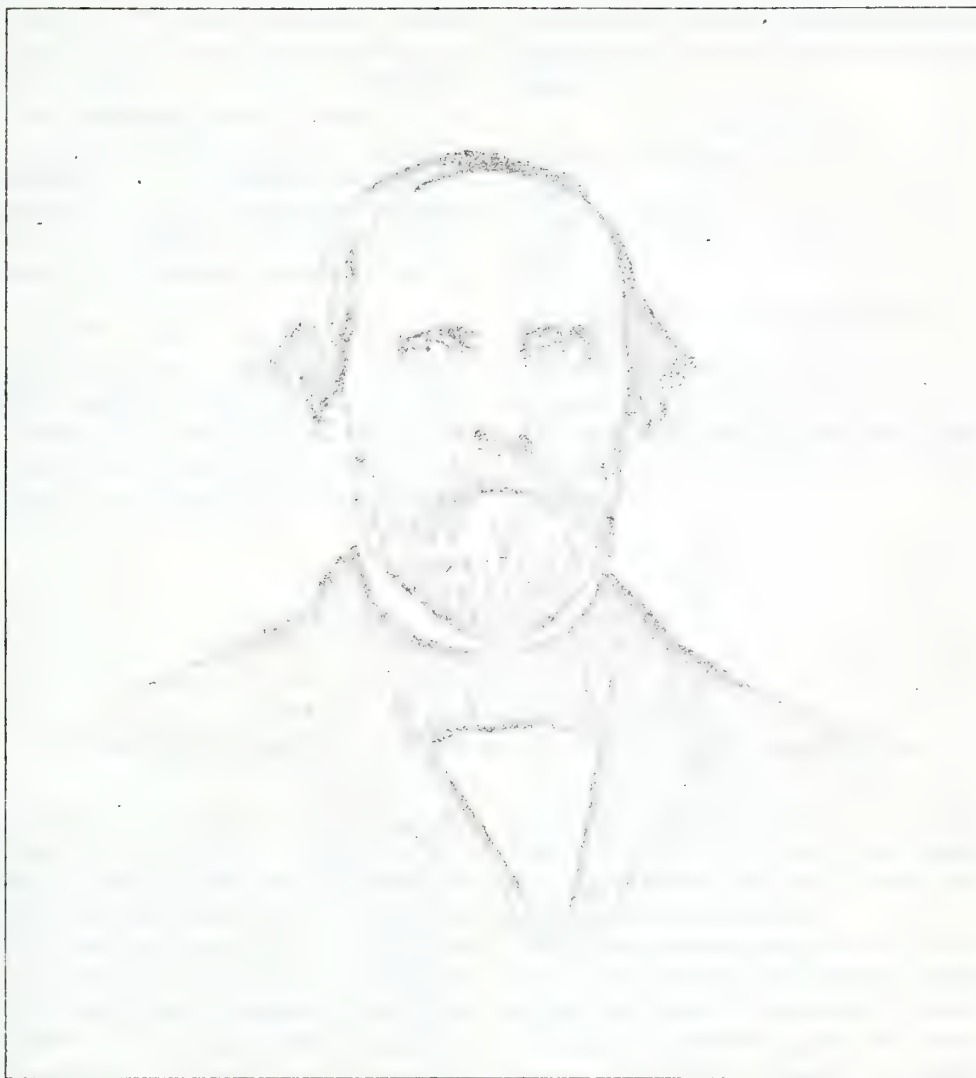
It was now sunset. The enemy had counted our men — they knew their own force — and so confident were they of perfect victory, that they were careful not to kill our horses, only one of which fell. But they were sadly mistaken — they were defeated with great loss, and as the sun was closing the day, they slowly and sullenly moved off, uttering that peculiar guttural howl — that solemn, Indian wail — which all old Indian fighters understand.

Brookshire, having no provisions and his heroic men being exhausted from the intense labors of the day, thought it prudent to fall back upon the fort the same night. Hall, Allen and Hensell were carried in, the former dying soon after reaching there. The next day Brookshire sent a runner to Nashville, fifty miles. On the second day, his provisions exhausted, he moved the company also to Nashville. Mr. Thompson received them with open arms and feasted them with the best he had. Brookshire made a brief report of the battle to the Government, and was retained in command till their three months' term of service expired, without any other important incident. "Bird's Victory," as this battle has been termed, spread a gloom among the Indians, the first serious repulse the wild tribes had received for some time, and its effect was long felt.

I have before me copies of the muster rolls of both Bird's and Evans' companies, in which are designated those who were in the battle, excepting one person. The list does not show who composed the prisoners or guard. Lieut. Irvine and L. M. H. Washington, however, were two of the guards. As the muster rolls have been burnt in the Adjutant-General's office, these rolls are the more important and may be preserved in this sketch. The names are classed and hereto appended.

BIRD'S COMPANY.

Those known to be in the fight were: John Bird, Captain; Wm. R. Allen, Second Lieutenant; Wm. P. Sharp, Second Sergeant; Wm. P. Bird, First Corporal. Privates: Nathan Brookshire (Captain after Bird's death), William Badgett, James Brookshire, Tillman C. Fort, James Hensley, William Hensley, H. M. C. Hall, J. H. Hughes, A. J. Ivey, Edward Jocelyn, Lewis Kleberg, Green B. Lynch, Jesse E. Nash, Jonathan Peters, William



GEN. BEN. McCULLOCH.

Peters, E. Rector, Milton Bradford, Warren Hastings, T. W. Lightfoot, G. W. Pentecost, Eli Foreman, A. G. Parker, Daniel Bradley, Geo. W. Hensel, Benj. P. Kuyger, John D. Thompson, Joseph H. Slack, Thomas Bradford—32 and one omitted—say 33. Left in charge of the fort, Joseph S. Marsh and F. G. Woodward—2. Absent (as before stated, including the man in the fight not remembered), James Irvine, First Lieutenant. Privates: Bela Vickery, Wm. Blair, Second Corporal, George Allen, Wm. Ayres, Joshua O. Blair, Lewis L. Hunter, W. Hickson, Neil McCrerey, J. D. Marshall, James Martin, J. W. Stoddard, Henry Verm, Joseph H. Barnard, Stephen Goodman, M. J. Hannon, C. Beisner, Jackson E. Burdick, James M. Moreton, Joseph McGuines, Wm. J. Hodge, Charles Waller, L. M. H. Washington, John Atkinson, Joshua O. Blair—25.

LIEUT. EVANS' COMPANY.

Those in the fight were: William H. Weaver, First Sergeant; Samuel A. Blain, Second Corporal; Privates: Thomas Gay, Charles M. Gevin, W. W. Hanman, Robert Mills, Thomas S. Menefee, H. A. Powers, James M. Robinett, John Romann, William

Winkler, Thos. Robinett—12. Those left at Fort Milam were: Wm. G. Evans, First Lieutenant; J. O. Butler, Second Sergeant; Thos. Brown, First Corporal; A. Bettinger, Musician; Privates: Charles Ball, Littleton Brown, Grafton H. Boatler, D. W. Collins, Joseph Flippen, Abner Frost, James Hickey, Hezekiah Joner, John Kirk, Laben Menefee, Jarrett Menefee, Thomas J. Miller, Frederick Pool, Washington Rhodes, Jarrett Ridgway, John St. Clair, John Weston, Thomas A. Menefee—22. Joseph Mayor crippled and left in Houston—total company, 35.

RECAPITULATION.

Bird's men in the battle.....	33
Evans' " " " "	12—45
Bird's men not in the fight.....	26
Evans' " " " "	22—48
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Aggregate force of both commands.....	93

The classification of the names was made by one of those in the battle, from memory. It may possibly be slightly incorrect in that particular; but the rolls of each company as mustered in are official.

Ben McCulloch's Peach Creek Fight in 1839.

Among the survivors of that day, it is remembered as a fact and by those of a later day, as a tradition, that in February, 1839, there fell throughout South and Southwest Texas, the most destructive sleet ever known in the country. Great trees were bereft of limbs and tops by the immense weight of ice, and bottoms, previously open and free of underbrush, were simply choked to impassability by fallen timber. The cold period continued for ten or twelve days, while ice and snow, shielded from the sun, lay upon the ground for a much longer period. This occurred in the latter half of February, 1839, in the same year but several months before Austin, or rather the land upon which it stands, was selected as the future seat of government.

At that time Ben McCulloch, who had entered Texas just in time to command a gun at San Jacinto, was a young man in his twenty-eighth year residing at Gonzales, having been joined by his brother, Henry E., his junior by several years,

during the preceding year. At the same time the Toncagua tribe of Indians were encamped at the junction of Peach and Sandy creeks, about fifteen miles northeast of Gonzales.

Just prior to this great sleet Ben McCulloch had made an agreement with a portion of the Toncaguas to join him and such white men as he could secure in a winter expedition against the hostile Indians above. The sleet postponed the enterprise and, when the weather partially resumed its usual temperature, it was difficult to enlist either whites or Indians in the contemplated enterprise. Both dreaded a recurrence of the storm. But following Moore's San Saba trip and in hope of recovering Matilda Lockhart and the Putman children, McCulloch deemed that an auspicious time to make such a trip, and about the first of March left the Toncagua village for the mountains. The party consisted of five white men—Ben McCulloch, Wilson Randall, John D. Wolfen, David Henson and Henry E. McCulloch—and thirty-five Toncagua

warriors commanded by their well-known and wily old chief, "Capt. Jim Kerr," a name that he assumed in 1826 as an evidence of his friendship for the first settler of Gonzales, after that gentleman had been broken up by other Indians in July of that year. The medicine man of the party was Chico.

On the second day out and on the head waters of Peach creek, they struck a fresh trail of foot Indians, bearing directly for Gonzales. This, of course, changed their plans. Duty to their threatened neighbors demanded that they should follow and break up this invading party.

They followed the trail rapidly for three or four hours and then came in sight of the enemy, who promptly entered an almost impenetrable thicket bordering a branch and in a post oak country. The hostiles, concealed from view, had every advantage, and every attempt to reach a point from which they could be seen or fired upon was exposing the party attempting it to the fire of the unseen enemy. Several hours passed in which occasional shots were fired. From the first Capt. Jim refused to enter or allow his men to enter the thicket, saying the danger was too great and Toncahuas too scarce to run such hazards. One of his men, however, from behind the only tree well situated for defense, was killed, the only loss sustained by the attacking party. Finally, impatient of delay and dreading the approach of night, McCulloch got a promise from Capt. Jim to so place his men around the lower end of the thicket as to kill any who might attempt to escape, while he, his brother, Randall and Henson would crawl through it from the upper end. Wolfen declined a ticket in what he regarded as so dangerous a lottery. Slowly they moved, observing every possible precaution till — "one by one" — each of the four killed an Indian and two or three others were wounded. The assailed Indians fired many shots and arrows, but seemed doomed to failure. In thickets nothing is so effective as the rifle ball.

Finally the survivors of the enemy (nine of an original thirteen) emerged in the branch at the lower end of the thicket and were allowed by Capt. Jim to escape. When the whites effected an exit the enemy was beyond reach, sheltered in a yet larger thicket.

This closed the campaign. The Toncahuas, scalping the four dead hostiles, felt impelled by a patriotic sense of duty to hasten home and celebrate their victory. They fleeced off portions of the thighs and breasts of the dead and all started in; but they soon stopped on the way and went through most of the mystic ceremonies attending a war dance, thoroughly commingling weird wails over their fallen comrade with their wild and equally weird exultations over their fallen foes. This ceremony over, they hastened home to repeat the savage scenes with increased ferocity. McCulloch and party, more leisurely, returned to Gonzales, to be welcomed by the people who had thus been protected from a night attack by the discomfited invaders. Such inroads by foot Indians almost invariably resulted in the loss of numerous horses, and one or more — alas! sometimes many — lives to the settlers.

This was forty-eight and a half years ago; yet, as I write this, on the 19th day of August, 1887, Henry E. McCulloch, hale, well-preserved and spotless before his countrymen, is my guest at the ex-Confederate reunion in Dallas, and verifies the accuracy of this narrative. Our friendship began later in that same year, and every succeeding year has been an additional record of time, attesting a friendship lacking but eighteen months of half a century. After 1839 his name is interwoven with the hazards of the Southwestern frontier, as Texas ranger — private, lieutenant and captain — down to annexation in 1846; then a captain in and after the Mexican war under the United States; later as the first Confederate colonel in Texas, and from April, 1862, to the close of the war, as a brigadier-general in the Confederate army.

Moore's Defeat on the San Saba, 1839.

In consequence of the repeated and continued inroads of the Indians through 1837 and 1838, at the close of the latter year Col. John. H. Moore, of Fayette, already distinguished alike for gallantry and patriotism, determined to chastise them. Call-

ing for volunteers from the thinly settled country around him, he succeeded in raising a force of fifty-five whites, forty-two Lipan and twelve Toncahua Indians, an aggregate of one hundred and nine. Col. Castro, chief of the Lipans, commanded his

warriors, assisted by the rising and ever faithful young chief, Flacco, whose memory is honored, and whose subsequent perfidious fate is and ever has been deplored by every pioneer of Texas.

Among this little troupe of whites was Mr. Andrew Lockhart, of the Guadalupe, impelled by an agonizing desire to rescue his beautiful little daughter, Matilda, who had been captured with the four Putman children near his home. Her final recovery, at the time of the Council House fight in San Antonio, on the 19th of March, 1840, is narrated in another chapter.

The advance scouts reported to Col. Moore the discovery of a large Comanche encampment, with many horses, on the San Saba river, yet the sequel showed that they failed to realize its magnitude in numbers.

With adroit caution that experienced frontiersman, by a night march, arrived in the vicinity before the dawn of day, on the 12th of February, 1839, a clear, frosty morning. They were in a favored position for surprising the foe, and wholly undiscovered. At a given signal every man understood his duty. Castro, with a portion of the Indians, was to stampede the horses grazing in the valley and rush with them beyond recovery. The whites and remaining Indians were to charge, without noise, upon the village. The horses of the dismounted men of both colors were left tied a mile in the rear in a ravine.

As light sufficiently appeared to distinguish friend from foe, the signal was given. With thirty of his people the wily old Castro soon had a thousand or more loose horses thundering over hill and dale towards the south. Flacco, with twelve Lipans and the twelve Toncahuas, remained with Moore. The combined force left, numbering seventy-nine, rushed upon the buffalo tents, firing whenever an Indian was seen. Many were killed in the first onset. But almost instantly the camp was in motion, the warriors, as if by magic, rushing together and fighting; the women and children wildly fleeing to the coverts of the bottom and neighboring thickets. It was at this moment, amid the screams, yells and war-whoops resounding through the valley, that Mr. Lockhart plunged forward in advance of his comrades, calling aloud: "Matilda! if you are here, run to me! Your father calls!" And though yet too dim to see

every word pierced the child's heart as she recognized her father's wailing voice, while she was lashed into a run with the retreating squaws. The contest was fierce and bloody, till, as the sunlight came, Col. Moore realized that he had only struck and well-nigh destroyed the fighting strength of the lower end of a long and powerful encampment. The enraged savages from above came pouring down in such numbers as to threaten the annihilation of their assailants. Retreat became a necessity, demanding the utmost courage and strictest discipline. But not a man wavered. For the time being the stentorian voice of their stalwart and iron-nerved leader was a law unto all. Detailing some to bear the wounded, with the others Moore covered them on either flank, and stubbornly fought his way back to the ravine in which his horses had been left, to find that every animal had already been mounted by a Comanche, and was then curveting around them. All that remained possible was to fight on the defensive from the position thus secured, and this was done with such effect that, after a prolonged contest, the enemy ceased to assault. Excepting occasional shots at long range by a few of the most daring warriors, extending into the next day, the discomfited assailants were allowed to wend their weary way homewards. Imagine such a party, 150 miles from home, afoot, with a hundred miles of the way through mountains, and six of their comrades so wounded as to perish in the wilderness, or be transported on litters home by their fellows. Such was the condition of six of the number. They were William M. Eastland (spared then to draw a black bean and be murdered by the accursed order of Santa Anna in 1843); S. S. B. Fields, a lawyer of La Grange; James Manor, Felix Taylor, — Lessingwell, and — Martin, the latter of whom died soon after reaching home. Cicero Rufus Perry was a sixteen-year-old boy in this ordeal. Gonzalvo Wood was also one of the number.

After much suffering the party reached home, preceded by Castro with the captured horses, which the cunning old fox chiefly appropriated to his own tribe.

Col. Moore, in his victorious destruction of a Comanche town high up the Colorado in 1840, made terrible reclamation for the trials and adversities of this expedition.

The Famous Council House Fight in San Antonio, March 19, 1840 — A Bloody Tragedy — Official Details.

From the retreat of the people before Santa Anna in the spring of 1836, down to the close of 1839, the Comanches and other wild tribes had depredated along our entire line of frontier, stealing horses, killing men, and carrying into captivity women and children, more especially the latter, for they often murdered the women also.

On several occasions, as at Houston in 1837, and perhaps twice at San Antonio, they had made quasi-treaties, promising peace and good behavior, but on receiving presents and leaving for home they uniformly broke faith and committed depredations. The people and the government became outraged at such perfidy and finally the government determined, if possible, to recover our captives and inculcate among the hostiles respect for pledges and a desire for peace.

The seat of government in the fall of 1839 was removed from Houston to Austin, a newly planned town, forming the outside settlement on the Colorado. There was not even a single cabin above or beyond the place, west, north, or east, above the falls of the Brazos. So stood matters when the first day of January, 1840, arrived, with Mirabeau B. Lamar as President, David G. Burnet as Vice-President, and Albert Sidney Johnston on the eve of resigning as Secretary of War, to be succeeded by Dr. Branch T. Archer.

On the 10th of January, 1840, from San Antonio, Col. Henry W. Karnes (then out of office), wrote Gen. Johnston, Secretary of War, announcing that three Comanche chiefs had been in on the previous day, expressing a desire for peace, stating also that their tribe, eighteen days previously, had held a council, agreed to ask for peace and had chosen a prominent chief to represent them in the negotiation. They said they had rejected overtures and presents from the hostile Cherokees, and also of the Centralists, of Mexico, who had emissaries among their people. Col. Karnes told them no treaty was possible unless they brought in all prisoners and stolen property held by them. To this they said their people had already assented in council. They left, promising to return in twenty or thirty days with a large party of chiefs and warriors, prepared to make a treaty, and that all white prisoners in their hands would be brought in with them.

From their broken faith on former occasions, and

their known diplomatic treachery with Mexico from time immemorial, neither the President, Secretary of War nor Col. Karnes (who had been a prisoner among them) had any faith in their promises, beyond their dread of our power to punish them. Official action was based on this apprehension of their intended duplicity.

On the 30th of January Lieut.-Col. William S. Fisher, commanding the First Regiment of Infantry, was instructed to march three companies to San Antonio under his own command, and to take such position there as would enable him to detain the Comanches, should they come in without our prisoners. In that case, says the order of Gen. Johnston, "some of their number will be dispatched as messengers to the tribe to inform them that those retained will be held as hostages until the (our) prisoners are delivered up, when the hostages will be released." The instructions further say: "It has been usual, heretofore, to give presents. For the future such custom will be dispensed with."

Following this military order, and in harmony with the suggestion of Col. Karnes, President Lamar dispatched Col. Hugh McLeod, Adjutant-General, and Col. William G. Cooke, Quartermaster-General, as commissioners to treat with the Comanches, should they come in, and with instructions in accord with those given Col. Fisher. They repaired to San Antonio and awaited events.

On the 19th of March, in the morning, two Comanche runners entered San Antonio and announced the arrival in the vicinity of a party of sixty-five men, women and children, and only one prisoner, a girl of about thirteen years, Matilda Lockhart. In reporting the subsequent facts to the President on the next day Col. McLeod wrote: —

"They (the Indians) came into town. The little girl was very intelligent and told us that she had seen several of the other prisoners at the principal camp a few days before she left, and that they brought her in to see if they could get a high price for her, and, if so, they intended to bring in the rest, one at a time.

"Having ascertained this, it became necessary to execute your orders and take hostages for the safe return of our people, and the order was accordingly given by Col. William G. Cooke, acting Secretary of War. Lieut.-Col. Fisher, First

Infantry, was ordered to march up two companies of his command and post them in the immediate vicinity of the council room.

"The chiefs were then called together and asked: 'Where are the prisoners you promised to bring in to the talk?'"

"Muke-war-rah, the chief who held the last talk with us and made the promise, replied: 'We have brought in the only one we had; the others are with other tribes.'"

"A pause ensued because, as this was a palpable lie, and a direct violation of their pledge, solemnly given scarcely a month since, we had the only alternative left us. He observed this pause and asked quickly: 'How do you like the answer?'"

"The order was now given to march one company into the council room and the other in rear of the building, where the warriors were assembled. During the execution of this order the talk was re-opened and the terms of a treaty, directed by your excellency to be made with them in case the prisoners were restored, were discussed, and they were told the treaty would be made when they brought in the prisoners. They acknowledged that they had violated all their previous treaties, and yet tauntingly demanded that new confidence should be reposed in another promise to bring in the prisoners.

"The troops being now posted, the (twelve) chiefs and captains were told that they were our prisoners and would be kept as hostages for the safety of our people then in their hands, and that they might send their young men to the tribe, and as soon as our friends were restored they should be liberated.

"Capt. (George T.) Howard, whose company was stationed in the council house, posted sentinels at the doors and drew up his men across the room. We told the chiefs that the soldiers they saw were their guards, and descended from the platform. The chiefs immediately followed. One sprang to the back door and attempted to pass the sentinel, who presented his musket, when the chief drew his knife and stabbed him. A rush was then made to the door. Capt. Howard colared one of them and received a severe stab from him in the side. He ordered the sentinel to fire upon him, which he immediately did, and the Indian fell dead. They then all drew their knives and bows, and evidently resolved to fight to the last. Col. Fisher ordered: 'Fire, if they do not desist!' The Indians rushed on, attacked us desperately, and a general order to fire became necessary."

"After a short but desperate struggle every one of the twelve chiefs and captains in the council house lay dead upon the floor, but not until, in the hand-to-hand struggle, they had wounded a number of persons.

"The indoor work being finished, Capt. Howard's company was formed in front to prevent retreat in that direction; but, in consequence of the severity of his wound, he was relieved by Capt. Gillen, who commanded the company till the close of the action.

"Capt. Redd,* whose company was formed in the rear of the council house, was attacked by the warriors in the yard, who fought like wild beasts. They, however, took refuge in some stone houses, from which they kept up a galling fire with bows and arrows and a few rifles. Their arrows, wherever they struck one of our men, were driven to the feather. A small party escaped across the river, but were pursued by Col. Lysander Wells with a few mounted men and all killed. The only one of the whole band who escaped was a renegade Mexican among them, who slipped away unobserved. A single warrior took refuge in a stone house, refusing every overture sent him by squaws, with promise of security, and killing or wounding several till, after night, when a ball of rags, soaked in turpentine and ignited, was dropped through the smoke escape in the roof onto his head. Thus, in a blaze of fire, he sprang through the door and was riddled with bullets.

"In such an action — so unexpected, so sudden and terrific — it was impossible at times to distin-

* NOTE. Cap. Redd and Col. Wells fought a duel in San Antonio later the same year and killed each other. Judge Robinson died in San Diego, California, in 1853. Judge Hemphill died during the Civil War, a member of the Confederate Senate. Capt. Matthew Caldwell, then of the regulars and a famous Indian fighter, died at his home in Gonzales in the winter of 1842-3. Col. McLeod, commanding a Texas regiment, died at Dumfries, Virginia, during the Civil War. Col. William S. Fisher, afterwards commander at Mier and a "Mier prisoner," died in Galveston in 1845, soon after his release. Col. Wm. G. Cooke died at Navarro ranch, on the San Geronimo, in 1847. He came as Lieutenant of the New Orleans Grays in 1835, succeeded Burleson as Colonel of the regulars in 1840. He married a daughter of Don Luciano Navarro. He was Quartermaster-General, a commissioner to Santa Fe and a prisoner, and was a noble man. Col. Henry W. Karnes died in San Antonio, his home, in the autumn of 1840. Henry Clay Davis was a volunteer in the fight on horseback. An Indian sprang up behind him and, while trying to kill him with an arrow used as a dirk, Davis killed him with one of the first lot of Colt's revolvers ever brought to Texas. Davis settled at Rio Grande City, married a Mexican lady, was once in the Senate, and was killed accidentally by his own gun while out hunting.

guish between the sexes, and three squaws were killed. The short struggle was fruitful in blood. Our losses were:—

“Killed: Judge Hood, of San Antonio; Judge Thompson, of Houston; Mr. — Casey, of Matagorda County; Lieut. W. M. Dunnington, First Infantry; Privates Kaminske and Whitney, and a Mexican — 7.

“Wounded: Capt. George T. Howard, Lieut. Edward A. Thompson and Private Kelly severely; Capt. Matthew Caldwell, Judge James W. Robinson, Messrs. Higgenbottom, Morgan and Carson — 8.”

“John Hemphill, then District Judge and afterward so long Chief Justice, assailed in the council house by a chief and slightly wounded, felt reluctantly compelled (as he remarked to the writer afterwards) to disembowel his assailant with his bowie knife, but declared that he did so under a sense of duty, while he had no personal acquaintance with nor personal ill-will towards his antagonist.

“The Indian loss stood: Thirty chiefs and warriors, 3 women and 2 children killed. Total, 35.

“Prisoners taken: Twenty-seven women and children and 2 old men. Total, 29.

“Escaped, the renegade Mexican, 1. Grand total, 65.”

Over a hundred horses and a large quantity of buffalo robes and peltries remained to the victors.

By request of the prisoners one squaw was released, mounted, provisioned and allowed to go to her people and say that the prisoners would be

released whenever they brought in the Texas prisoners held by them.

A short time afterwards a party of Comanches displayed a white flag on a hill some distance from town, evidently afraid to come nearer. When a flag was sent out, it was found that they had brought in several white children to exchange for their people. Their mission was successful and they hurried away, seeming to be indeed “wild Indians.”

These are the facts as shown by the official papers, copies of which have been in my possession ever since the bloody tragedy. At that time a few papers in the United States, uninformed of the underlying and antecedent facts dictating the action of Texas, criticised the affair with more or less condemnation; but the people of to-day, enlightened by the massacre of Gen. Canby in Oregon, the fall of the chivalrous Gen. Custer, the hundreds of inhuman acts of barbarism along the whole frontier of the United States, and the recent demonisms of Geronimo and his band of cut-throats, will realize and indorse the genuine spirit of humanity which prompted that as the only mode of bringing those treacherous savages to a realization of the fact that their fiendish mode of warfare would bring calamities upon their own people. Be that as it may, the then pioneers of Texas, with their children in savage captivity, shed no tears on that occasion, nor do their survivors now. Their children of to-day dispense with that liquid, eye-yielding manifestation of grief.

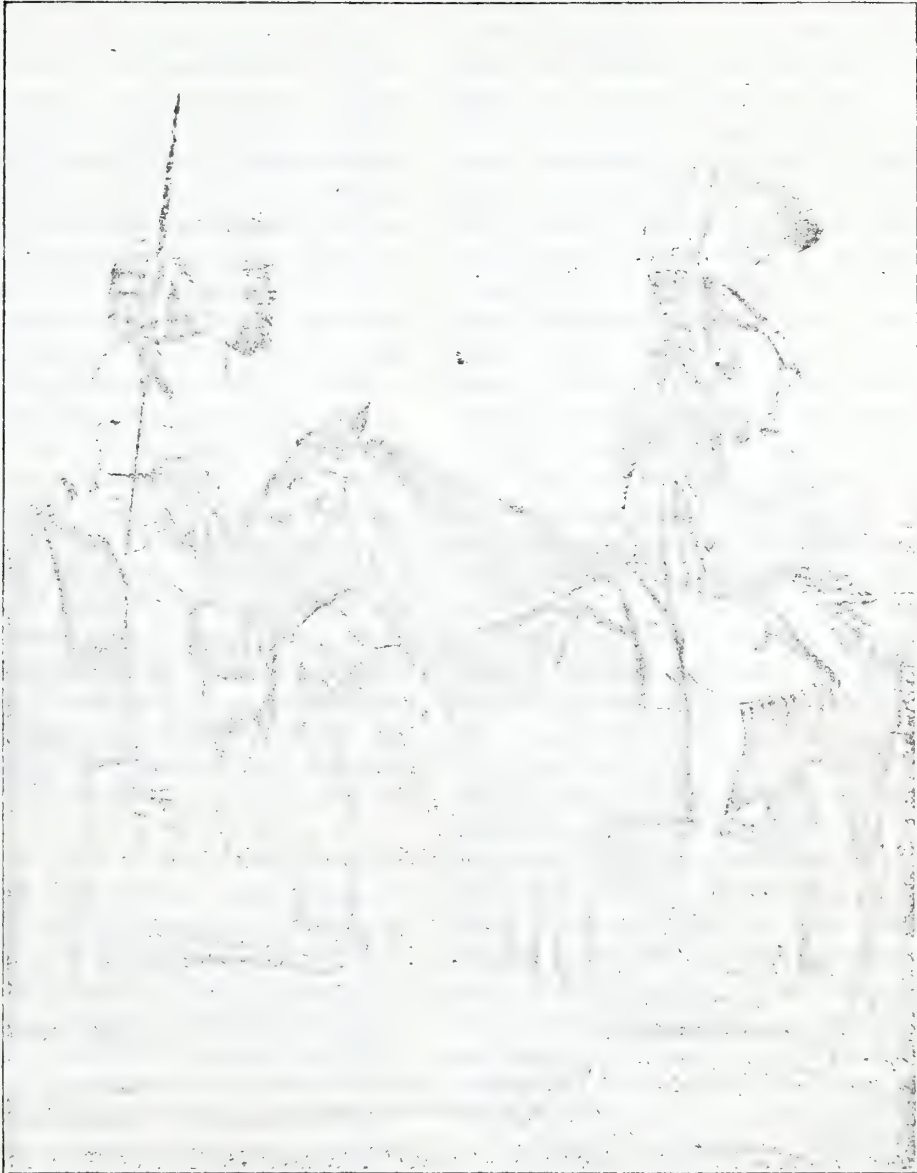
The Great Indian Raid of 1840 — Attack on Victoria — Sacking and Burning of Linnville — Skirmish at Casa Blanca Creek — Overthrow of the Indians at Plum Creek.

Of this, the most remarkable Indian raid in the annals of Texas, numerous fragmentary and often erroneous, or extremely partial, accounts in former years have been published. It was a sudden and remarkable inroad by the savages, took the country by surprise, drew the fighting population together from different localities for a few days, to speedily disperse to their homes, and there being no official

control, no one was charged with the duty of recording the facts. The great majority of the participants, as will be seen in the narrative, witnessed but a portion, here or there, of the incident.

The writer was then nineteen years old and, though living on the Lavaca near Victoria and Linnville, happened to be with a party from that vicinity that passed to the upper and final field of opera-





COMANCHE WARRIORS.

tions — a party that saw more of the entire episode than any other one party. More than this, he took care at once to gather all the facts not seen by him and made copious notes of all, which have ever since remained in his possession. In January, 1871, in the town of Lavaca, the successor of Linnville, he delivered (for a benevolent purpose) to a large audience, embracing both ladies and gentlemen resident in that section at the time of the raid, a lecture historically narrating the events connected with it, and received their public thanks for its fullness, fairness and historical accuracy. These remarks are justified by the false statements in "Deweese's Letters from Texas," giving the credit of fighting the battle of Plum Creek to four companies of citizen volunteers, he claiming to have been Captain of one of them, when in fact not one of such companies was in the fight or even saw the Indians. This falsehood was exposed by the writer hereof, on the appearance of Deweese's book, in the *Indianola Bulletin* of January, 1853, an exposure unanswered in the intervening thirty-five years.

At the time of this raid the country between the Guadalupe and San Marcos, on the west, and the Colorado on the east, above a line drawn from Gonzales to La Grange, was a wilderness, while below that line it was thinly settled. Between Gonzales and Austin, on Plum creek, were two recent settlers, Isom J. Goode and John A. Neill. From Gonzales to within a few miles of La Grange there was not a settler. There was not one between Gonzales and Bastrop, nor one between Austin and San Antonio. A road from Gonzales to Austin, then in the first year of its existence, had been opened in July, 1839.

This Indian raid was known to and encouraged by Gen. Valentin Canalizo, commanding in Northern Mexico, with headquarters in Matamoras. The Comanches were easily persuaded into it in retaliation for their loss of thirty-odd warriors in the Council fight in San Antonio during the previous March. Renegade Mexicans and lawless Indians from some of the half-civilized tribes were induced to join it. Dr. Branch T. Archer, Secretary of War, from information reaching him gave a warning to the country two months earlier; but as no enemy appeared, the occasion became derisively known as the "Archer war."

THE RAID.

On August 5, 1840, Dr. Joel Ponton and Tucker Foley, citizens of the Lavaca (now Hallettsville) neighborhood, en route to Gonzales, on the road from Columbus and just west of Ponton's creek, fell in with twenty-seven mounted warriors, and

were chased about three miles back to the creek. Foley was captured, mutilated and killed. Ponton received two wounds, but escaped, and during the following night reached home. The alarm was given, and next day thirty-six men, under Capt. Adam Zumwalt, hastened to the scene, found and buried Foley, and then pursued the trail of the savages.*

In the meantime the mail carrier from Austin arrived at Gonzales and reported a large and fresh Indian trail crossing the road in the vicinity of Plum creek, bearing towards the coast. Thereupon twenty-four volunteers, under Ben McCulloch, hastened eastwardly to the Big Hill neighborhood, about sixteen miles east. This is an extended ridge bearing northeast and southwest, separating the waters of the Peach creeks of the Guadalupe from the heads of Rocky, Ponton's, and other tributaries of the Lavaca and the latter stream itself. Indian raiders, bound below, almost invariably crossed the Columbus and Gonzales road at the most conspicuous elevation of this ridge—the Big Hill. Hence McCulloch's haste to that point. On the 6th McCulloch and Zumwalt united on the trail and rapidly followed it in the direction of Victoria. Some miles below they fell in with sixty-five men from the Cuero (now De Witt County) settlements on the Guadalupe, and some from Victoria, commanded by Capt. John J. Tumlinson. The latter assumed command of the whole 125 by request and the march was continued.

On the same afternoon the Indians approached Victoria. At Spring creek, above the town, they killed four negroes belonging to Mr. Poage. On the Texana road, east side of town, they met and killed Col. Pinkney Caldwell, a prominent citizen and soldier of 1836. They chased various persons into the town, killing an unknown German, a Mexican, and three more negroes. A party hastily repaired to the suburbs to confront the enemy. Of their number Dr. Gray, Varlan Richardson, William McNuner and Mr. Daniels were killed, a total of thirteen.

The Indians retired and passed the night on Spring creek, having secured about fifteen hundred horses and mules on the prairie in front of Victoria,

* Arthur Foley was killed in the Fannin massacre, March 27, 1834; James Foley was killed by Mexican marauders west of the Nueces in 1839; Tucker was the third brother to fall as stated. They were the sons of an eccentric but wealthy planter (Washington Green Lee Foley), who died in Lavaca County some years ago. The father of Dr. Ponton was killed by Indians near his home, on Ponton's creek, about 1834-35.



a large portion of which, belonging to "Scotch" Sutherland, had just arrived *en route* east. On Friday, August 7, the Indians reappeared, made serious demonstrations, but were held in check by citizens under cover of houses. Securing several hundred more horses, they bore down the country to Nine Mile Point, where they captured young Mrs. Crosby, a granddaughter of Daniel Boone, and her infant. They then deflected to the east, across the prairie in the direction of Linnville. They camped for a portion of the night on Placido creek, killed a teamster named Stephens, but failed to discover a Frenchman ensconced in the moss and foliage of a giant live oak over their heads.

Moving before dawn on Sunday, August 8, as they approached Linnville, its inhabitants entirely unconscious of impending danger, they killed Mr. O'Neal and two negro men belonging to Maj. H. O. Watts. The people, believing the enemy to be friendly Mexicans with horses to sell, realized the fearful truth only in time to escape into the sailboats anchored in shoal water about one hundred yards from shore. In attempting this, Maj. Watts was killed in the water. His young bride, negro woman, and a little son of the latter were captured. There was an immense amount of goods in the warehouses destined for San Antonio and the Mexican trade. Rapidly were these goods packed on horses and mules, but it consumed the day, and late in the afternoon every building but one warehouse was burned, the citizens, becalmed all day in their boats, witnessing the destruction of their homes and business houses.

During the night the jubilant savages began their return march for their mountain homes, taking a route that passes up the west side of the Garcitas creek, about fifteen miles east of Victoria.

On the 8th of August (Sunday) while Linnville was being sacked, Tumlinson reached Victoria about sunset, rested for a time, received some supplies, left about twenty-five men and received about an equal number, continuing his effective force at 125 men. They moved east on the Texana road and at midnight camped on the Casa Blanca creek, a small tributary of the Garcitas from the west. George Kerr was dispatched for recruits to Texana, but at Kitchen's ranch, on the east side of the Arenoso, near tidewater junction with the Garcitas, he found Capt. Clark L. Owen of Texana with forty men. It was then too late to unite with Tumlinson. The enemy in force had come between them. Owen sent out three scouts, of whom Dr. Bell was chased and killed, Nail escaped by the fleetness of his horse towards the Lavaca, and the noble John S. Menefee (deceased in 1884) escaped

in some drift brush with seven arrows piercing his body, all of which he extracted and preserved to the day of his death.

Thus Tumlinson early in the day (August 9) confronted the whole body of the Indians with their immense booty, on a level and treeless prairie. He dismounted his men and was continually encircled by cunning warriors, to divert attention while their herds were being forced forward. McCulloch impetuously insisted on charging into the midst of the enemy as the only road to victory. The brave and oft-tried Tumlinson, seeing hesitancy in his ranks, yielded, and the enemy, after immaterial skirmishing, was allowed to move on with herds and booty. Later in the day Owen's party joined them and desultory pursuit was continued, but the pursuers never came up with the Indians, nor did any other party till the battle of Plum creek was fought by entirely different parties. In this skirmish one Indian was killed and also Mr. Mordecai of Victoria.

On reaching the timber of the Chicolita, some twenty miles above the Casa Blanca, writhing under what he considered a lost opportunity, Ben McCulloch, accompanied by Alsey S. Miller, Archibald Gipson, and Barney Randall, left the command, deflected to the west so as to pass the enemy, and made such speed via Gonzales that these four alone of all the men at any time in the pursuit, were in the battle of Plum creek. The pursuers, however, were gallant men, and many of them reached the battle ground a few hours after the fight.

Let us now turn to the series of movements that culminated in the overwhelming overthrow of the Indians at Plum creek, and of much of this the writer was an eye-witness. On the night of August 7, advised by courier of the attack on Victoria twenty-two volunteers left the house of Maj. James Kerr (the home of the writer) on the Lavaca river. Lafayette Ward was called to the command. The writer, then a boy of nineteen, was the youngest of the party. Reaching the Big Hill, heretofore described, and finding the Indians had not passed up, the opinion prevailed that they had crossed over and were returning on the west side of the Guadalupe. They hastened on to Gonzales where the old hero, Capt. Matthew Caldwell, had just arrived. He adopted the same view, and announced that the Indians would recross the Guadalupe where New Braunfels now stands. In an hour he was at the head of thirty-seven men, making our united number fifty-nine. We followed his lead, traveled all night, and at sunrise on the 10th, reached Seguin. As we did so,

"Big" Hall, of Gonzales, on foaming steed, overtook us with the news from Victoria and Linnville, and that the Indians, pursued, were retreating on their downward made trail. The old veteran Caldwell at once said we must meet and fight them at Plum creek. After rest and breakfast, and strengthened by a few recruits, we moved on and camped that night at the old San Antonio crossing of the San Marcos. The 11th was intensely hot, and our ride was chiefly over a burnt prairie, the flying ashes being blinding to the eyes. Waiting some hours at noon, watching for the approach of the enemy after night, we arrived at Goode's cabin, on the Gonzales and Austin road, a little east of Plum creek. Here Felix Huston, General of militia, with his aide, James Izard, arrived from Austin about the same time. We moved two or three miles and camped on Plum creek, above the Indian trail. Here we met the gallant Capt. James Bird, of Gonzales, with about thirty men, who had come up the road directly from that place, and with the indefatigable Ben McCulloch and his three comrades. Our united force was then one hundred men. We camped at midnight and sent pickets to watch the trail. Men and horses were greatly jaded, but the horses had to eat while the men slept.

At daylight the pickets dashed in and reported the Indians advancing about three miles below. In twenty minutes every man was mounted and in line. Capt. Caldwell, in the bigness of his heart, rode out in front and moved that Gen. Felix Huston take command. A few responded aye and none said nay, but in fact the men wanted the old Indian fighter Caldwell himself to lead. They respected Gen. Huston as a military man in regular war. They knew he had no experience in the business then in hand, but they were too polite to say nay, having a real respect for the man. The command moved forward across one or two ravines and glades till they entered a small open space hidden from the large prairie by a branch, thickly studded with trees and bushes. At this moment the gallant young Owen Hardeman, and Reed of Bastrop dashed up with the information that Col. Edward Burleson, with eighty-seven volunteers and thirteen Teneabua Indians (the latter on foot) were within three or four miles, advancing at a gallop. They were too invaluable to be left. A halt was called. Gen. Huston then announced his plan: a hollow square, open in front, Burleson on the right, Caldwell on the left, Bird and Ward forming the rear line, under Maj. Thomas Monroe Hardeman. During this delay we had a full view of the Indians passing diagonally across our front, about a mile distant. They were

singing and gyrating in divers grotesque ways, evidencing their great triumph, and utterly oblivious of danger. Up to this time they had lost but one warrior, at the Casa Blanca; they had killed twenty persons, from Tucker Foley, the first, to Mordecai, the last; they had as prisoners Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Crosby and child, and the negro woman and child; they had about 2,000 captured horses and mules, and an immense booty in goods of various kinds. Before Burleson arrived the main body had passed our front, leaving only stragglers bringing up bunches of animals from the timber in their rear. It must be understood that the whole country, about forty miles from the Big Hill to the north side of Plum creek, is heavily timbered, while beyond that it is an open prairie to the foot of the mountains, with the Clear Fork of Plum creek on the left and parallel to the Indian trail.

Here is an appropriate place to speak of the number of Indians. Their number was variously estimated, but from all the facts and the judgment of the most experienced, it is safe to say they numbered about 1,000. Our force was:—

Number under Caldwell, including Bird and Ward	100
Under Burleson, 87; and 13 Indians.....	100
Total.....	200

As soon as Burleson arrived the troops were formed as before mentioned, and the advance made at a trot, soon increasing into a gallop. The main body of the Indians were perhaps a mile and a half ahead. As soon as we ascended from the valley on to the level plain, they had a full view of us, and at once prepared for action. Small parties of their more daring warriors met and contested with a few of our men voluntarily acting as skirmishers, and some heroic acts were performed. I remember well the gallantry of Capt. Andrew Neill, Ben McCulloch, Arch. Gipson, Reed of Bastrop, Capt. Alonzo B. Sweitzer (severely wounded in the arm), Columbus C. DeWitt, Henry E. McCulloch, and others then personally known to me.

The Indians, as we neared them, took position in a point of oaks on the left, with the Clear Fork in their rear, and a small boggy branch on their left, but in the line of their retreat. It was only boggy a short distance, and was easily turned on our right advance.

When within about two hundred yards of the enemy we were halted and dismounted on the open

plain. Bands of warriors then began encircling us, firing and using their shields with great effect. From the timber a steady fire was kept up, by muskets and some long range rifles, while about thirty of our men, still mounted, were dashing to and fro among the mounted Indians, illustrating a series of personal heroisms worthy of all praise. In one of these Reed of Bastrop had an arrow driven through his body, piercing his lungs, though he lived long afterwards. Among the dismounted men several were wounded and a number of horses were killed. In all this time the herds and pack animals were being hurried onwards, and our oldest fighters, especially Burleson, Caldwell, Ben McCulloch, and others, were eager for a charge into the midst of the savages. At last, perhaps half an hour after dismounting, an Indian chief, wearing a tremendous head dress, who had been exceedingly daring, approached so near that several shots struck him, and he fell forward on the pommel of his saddle, but was caught by a comrade on either side and borne away, evidently dead or dying, for as soon as he was led among his people in the oaks they set up a peculiar howl, when Capt. Caldwell sang out, "Now, General, is your time to charge them! they are whipped!" The charge was ordered, and gallantly made. Very soon the Indians broke into parties and ran, but ran fighting all the time. At the boggy branch quite a number were killed, and they were killed in clusters for ten or twelve miles, our men scattering as did the Indians, every man acting as he pleased. There was no pretense of command after the boggy branch was passed. A few of our men pursued small bodies for twelve or more miles. In one of these isolated combats it fell to my lot to dismount a warrior wearing a buffalo skin cap surmounted with the horns. He was dead when I dismounted to secure the prize, which was soon afterwards sent by Judge John Hayes to the Cincinnati museum, and was there in 1870.

During the running fight Mrs. Watts was severely wounded in the breast by an arrow, but fell into our hands. The negro woman shared a similar fate, and her little son was recovered without wounds. Mrs. Crosby, by some means (probably her own act), was dismounted during the retreat near a small thicket, and sought to enter it, but in the act a fleeing warrior drove a lance through her heart. With several others, at about a hundred

yards distance, I distinctly witnessed the act; but though at full speed none of us could overtake the bloody wretch.

The heroic action of Placido, chief of the Toncahuas, attracted universal praise. He seemed reckless of life, and his twelve followers, as rapidly as mounted, emulated his example. All being on foot, they could only be mounted by each vaulting into the saddle of a slain Comanche, but they were all mounted in a marvelously short time after the action commenced.

Great numbers of the loose and pack animals stampeded during the engagement, and were seen no more; but large numbers on the return were driven in, and about the middle of the afternoon the men had generally returned to the point where the action began, and near which a camp was pitched. A welcome shower proved refreshing about this time. Later in the afternoon Col. John H. Moore, of Fayette, Capt. Owen, previously mentioned, and in all about 150 men arrived on the ground, having followed the trail that far.

The trophies, during the next day, were classified, numbered, and drawn by lot. I only remember that a horse, a fine mule, \$27 worth of silk, and about \$50 worth of other goods fit for ladies' use fell to my lot, and the latter were so donated. I gave the horse to a poor man as a plow horse, and sold the mule for \$100 on trust to a stranger whose horse died on the road, and never received a cent thereof; and although he so treated me, an inexperienced boy, I was very sorry some years later when the Indians shot an arrow through his breast.

It was impossible to determine how many Indians were killed. They sank many in the creek, and many died after reaching their haunts, as was learned from prisoners afterwards reclaimed. From this source of information it was ascertained that fifty-two so died in a few days, and I became satisfied by the after discovery of secreted and sunken bodies and the number found on the field that at least eighty-six were killed in the action, being a total of 138 certainly killed.

The Indians lost everything. The defeat was unexpected—a surprise, complete and crushing. Followed by a great victory over them in the following October, near where Colorado City now stands, won by Col. John H. Moore and his brave volunteers, the Comanches were taught lessons hitherto unknown to them.

Moore's Great Victory on the Upper Colorado, in 1840.

Following Col. Moore's defeat on the San Saba in January, 1839, came the Cherokee battles, of July and December, and many engagements or calamities of lesser magnitude during that year, including the massacre of the Webster party of fourteen men and one child and the capture of Mrs. Webster, her other two children and negro woman, on Brushy creek; in what is now Williamson County. In March, 1840, occurred the Council House fight, in San Antonio, and in August the great Indian raid to the coast, the robbery and burning of the village of Linnville, two miles above the present Lavaca, and the final defeat and dispersion of the Indians in the decisive battle of Plum Creek, on the 12th day of that month.

Following this last raid the veteran soldier, Col. John H. Moore, of Fayette, sent forth circulars calling for volunteers to again penetrate the country of the hostiles, on the upper waters of the Colorado, as another lesson to them that the whites were determined to either compel them to abstain from robbing, murdering and capturing their fellow-citizens or exterminate them. A prompt response followed, and about the first of October the expedition left Austin, at once entering the wilderness. Col. Moore commanded, with S. S. B. Fields, a lawyer of LaGrange, as Adjutant. Capts. Thomas J. Rabb and Nicholas Dawson, of Fayette, commanded the companies, the latter being the same who commanded and fell at the Dawson massacre in 1842. There were ninety men in all. Clark L. Owen, of Texana (who fell as a Captain, at Shiloh, in 1862), was First Lieutenant in Rabb's Company. R. Addison Gillespie (who fell as a Captain of Texas rangers in storming the Bishop's palace at Monterey, in 1846), was one of the lieutenants, his brother being also along. Nearly all the men were from Fayette and Bastrop, but there were a few from the Lavaca, among whom I remember Isaac N. Mitchell, Mason B. Foley, Joseph Simons, of Texana, Nicholas J. Ryan and Peter Rockfeller (Simons and Rockfeller both dying in Mexican prisons, as Mier men in 1844 or 1845.) I started with these young men, then my neighbors, but was compelled to halt, on account of my horse being crippled at the head of the Navidad. Col. Moore also had with him a detachment of twelve Lipan Indians, commanded by Col. Castro, their principal chief, with the famous young chief Flacco as his Lieutenant.

The command followed up the valley of the Colorado, without encountering an enemy, till it reached a point now supposed to be in the region of Colorado City. The Lipan scouts were constantly in advance, and on the alert. Hastily returning, while in the vicinity mentioned, they reported the discovery of a Comanche encampment fifteen or twenty miles distant, on the east bank and in a small horseshoe bend of the Colorado, with a high and somewhat steep bluff on the opposite bank.

Col. Moore traveled by night to within a mile or two of the camp, and then halted. It was a clear, cold night in October, and the earth white with frost, probably two thousand feet above the sea level. The men shivered with cold, while the unsuspecting savages slept warmly under buffalo-robes in their skin-covered tepees. In the meantime Moore detached Lieut. Owen, with thirty men, to cross the river below, move up and at dawn occupy the bluff. This movement was successfully effected, and all awaited the dawn for sufficient light to guide their movements.

The stalwart and gallant old leader, mounted on his favorite steed, with a few whispered words summoned every man to his saddle. Slowly, cautiously they moved till within three hundred yards of the camp, when the rumbling sound of moving horses struck the ear of a warrior on watch. His shrill yell sounded the alarm, and ere Moore, under a charge instantly ordered, could be in their midst, every warrior and many of the squaws had their bows strung and ready for fight. But pell-mell the volunteers rushed upon and among them. The rifles, shot-guns and pistols of the white man, in a contest largely hand-to-hand, with fearful rapidity struck the red man to the earth. Surprised and at close quarters, the wild man, though fighting with desperation, shot too rapidly and wildly to be effective. Seeing their fate a considerable number swam the narrow river and essayed to escape by climbing the bluff. Some were shot in their ascent by Moore's men from across the stream and tumbled backwards. Every one who made the ascent to the summit of the bluff was confronted and slain by Owen's men. At the onset two horses were tied in the camp. On these two warriors escaped. Besides them, so far as could be ascertained, every warrior was killed, excepting a few old men and one or two young men, who surrendered and were spared.

Many of the Indian women, for a little while, fought as stoutly as the men and some were killed, despite every effort to save them. In the charge Isaac Mitchell's bridle bit parted asunder and his mule rushed ahead into the midst of the Indians — then halted and "sulked"—refused to move. A squaw seized a large billet of wood and by a blow on his head tumbled him to the ground; but he sprang to his feet, a little bewildered, and just as his comrades came by, seeing the squaw springing at him knife in hand, they sang out, "Kill her,

Mitchell!" With a smile, not untinged with pain, he replied: "Oh, no, boys, I can't kill a woman!" But to prevent her killing himself, he knocked her down and wrenched the weapon from her hands.

A hundred and thirty Indians were left dead on the field. Thirty-four squaws and children and several hundred horses were brought in, besides such camp equipage as the men chose to carry with them, among which were goods plundered at Linnville the previous August.

A Raid into Gonzales and Pursuit of the Indians in May, 1841— Ben McCulloch in the Lead.

Late in April, or early in May, 1841, a party of twenty-two Indians made a night raid into and around Gonzales, captured a considerable number of horses and, ere daylight came, were in rapid flight to their mountain home. It was but one of oft-recurring inroads, the majority of which will never be known in history. In this case, however, as in many others, I am enabled to narrate every material fact, and render justice to the handful of gallant men who pursued and chastised the freebooters.

Ben McCulloch called for volunteers; but not, as was most usual, to hurry off in pursuit. He knew the difficulty and uncertainty of overhauling retreating savages, with abundant horses for frequent change, and preferred waiting a few days, thereby inducing the red men, who always kept scouts in the rear, to believe no pursuit would be made, and in this he was successful.

When ready, McCulloch set forth with the following sixteen companions, every one of whom was personally well known to the writer as a brave and useful frontiersman, viz.: Arthur Swift, James H. Callahan (himself often a captain), Wilson Randle, Green McCoy (the Gonzales boy who was in Erath's fight in Milam County in 1837, when his uncle, David Clark, and Frank Childress, were killed), Eli T. Hankins, Clement Hinds, Archibald Gipson (a daring soldier in many fights, from 1836 to 1851,) W. A. Hall, Henry E. McCulloch, James Roberts, Jeremiah Roberts, Thomas R.

Nichols, William Tumlinson, William P. Kincannon, Alsey S. Miller, and William Morrison.

They struck the Indian trail where it crossed the San Marcos at the mouth of Mule creek and followed it northwestwardly up and to the head of York's creek; thence through the mountains to the Guadalupe, and up that stream to what is now known as "Johnson's Fork," which is the principal mountain tributary to the Guadalupe on the north side. The trail was followed along this fork to its source, and thence northwestwardly to the head of what is now known as "Johnson's Fork" of the Llano, and down this to its junction with the Llano.

Before reaching the latter point McCulloch halted in a secluded locality, satisfied that he was near the enemy, and in person made a reconnoissance of their position, and with such accuracy that he was enabled to move on foot so near to the encampment as, at daylight, to completely surprise the Indians. The conflict was short. Five warriors lay dead upon the ground. Half of the remainder escaped wounded, so that of twenty-two only about eight escaped unhurt; but their number had probably been increased after reaching that section.

The Indians lost everything excepting their arms. Their horses, saddles, equipages, blankets, robes, and even their moccasins, were captured. It was not only a surprise to them, but a significant warning, as they had no dread of being hunted down and punished in that distant and remarkably

secluded locality. In March and April, 1865, in command of 183 men, the writer, as a Confederate officer, made a campaign through and above that country, following the identical route from the mouth of Johnson's Fork of the Guadalupe to the

spot where this conflict took place twenty-four years before, and found it still a wild mountain region — still a hiding-place for savage red men, and at that particular period, for lawless and disreputable white men.

Red River and Trinity Events in 1841 — The Yeary and Ripley Families — Skirmish on Village Creek and Death of Denton — Expeditions of Gens. Smith and Tarrant.

For a great many years I have had notes on the expedition in which John B. Denton was killed, furnished at different times by four different persons who were participants, viz., Cols. James Bourland and Wm. C. Young, Dr. Lemuel M. Cochran and David Williams, then a boy; but there has appeared from time to time in former years such a variety of fiction on the subject that I determined to publish nothing until thoroughly convinced of the accuracy of the statements thus obtained — all the while hoping for a personal interview with my venerable friend of yore, Henry Stout, of Wood County — who, besides Denton, was the only man hurt in the trip. This I now have together with a written statement from Dr. Cochran, dated Gonzales, September 26, 1886, and the personal recollections of John M. Watson, Alex W. Webb and Col. Jas. G. Stevens, then a youth.

As a prelude to the expedition it is proper to say that late in 1840, the house of Capt. John Yeary, living on Sulphur, in the southeast part of Fannin County, was attacked by a party of ten Indians while he and a negro man were at work in his field three hundred yards from the house. Mrs. Yeary, gun in hand, stood on the defensive, inside of the closed door. Yeary and the negro man, armed with a hoe each, rushed towards the house and across the yard fence, fought the assailants hand to hand, in which Yeary received an arrow just above the eye, which glanced around the skull without penetrating. Mrs. Yeary, with a gun, ran out to her husband, but in doing so was shot in the hip. Thus strengthened in the means of defense, the Indians were driven off, without further casualty to the family.

Early in April, 1841, a part of the Ripley family

on the old Cherokee trace, on Ripley creek, in Titus County, were murdered by Indians. Ripley was absent. Mrs. Ripley was at home with a son scarcely twenty years old, a daughter about sixteen, two daughters from twelve to fifteen, and several smaller children, living some distance from any other habitation. The Indians suddenly appeared in daylight, shot and killed the son as he was plowing in the field, and rushed upon the house, from which the mother and children fled towards a canebrake, two hundred yards distant. The elder daughter was shot dead on the way. The second and third daughters escaped into the cane; the mother and the other children were killed with clubs; one child in the house, probably asleep. The Indians then plundered the house and set it on fire, the child inside being consumed in the flames.

This second outrage led to a retaliatory expedition, which required some time for organization, in the thinly populated district. By prior agreement the volunteer citizens, numbering eighty (as stated by Dr. Cochran, who was Orderly Sergeant; but, seventy, according to Henry Stout's statement), met in a body on Choctaw bayou, eight miles west of the place since known as Old Warren, on the 4th of May, 1841, as shown by the notes of John M. Watson, yet (1886) living in Fannin County. On the next morning they organized into a company by electing James Bourland, Captain, William C. Young, Lieutenant, and Lemuel M. Cochran, Orderly Sergeant. John B. Denton and Henry Stout were each placed in charge of a few men as scouts. Edward H. Tarrant, General of militia, was of the party without command, but was consulted and respected as a senior officer. On the same day the company moved west to the vacant barracks,

erected during the previous winter by Col. William G. Cooke, senior officer in command of the regular troops of Texas. At the barracks, which stood in the immediate vicinity of the present town of Denison, the company remained two or three days for a portion of the volunteers, who had been detained. On their arrival the command moved west on the old Chihuahua trail, leading to Natchitoches, Jack Ivey, a man of mixed Indian and African blood, was pilot. At that time Holland Coffee, who was one of the party, lived eight miles above the barracks. At some point on the trip, but exactly when or where, I have been unable to learn, he, with a man named Wm. A. (Big Foot) Wallace, Colvill, and seven others, left the company and returned to his post or trading house. This doubtless accounts for the disparity in numbers given by Cochran and Stout.

It was believed that the depredating Indians were encamped on a creek which enters the west fork of Trinity from the northeast side, where the town of Bridgeport now stands, in Wise County, the reputed village being at a broken, rocky spot, four or five miles up the stream, which now bears the name of "Village" creek. The expedition moved under that belief, passing where Gainesville now is, and thence southwesterly to the supposed Keechi village, but found it abandoned, without any evidence of very recent occupancy, beyond some fresh horse tracks, not far away.

The next day they crossed to the west side of the Trinity, and for two days traveled south obliquely in the direction of the Brazos. Finding no indication of Indians, they turned northeasterly, and on the afternoon of the second day recrossed the Trinity to the north and traveled down its valley, camping in the forks of that stream and Fossil creek. On the next day, near their camp, they found an old buffalo trail, leading down and diagonally across the river, and on to an Indian encampment on Village creek, a short distance above, but south from where the Texas and Pacific Railroad crosses that creek, which runs from south to northeast, and is some miles east of Fort Worth. On this trail they found fresh horse tracks, and followed them. Henry Stout then, as throughout the expedition, led an advance scout of six men. Nearing the camp referred to, they discovered an Indian woman cooking in a copper kettle, in a little glade on the bank of the creek. Seeing he was not observed, and being veiled by a brush-covered rise in the ground, Stout halted and sent the information back to Tarrant. While thus waiting, a second woman rose the bank and joined the first, one of them having a child. As Tarrant came up the squaws discovered them, gave

a loud scream, and plunged down into the bed of the creek. The men charged, supposing the warriors were under the bank. A man named Alsey Fuller killed one of the squaws, not knowing her to be a woman, as she ascended the opposite bank. The other woman and child were captured.

Here the men scattered into several different parties in quest of the unseen enemy. Bourland, with about twenty men, including Denton, Cochran and Lindley Johnson, crossed the creek and found a road along its valley. They galloped along it down the creek a little over a mile, when they came upon a large camp, when Bourland, with about half of the men, bore to the right, and Cochran, with the others, to the left, in order to flank the position, but the Indians retreated into the thickets on the opposite side. Cochran and Elbert Early both attempted to fire at a retreating Indian, but their guns snapped. On reaching the creek the Indian fired at Early but missed. The whole command became badly scattered and confused. Eight men again crossed the creek and in a short distance came upon a third camp just deserted. Tarrant ordered them to fall back to the second camp. When they did so about forty were present. While waiting for the others to come up, Denton asked and obtained Tarrant's reluctant consent to take ten men and go down the creek, promising to avoid an ambushade by extreme caution. After Denton left, Bourland took ten men and started in a different direction; but about a mile below they came together, and after moving together a short distance Bourland and Calvin Sullivan crossed a boggy branch to capture some horses, one of which wore a bell. The others bore farther down the branch into a corn-field, crossed it and found a road leading into the bottom. At the edge of the bottom thicket they halted, Denton to fulfill his promise of care in avoiding an ambush. Henry Stout then rode to the front saying, "If you are afraid to go in there, I am not." Denton brusquely answered that he would follow him to the infernal regions and said "Move on!" In about three hundred yards they came to and descended the creek bank. Stout led, followed by Denton, Capt. Griffin and the others in single file. When the three foremost had traveled up the creek bed about thirty paces from a thicket on the west bluff they were fired upon. Stout was in front, but partly protected by a small tree, but was shot through his left arm. He wheeled to the right, and in raising his gun to fire, a ball passed through its butt, causing the barrel to strike him violently on the head, and five bullets pierced his clothing around his neck and shoulders. Denton, immediately behind

Stout, was shot at the same instant, wheeled to the right-about, rode back up the bank, and fell dead, pierced by three balls, one in his arm, one in his shoulder and one through his right breast. The other men, being in single file, did not get in range, being screened by a projection in the bank, and some had not quite reached the creek bed. Those firing upon Stout and Denton fled in the brush after a single volley, and in a little time the savages were securely hidden in the surrounding thickets. Griffin was grazed by a ball on his cheek, and several passed through his clothes.

The men hastily countermarched to the field, where Capt. Bourland met them. They were considerably demoralized. Pretty soon all were rallied at the first point of attack. Bourland took twenty-four men, went back and carried off the body of Denton. Eighty horses, a considerable number of copper kettles, many buffalo robes and other stuff were carried away. Our men retraced their steps to the Fossil creek camp of the previous night, arriving there about midnight, after losing much of the spoil. Next morning, crossing Fossil creek bottom to its north side, they buried Denton under the bank of a ravine, at the point of a rocky ridge, and not far from where Birdville stands. Ten or twelve feet from the grave stood a large post oak tree, at the roots of which two stones were partly set in the ground. This duty performed they traveled up the country on the west side of the Cross Timbers and Elm Fork, until they struck their trail outward at the site of Gainesville, and then followed it back to the barracks, where they disbanded, after a division of the captured property. The Indian woman escaped on the way in. Gen. Tarrant kept the child, but it was restored to its mother some two years later, at a council in the Indian Territory.

The expedition was unsuccessful in its chief objects and, from some cause, probably a division of responsibility, the men, or a portion of them, at the critical moment, were thrown into a degree of confusion bordering on panic.

On returning home from this fruitless, indeed unfortunate, expedition, measures were set on foot for a larger one, of which Gen. Tarrant was again to be the ranking officer.

At that time Gen. James Smith, of Nacogdoches, was commander of the militia in that district. He led an expedition at the same time to the same section of country, there being an understanding that he and Tarrant would, if practicable, meet somewhere in the Cross Timbers.

The volunteers of Red river, between 400 and 500 in number, assembled from the 15th to the

20th of July, 1841, at Fort English, as the home of Bailey English was called, and there organized as a regiment by electing William C. Young as Colonel and James Bourland as Lieutenant-Colonel. John Smither was made Adjutant, and among the captains were William Lane, David Key and Robert S. Hamilton.

Gen. Tarrant assumed command and controlled the expedition. Simultaneously with this assembling of the people two little boys on the Bois d'Arc, lower down, were captured and carried off by Indians, to be recovered about two years later.

The expedition moved southwest and encamped on the west bank of the Trinity, probably in Wise County, and sent out a scouting party, who made no discoveries; yet, as will be seen, the Indians discovered Tarrant's movements in time to be unseen by him and to narrowly escape a well-planned attack by Gen. Smith. Without discovering any enemy, after being out several weeks, Tarrant's command returned home and disbanded.

In the meantime Gen. Smith, with a regiment of militia and volunteers, moved up northwesterly in the general direction of the present city of Dallas. On arriving at the block houses, known as King's Fort, at the present town of Kaufman, he found that the place had been assaulted by Indians during the previous evening and a considerable fight had occurred, in which the assailants had been gallantly repulsed and had retired, more or less damaged.

Gen. Smith fell upon and followed the trail of the discomfited savages, crossing Cedar creek (of Kaufman County), the "East Fork," White Rock and the Trinity where Dallas stands, this being a few months before John Neely Bryan pitched his lonely camp on the same spot. On the spring branch, a mile or so on the west side of the river, the command halted, enjoying limpid spring water and an abundance of honey, from which one of the springs derived the name it still retains — Honey spring. From this camp Gen. Smith dispatched a scout of twelve men, under Capt. John L. Hall, to seek and report the location of the Indian village. Besides Capt. Hall there were in this scout John H. Reagan (then a buckskin attired surveyor — years later United States senator, having first entered the lower House of Congress in 1857), Samuel Bean, Isaac Bean, John I. Burton (of race-horse fame), Hughes Burton, George Lacey, Warren A. Ferris, a Creek Indian named Charty, and three others whose names have not been obtained. They crossed Mountain creek above or south of the Texas and Pacific railroad of to-day, thence passed over the prairie into the Cross Timbers and to within a short distance of Village creek. From the number of

fresh trails, apparently converging to a common center, it became evident they were in the vicinity of an Indian town. Secreting his party in a low and well hidden spot, Capt. Hall sent Judge Reagan and Isaac Bean on foot, to discover the exact location of the village and the best means of approaching and surprising it. These brave but cautious men, well-skilled in woodcraft, spent over half a day in "spying out the lay of the land," finding the Indians in quiet possession of their camp and that it was approachable at both the upper and lower ends of the village. Thus informed they lost no time in reporting to Capt. Hall, who, as soon as night came, cautiously emerged from his hiding-place with his party, and hastened with the information to Gen. Smith, who, by the way, was a gallant old soldier in the Creek war under Gen. Jackson. Camping at night on Mountain creek, after starting as soon as possible after the arrival of Hall, Gen. Smith reached the village about noon

next day. The command was divided into two battalions, respectively commanded by Gen. Smith and Lieut.-Col. Elliott.

Judge Reagan acted as guide in conducting Smith to the upper end of the village, while Bean performed the same service in guiding Elliott to the lower. Both moves were successfully made; but, when the crisis came and the enthusiasm of the men was at fever heat, it was found that the enemy had already precipitately fled, leaving some supplies and camp fixtures.

The simple explanation was that the Indians had discovered Tarrant's force and fled barely in time to elude Smith. Pursuit, under such circumstances, would be useless.

Without meeting, each command, in its own way, returned homeward; but, though bloodless, the invasion of the Indian country, in such force, had a salutary effect in preparing all the smaller hostile tribes for the treaty entered into in September, 1843.

Death of McSherry and Stinnett — Killing of Hibbins and Creath and the Capture of Mrs. Hibbins and Children — 1828 to 1842.

In 1828, there arrived on the Guadalupe river a young married couple from the vicinity of Brownsville, Jackson County, Illinois — John McSherry and his wife, Sarah, whose maiden name was Creath. They settled on the west side of the Guadalupe, near a little creek, which, with a spring, was some two hundred yards in front of the cabin they erected. This was in the lower edge of DeWitt's Colony, as it is now in the lower edge of DeWitt County. Their nearest neighbor was Andrew Lockhart, ten miles up the river, and one of a large family of sterling pioneers on the Guadalupe, bearing that name. Mrs. McSherry was a beautiful blonde, an excellent type of the country girls of the West in that day, very handsome in person, graceful in manner and pure of heart. Mr. McSherry was an honest, industrious man of nerve and will. They were happily devoted to each other.

Early in 1829, their first child, John, was born in that isolated cabin, in one of the most lovely spots of the Southwest.

Later in the same year, about noon on a pleasant day, Mr. McSherry went to the spring for a bucket

of water. As he arose from the bank, bucket in hand, a party of Indians with a wild yell, sprang from the bushes and in a moment he was a lifeless and scalped corpse. His wife hearing the yell, sprang to the door, saw him plainly and realized the peril of herself and infant. In the twinkling of an eye, she barred the door, seized the gun and resolved to defend herself and baby unto death. The savages surveyed the situation and manœvered to and fro, but failed to attack the cabin and soon disappeared. Thus she was left alone, ten miles from the nearest habitation, and without a road to that or any other place. But truly, in the belief of every honest person of long frontier experience, the ways of providence are inscrutable. About dark John McCrabb, a fearless and excellent man, well armed and mounted, but wholly unaware of the sad condition of matters, rode up to the cabin to pass the night. Hearing the recital his strong nerves became stronger, and his heart pulsed as became that of a whole-souled Irishman.

Very soon he placed the young mother and babe on his horse and, by the light of the stars, started

on foot, through the wilderness, for the house of Andrew Lockhart, reaching it before daylight, where warm hearts bestowed all possible care and kindness on those so ruthlessly stricken in the wilderness and so remote from all kindred ties.

Mrs. McSherry, for a considerable time, found a home and friends with the Lockharts; but a few years later married John Hibbins, a worthy man, who settled on the east side of the Guadalupe, in the vicinity of where the town of Concrete now stands, in DeWitt County.

In the summer of 1835, with her little boy, John McSherry, and an infant by Mr. Hibbins, she revisited her kindred in Illinois. She returned via New Orleans in the winter of 1835-6, accompanied by her brother, George Creath, a single man, and landed at Columbia, on the Brazos, where early in February, 1836, Mr. Hibbins met them with an ox cart, on which they began the journey home. They crossed the Colorado at Beason's and fell into the ancient La Bahia road on the upper Navidad. In due time they arrived at and were about encamping on Rocky creek, six miles above the subsequent village of Sweet Home, in Lavaca County and within fifteen or sixteen miles of their home, when they were suddenly attacked by thirteen Indian warriors who immediately killed Hibbins and Creath, made captives Mrs. Hibbins and her two children, took possession of all the effects and at leisure moved off up the country with perfect unconcern. They traveled slowly up through the timbered country, the Peach creek region between the Guadalupe and the Colorado, securely tying Mrs. Hibbins at night and lying encircled around her. About the second day, at one of their camps, the baby cried with pain for some time, when one of the Indians seized it by the feet and mashed its brains against a tree, all in the presence of its helpless mother. For two or three days at this time Mrs. Hibbins distinctly heard the guns in the siege of the Alamo, at least sixty miles to the west. That she did so was made certain a little later by her imparting the news to others till then unaware of that now world-renowned struggle.

In due time her captors crossed the Colorado at the mouth of Shoal creek, now in the city of Austin. They moved on three or four miles and encamped on the south edge of a cedar brake, where a severe norther came up and caused them to remain three nights and two days. On the third night the Indians were engaged in a game till late and then slept soundly. Mrs. Hibbins determined, if possible, to escape. Cautiously, she freed herself of the cords about her wrists and ankles and

stepping over the bodies of her unconscious guards, stole away, not daring even to imprint a kiss on her only and first-born child, then a little over six years of age.

Daylight found her but a short distance from camp, not over a mile or two, and she secreted herself in a thicket from which she soon saw and heard the Indians in pursuit. The savages compelled the little boy to call aloud, "Mama! Mama!" But she knew that her only hope for herself and child was in escape, and remained silent. After a considerable time the Indians disappeared. But she remained concealed still longer, till satisfied her captors had left. She then followed the creek to the Colorado and, as rapidly as possible, traveled down the river, shielded by the timber along its banks.

The crow of a chicken late in the afternoon sent a thrill through her agonizing heart. The welcome sound was soon repeated several times and thither she hastened with a zeal born of her desperate condition, for she did not certainly know she was in a hundred miles of a habitation. In about two miles she reached the outer cabin on the Colorado, or rather one of the two outer ones—Jacob Harrell occupying the one she entered and Reuben Hornsby the other. She was so torn with thorns and briars, so nearly without raiment, and so bruised about the face, that her condition was pitiable. Providentially (as every old pioneer untainted with heathenism believed), eighteen rangers, the first ever raised under the revolutionary government of Texas, and commanded by Capt. John J. Tumlinson, had arrived two days before and were encamped at the cabin of Hornsby. To this warm-hearted and gallant officer Mrs. Hibbins was personally known and to him she hastily narrated her sad story.

Tumlinson knew the country somewhat and felt sure he could find the Indians at a given point further up the country. He traveled nearly all night, halting only a short while before day to rest his horses and resuming the march at sunrise, and about 9 o'clock came upon the Indians, encamped, but on the eve of departure. I have the privilege, as to what followed, of quoting the exact language of Capt. Tumlinson, written for me forty years ago, as follows:—

"The Indians discovered us just as we discovered them, but had not time to get their horses, so they commenced running on foot towards the mountain thickets. I threw Lieut. Joseph Rogers, with eight men, below them—and with the others I dashed past and took possession of their route above them. The Indians saw that the route

above and below them was in our possession, and struck off for the mountain thicket nearest the side of the trail. I ordered Lieut. Rogers to charge, and fell upon them simultaneously. I saw an Indian aiming his rifle at me, but knew that he must be a better marksman than I had seen among them to hit me going at my horse's speed, and did not heed him till I got among them. Then I sprang from my horse quick as lightning, and turned towards him; at the same instant he fired; the ball passed through the bosom of my shirt and struck my horse in the neck, killing him immediately. I aimed deliberately and fired. The Indian sprang a few feet into the air, gave one whoop and fell dead within twenty-five feet of me. The fight now became general. Pell-mell we fell together. The Indians, thirteen in number, armed with bows and rifles, were endeavoring to make good their retreat towards the thicket. Several of them fell, and two of my men were wounded; when finally they effected an entrance into the thicket, which was so dense that it would have been madness to have attempted to penetrate it, and we were forced to cease the pursuit. I dispatched Rogers after the child, the horses and mules of the Indians, whilst I remained watching the thicket to guard against surprise. He found the child in the Indian camp tied on the back of a wild mule, with his robe and equipments about him fixed on for the day's march, and had to shoot the mule in order to get the child. He also succeeded in getting hold of all the animals of the Indians, and those they had stolen. My men immediately selected the best horse in the lot, which they presented to me in place of the one that was killed.

"We watched for the Indians a while longer; and in the meantime sent a runner for the doctor to see to the wounded. I sent a portion of the men under the command of Rogers with the child, and the wounded men and I brought up the rear. The wounded were Elijah Ingram, shot in the arm, the ball ranging upwards to the shoulder; also Hugh M. Childers, shot through the leg. Of the Indians, four were killed. We arrived that night at Mr. Harrell's, where we found Mrs. Hibbins, the mother of the child. Lieut. Rogers presented the child to its mother, and the scene which here ensued beggars description. A mother meeting with her child released from Indian captivity, recovered as it were from the very jaws of death! Not an eye was dry. She called us brothers, and every other endearing name, and would have fallen on her knees to worship us. She hugged her child to her bosom as if fearful that she would again lose him. And — but 'tis useless to say more."

Lieut. Joseph Rogers was a brother of Mrs. Gen. Burleson, and was killed in a battle with the Indians a few years later. Thus the mother and child, bereft of husband and father, and left without a relative nearer than Southern Illinois, found themselves in the families of Messrs. Harrell and Hornsby, the outside settlers on the then feeble frontier of the Colorado — large-hearted and sympathizing avant-couriers in the advancing civilization of Texas. The coincident fall of the Alamo came to them as a summons to pack up their effects and hasten eastward, as their fellow-citizens below were already doing.

The mother and child accompanied these two families in their flight from the advancing Mexicans, till they halted east of the Trinity, where, in a few weeks, couriers bore the glorious news of victory and redemption from the field of San Jacinto. Soon they resumed their weary march, but this time for their homes. In Washington County Mrs. Hibbins halted, under the friendly roof of a sympathizing pioneer. There she also met a former neighbor, in the person of Mr. Claiborne Stinnett, an intelligent and estimable man, who, with Capt. Henry S. Brown (father of the writer of this) represented De Witt's Colony in the first deliberative body ever assembled in Texas — the able and patriotic convention assembled at San Felipe, October 1, 1832.

After a widowhood of twelve months, Mrs. Hibbins married Mr. Stinnett and they at once (in the spring of 1837) returned to their former home on the Guadalupe. In the organization of Gonzales County, a little later, Mr. Stinnett was elected Sheriff. Late in the fall, with a packhorse, he went to Linnville, on the bay, to buy needed supplies. Loading this extra horse with sugar, coffee, etc., and with seven hundred dollars in cash, he started home. But instead of following the road by Victoria, he traveled a more direct route through the prairie. When, about night, he was near the Arenosa creek, about twenty miles northeast of Victoria, he discovered a camp fire in a grove of timber and, supposing it to be a camp of hunters, went to it. Instead, it was the camp of two "run-away" negro men, seeking their way to Mexico. They murdered Mr. Stinnett, took his horses, provisions and money, and, undiscovered, reached Mexico. The fate of the murdered man remained a mystery. No trace of him was found for five years, until, in the fall of 1842, one of the negroes revealed all the facts to an American prisoner in Mexico (the late Col. Andrew Neill), and so described the locality that the remains of Mr. Stinnett were found and interred.

Thus this estimable lady lost her third husband — two by red savages and one by black — and was again alone, without the ties of kinship, excepting her child, in all the land. Yet she was still young, attractive in person and pure of heart, so that, two years later, she was wooed and won by Mr. Philip Howard. Unwisely, in June, 1840, soon after their marriage, they abandoned their home on the Guadalupe and removed to the ancient Mission of San Juan, eight miles below San Antonio. It was a hundred miles through a wilderness often traversed by hostile savages. Hence they were escorted by seven young men of the vicinity, consisting of Byrd Lockhart, Jr. (of that well-known pioneer family), young McGary, two brothers named Powers (one of whom was a boy of thirteen and both the sons of a widow), and three others whose names are forgotten. On arriving at the mission in the forenoon their horses were hobbled out near by and little John McSherry (the child of Mrs. Howard, recovered from the Indians in 1836, and at this time in his eleventh year) was left on a pony to watch them; but within half an hour a body of Indians suddenly charged upon them, captured some of the horses, and little John barely escaped by dashing into the camp, a vivid reminder to the mother that her cup of affliction was not yet full. In a day or two the seven young men started on their return home. About noon next day, a heavy shower fell, wetting their guns; but was soon followed by sunshine, when they all fired off their guns to clean and dry them. Most imprudently they all did so at the same time, leaving no loaded piece. This volley attracted the keen ear of seventy hostile Comanches who otherwise would not have discovered them. In a moment or two they appeared and cried out that

they were friendly Toncahuas. The ruse succeeded and they were allowed to approach and encircle the now helpless young men. Six of them were instantly slain, scalped and their horses and effects, with the boy Powers, carried off. During the second night afterwards, in passing through a cedar brake at the foot of the Cibolo mountains, he slid quietly off his horse and escaped. In three or four days he reached the upper settlements on the Guadalupe, and gave the first information of these harrowing facts.

Thus again admonished, Mr. and Mrs. Howard removed low down on the San Antonio river, below the ancient ranch of Don Carlos de la Garza, in the lower edge of Goliad County, confident that no hostile savage would ever visit that secluded locality. But they were mistaken. Early in the spring of 1842, the hostiles made a night raid all around them, stole a number of their horses, murdered two of their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Gilleland, and carried off their little son and daughter; but a party of volunteers, among whom were the late Maj. Alfred S. Thurmond, of Aransas, and the late Col. Andrew Neill, of Austin, overhauled and defeated the Indians and recaptured the children. The boy is now Wm. M. Gilleland, long of Austin, and the little girl is the widow of the late Rev. Orseneth Fisher, a distinguished Methodist preacher.

Following this sixth admonition, Mr. and Mrs. Howard at once removed to the present vicinity of Hallettsville, in Lavaca County, and thenceforward her life encountered no repetition of the horrors which had so terribly followed her footsteps through the previous thirteen years. Peace and a fair share of prosperity succeeded. In 1848 Mr. Howard was made County Judge, and some years later they located in Bosque County.

The Snively Expedition Against the Mexican Santa Fe Traders in 1843.

The year 1843 was one of the gloomiest, at least during its first half, ever experienced in Texas. The perfidious and barbarous treatment given the "Texian Santa Fe" prisoners of 1841, after they had capitulated as prisoners of war, preceded by the treason of one of their number, a wretch named William P. Lewis, had created throughout Texas a

desire for retaliation. The expedition so surrendered to the overwhelming force of Armijo, the Governor of New Mexico, was both commercial and peaceful, but of necessity accompanied by a large armed escort to protect it against the hostile Indians, covering the entire distance. The wisdom and the legality of the measure, authorized by

President Lamar, on his own responsibility, were severely criticised by many; but Texas was a unit in indignation at the treacherous, dastardly and brutal treatment bestowed upon their brave and chivalrous citizens after honorable surrender, among whom were many well-known soldiers and gentlemen, including Hugh McLeod, the commander, Jose Antonio Navarro, William G. Cooke and Dr. Richard F. Brenham as Peace Commissioners, Capt. Matthew Caldwell, Geo. W. Kendall of New Orleans, young Frank Coombes of Kentucky, Capt. Houghton and an array of first-class privates, the choice spirits of the country, of whom my friend of forty-eight years, Thomas W. Hunt, now of Bosque County, is still an honorable sample.

The triplicate Mexican raid of 1842, ending with the glorious but unsuccessful battle of Mier, intensified the desire for retaliatory action towards Mexico and especially so towards New Mexico.

As the result of this feeling, on the 28th of January, 1843, Jacob Snively, who had held the staff rank of Colonel in the Texian army, applied to the government for authority to raise men and proceed to the upper boundaries of Texas, and capture a rich train belonging to Armijo and other Santa Fe Mexicans. Permission was issued by George W. Hill, Secretary of War, on the 16th of February, with provisos that half the spoils should go to the government and should only be taken in honorable warfare.

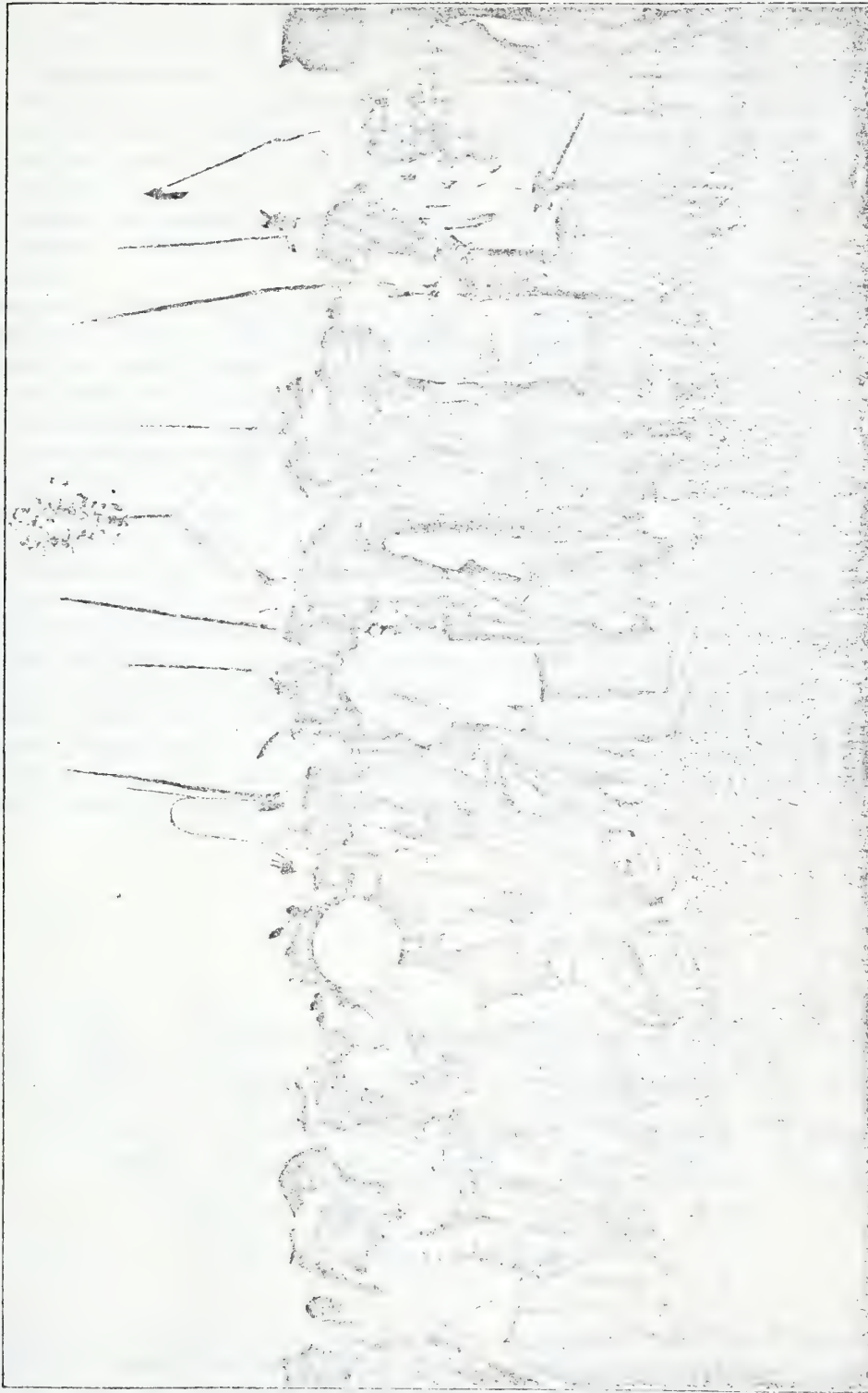
On the 24th of April, near the present town of Denison, the expedition, about 175 strong, was organized, with Snively unanimously chosen as commander. A few others joined a day or two later, making a total of about 190. They followed the old Chihuahua trail west till assured of being west of the hundredth meridian, then bore north, passing along the western base of the Wichita mountains, and on the 27th of May encamped on the southwest bank of the Arkansas. This was said to be about forty miles below the Missouri-Santa Fe crossing, but was only eight or ten miles from the road on the opposite side of the river.

It was known before they started that a Mexican train of great value (for that day) would pass from Independence to Santa Fe, some time in the spring, and as the route for a long distance lay in Texas, it was considered legitimate prey.

They soon learned from some men from Bent's Fort that six hundred Mexican troops were waiting above to escort the caravan from the American boundary to Santa Fe. Snively kept out scouts and sought to recruit his horses. His scouts inspected the camp of the enemy and found their

number as reported, about six hundred. On the 20th of June a portion of the command had a fight with a detachment of the Mexicans, killing seventeen and capturing eighty prisoners, including eighteen wounded, without losing a man, and securing a fine supply of horses, saddles and arms. Snively held the prisoners in a camp with good water. On the 24th three hundred Indians suddenly appeared, but, seeing Snively's position and strength, professed friendship. There was no confidence, however, in their profession, excepting so far as induced by a fear to attack.

The long delay created great discontent and when scouts came in on the 28th and reported no discovery of the caravan, a separation took place. Seventy of the men, selecting Capt. Eli Chandler as their commander, started home on the 29th. Snively, furnishing his wounded prisoners with horses to ride, the others with a limited number of guns for defense against the Indians and such provisions as he could spare, set the whole party at liberty. Whereupon he pitched another camp farther up the river to await the caravan, perfectly confident that he was west of the hundredth meridian and (being on the southwest side of the Arkansas, the boundary line from that meridian to its source), therefore, in Texas. Subsequent surveys proved that he was right. By a captured Mexican he learned that the caravan was not far distant escorted by one hundred and ninety-six United States dragoons, commanded by Capt. Philip St. George Cooke. On June 30th they were discovered by the scouts and found to have also two pieces of artillery. Cooke soon appeared, crossed the river, despite the protest of Snively that he was on Texas soil, and planted his guns so as to rake the camp. He demanded unconditional surrender and there was no other alternative to the outrage. Cooke allowed them to retain ten guns for the one hundred and seven men present, compelled to travel at least four hundred miles through a hostile Indian country, without a human habitation; but their situation was not so desperate as he intended, for a majority of the men, before it was too late, buried their rifles and double-barreled shot-guns in the friendly sand mounds, and meekly surrendered to Cooke the short escopetas they had captured from the Mexicans. Cooke immediately re-crossed the river and slept. He awakened to a partial realization of his harsh and unfeeling act; and sent a message to Snively that he would escort as many of his men as would accept the invitation into Independence, Missouri. About forty-two of the men went, among whom were Capt. Myers F. Jones of Fayette County, his nephew John Rice



WAR DANCE.

Jones, Jr., formerly of Washington County, Missouri, and others whose names cannot be recalled. With Cooke, on a health-seeking trip, was Mr. Joseph S. Pease, a noted hardware merchant of St. Louis, and an old friend of the writer, who bitterly denounced Cooke and defended the cause of the Texians on reaching St. Louis.

Col. Snively hastily dispatched a courier advising Capt. Chandler of these events and asking him to halt. He did so and on the 2d of July the two parties re-united. On the 4th the Indians stampeded sixty of their horses, but in the fight lost twelve warriors, while one Texian was killed and one wounded.

On the 6th the scouts reported that the caravan had crossed the Arkansas. Some wanted to pursue and attack it—others opposed. Snively resigned on the 9th. Sixty-five men selected Chas. A. Warfield as leader (not the Charles A. Warfield afterwards representative of Hunt County, and more recently of California, but another man of the same name who, it is believed, died before the Civil War.) Col. Snively adhered to this party. They pursued the caravan till the 13th, when they found the Mexican escort to be too strong and abandoned the enterprise and started home. Warfield resigned and Snively was re-elected. On the 20th they were assaulted by a band of Indians, but repulsed them, and after the usual privations of such a trip in mid-summer, they arrived at Bird's Fort, on the West Fork of the Trinity, pending the efforts to negotiate a treaty at that place, as elsewhere set

forth in this work. Chandler and party, including Capt. S. P. Ross, had already gotten in.

Besides those already named as in this expedition was the now venerable and honorable ex-Senator Stewart A. Miller, of Crockett, who kept a daily diary of the trip, which was in my possession for several years and to which Yoakum also had access. The late founder of the flourishing town bearing his name, Robert A. Terrell, was also one of the party, and a number of others who are scattered over the country, but their names cannot be given.

When this news reached St. Louis, the writer was on a visit to that city, the guest of Col. A. B. Chambers, editor of the *Republican*, in whose family six years of his boyhood had been passed. The press of the country went wild in bitter denunciation of the Texians as robbers and pirates. The *Republican* alone of the St. Louis press seemed willing to hear both sides. Capt. Myers F. Jones and party published a short defensive card, supplemented by a friendly one from Mr. Joseph S. Pease. That was nearly forty-five years ago, when the writer had just graduated from contests with Mexican freebooters, running for the ten months next prior to the battle of Mier. He could not submit in silence, and published in the *Republican* a complete recapitulation of the outrages, robberies and murders committed in 1841 and 1842 by the Mexicans upon the people of Texas, closing with a denunciation of the conduct of Capt. Philip St. George Cooke.

The Thrilling Mission of Commissioner Joseph C. Eldridge to the Wild Tribes in 1843, by Authority of President Houston—Hamilton P. Bee, Thomas Torrey— The Three Delawares, Jim Shaw, John Connor and Jim Second Eye— The Treaty.

When the year 1843 opened, Gen. Sam. Houston was serving his second term as President of the Republic of Texas, and the seat of government was temporarily at the town of Washington-on-the-Brazos. He had uniformly favored a peace policy toward the Indians, whenever it might become

practicable to conclude a general treaty with the numerous wild and generally hostile tribes inhabiting all the western and northwestern territory of the republic. On this policy the country was divided in opinion, and the question was often discussed with more or less bitterness. Nothing

could be more natural, respecting a policy affecting so deeply the property and lives of the frontier people, who were so greatly exposed to the raids of the hostiles, and had little or no faith in their fidelity to treaty stipulations; while the President, realizing the sparsity of population and feebleness in resources of the government and the country, hoped to bring about a general cessation of hostilities, establish a line of demarcation between the whites and Indians, and by establishing along the same a line of trading houses, to promote friendly traffic, with occasional presents by the government, to control the wild men and preserve the lives of the people.

At this time Joseph C. Eldridge,* a man of education, experience, courage, and the highest order of integrity, was appointed by the President as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. About the same time a delegation from several of the smaller tribes visited the President, in order to have a talk. Among them were several Delawares, nearly civilized, and among them were persons who spoke not only our language, but all the tongues of the wild prairie tribes, some speaking one and some another tongue. It occurred to the President, after frequent interviews, that he could utilize these Delawares, or the three chief men among them, Jim Shaw, John Connor and Jim Second Eye, as commissioners in inducing all the wild tribes to meet the President and peace com-

missioners, at a point to be designated, for the purpose of making a treaty. Subsequent events went to show that the Delawares had imbibed that idea; but President Houston finally decided to commission Capt. Eldridge for that onerous and hazardous mission, to be accompanied by two or three white men of approved character, together with the Delawares and a few Indians of other tribes. Capt. Eldridge eagerly applied to his young and bosom friend, Hamilton P. Bee, to accompany him. They had crossed the gulf together on their first arrival in Texas in 1837 — Bee accompanying his mother from South Carolina to join his father, Col. Barnard E. Bee, already in the service of Texas, and Eldridge coming from his native State, Connecticut. He selected also Thomas Torrey, already an Indian agent, and also a native of Connecticut.

The preparations being completed, the party left Washington late in March, 1843, and consisted of Joseph C. Eldridge, commissioner, Thomas Torrey, Indian agent, the three Delawares as guides and interpreters, several other Delawares as hunters, helpers and traders, Acoquash, the Waco head chief, who was one of those who had been to see the President, and Hamilton P. Bee. There may have been a few other Indians. They had a small caravan of pack mules to transport their provisions and presents for the Indians. They also had with them for delivery to their own people two Comanche children about twelve years old, one a girl named Maria (May-re-ah) and the other a boy who had taken the name of William Hockley, being two of the captives at the Council House fight, in San Antonio, on the 19th of March, 1840, elsewhere described in this work. They also had two young Waco women, previously taken as prisoners, but these were placed in charge of Acoquash.

They passed up the valley of the Brazos, passing Fort Milam, near the present Marlin, around which were the outside habitations of the white settlers. Further up, on Tehuacano creek, six or seven miles southeast of the present city of Waco, they reached the newly established trading house of the Torrey brothers,* afterwards well known as a

* Joseph C. Eldridge was a native of Connecticut, and of an ancient and honorable family. Of him Gen. Bee writes me: "He was an admirable character, brave, cool, determined in danger, faithful to public trusts and loving in his friendships. He did more than his duty on this trip. He served as Paymaster in the United States navy from 1846, and died the senior officer of that corps in 1881, at his home in Brooklyn, New York. His stern sense of duty was displayed on our way out, when, north of Red river, we met and camped all night with a company of men under Capt. S. P. Ross, returning from the ill-fated Snively expedition. They urged us to return home, as the Indians on the plains were all hostile — our trip would be fruitless, and the hazards were too great for such a handful. Only Eldridge's courage and high sense of duty caused him to reject the advice and proceed; but pending our trial in the Comanche council we all regretted not having yielded to the warnings of Capt. Ross. Capt. Eldridge died of softening of the brain. He had a son, Houston Eldridge, named for the President after their temporary unpleasantness, a most promising young officer of the navy, who died not long after his father. John C. Eldridge, a cousin of Joseph C., also figured honorably in Texas for a number of years, and their names were sometimes confounded. Charles W. Eldridge, another cousin, deceased in Hartford, Connecticut, was a brother-in-law to the writer of this history.

* There were four of the Torrey brothers, all from Ashford, Connecticut, the younger following the elder to Texas 1836 to 1840. David was the head of Torrey's Trading House. He was the third one in the order of death, being killed by Indians on the Brazos frontier, not far from the time of annexation. James, a gallant and estimable young man, kindly remembered by the writer of this for his social and soldierly virtues, was one of the seventeen justly celebrated Mier prisoners who drew black beans at the hacienda of Salado, Mexico,

resort for Indians and traders. Here they found a large party of Delawares.

The Delawares accompanying Eldridge also had mules freighted with goods for traffic with the wild tribes; and, among other commodities, a goodly supply of that scourge of our race—whisky—doubtless intended for the Delawares found here, as expected by those with Eldridge, for at that time the wild tribes did not drink it.

On the arrival of the commissioner, all became bustle and activity. The liquor was soon tapped and a merry time inaugurated, but soon after dark every Indian surrendered his knife and firearms to the chiefs, by whom they were secreted. Then loose reign was given to unarmed warriors, and throughout the night pandemonium prevailed accompanied by screams, hideous yells, fisticuffs, scratching, biting, and all manner of unarmed personal combat, causing wakefulness and some degree of apprehension among the white men. But no one was killed or seriously injured, and in due time, sheer exhaustion was followed by quiet slumber, the red man showing the same maudlin beastliness when crazed by mean whisky as, alas! characterizes his white brother in like condition. It required two days to recover from the frolic, and then Eldridge resumed his march into the wilds beyond. His instructions were to visit as many of the wild tribes as possible, and the head chief of the Comanches—to deliver to them the words of friendship from their Great Father, the President, and invite them all to attend a grand council to be held at Bird's Fort, on the north side of the main or west fork of the Trinity, commencing on the 10th of August (1843), where they would meet duly accredited commissioners and the President in person to treat with them.

and were shot to death by order of Santa Anna, on the 19th of March, 1842. Thomas, the companion of Eldridge and Bee on this hazardous mission, a worthy brother of such men as David and James, was a Santa Fe prisoner in 1841-42, marched in chains twelve hundred miles, from Santa Fe to the city of Mexico, and was there imprisoned with his fellows. He passed the terrible ordeal narrated in this chapter, as occurring in the council of Payhayuco—separated from Eldridge and Bee at the Wichita village, successfully reached Bird's Fort, with detachments of the wild tribes, there to sicken and die, as success largely crowned their efforts to bring about a general treaty. John F. Torrey, the only survivor of the four brothers, the personification of enterprise, built and ran cotton and woolen factories at New Braunfels. Floods twice swept them and his wealth away. At a goodly age he lives on his own farm on Comanche Peak, Hood County. Honored be the name of Torrey among the children of Texas!

This fort was about twenty-two miles westerly from where Dallas was subsequently founded.

At a point above the three forks of the Trinity, probably in Wise or Jack County, the expedition halted for a few days and sent out Delaware messengers to find and invite any tribes found in the surrounding country to visit them. Delegations from eleven small tribes responded by coming in, among them being Wacos, Anadarcos, Towdashes, Caddos, Keechbis, Tehuacanos, Delawares, Bedais, Boluxies, Ionies, and one or two others, constituting a large assemblage, the deliberations of which were duly opened by the solemnities of embracing, smoking, and a wordy interchange of civilities. Capt. Eldridge appeared in full uniform, and Bee * performed the duties of secretary. The council opened by an address from the Delaware interpreters, and the whole day was consumed in a series of dialogues between them and the wild chiefs, Capt. Eldridge getting no opportunity to speak, and when desiring to do so was told by the Delawares that it was not yet time, as they had not talked enough to the wild men. So, at night, the council adjourned till next day when Eldridge delivered his talk, which was interpreted to the different tribes by the Delawares. Finally Eldridge said: "Tell them I am the mouth-piece of the President, and speak his words." Two of the Delawares interpreted the sentence, but Jim Shaw refused, saying it was a lie. The other two conveyed the language to all. The result was satisfactory, and the tribes present all agreed to attend the council at Bird's Fort. Returning to his tent, Capt. Eldridge demanded of Shaw, who was the leader and more intelligent of the Delawares, the meaning of his strange conduct, to which he replied that the three Delawares considered themselves the commissioners, Eldridge being along only to write down whatever was done. He also charged that Eldridge had their commission, attested by seals

* Hamilton P. Bee is a native of Charleston, South Carolina, favorably and intimately known to the writer for half a century as an honor to his country in all that constitutes a true and patriotic citizen—a son of the Hon. Barnard E. Bee, who early tendered his sword and services to struggling Texas, and a brother of Gen. Barnard E. Bee, who fell at Manassas, the first General to yield his life to the Confederate cause. Hamilton P. Bee was Secretary to the United States and Texas Boundary Commission, 1839-40; Secretary of the first State Senate in 1846; a gallant soldier in the Mexican war; eight years a member of the Legislature from the Rio Grande, and Speaker of the House in 1855-56; a Brigadier-General in the Confederate army, losing a handsome estate by the war, and later served as Commissioner of Insurance, Statistics and History of the State of Texas.

and ribbons, with his baggage. This document being Eldridge's instructions as commissioner, was brought out, read and explained by Bee. Jim Shaw was greatly excited, and had evidently believed what he said; but Eldridge bore himself with great composure and firmness. After the reading Jim Shaw said: "I beg your pardon, Joe, but I have been misled. I thought the Delawares were to make the treaties. We will go no farther, but go to our own country, on the Missouri river — will start to-morrow, and will never return to Texas." Eldridge, alarmed at this unexpected phase of affairs, appealed to the trio to stay and guide him, as the President expected them to do; but they seemed inflexible. To proceed without them was madness, and in this dilemma Eldridge sent for Jose Maria, the noted chief of the Anadarcos, who had been so severely wounded in his victorious fight with the whites, in Bryant's defeat near Marlin, in January, 1839. He explained to him the facts just related, and asked him if he would escort him back into the settlements. Greatly pleased at such a mark of confidence — his keen black eyes giving full expression to his gratified pride — he promptly and solemnly promised to do so.

On the next morning, while Eldridge was packing and mounting for his homeward march, surrounded by his promised escort of one hundred Anadarco warriors, well mounted and armed with bows and lances, with Jose Maria at their head, Jim Shaw sent word to Capt. Eldridge that he had changed his mind and would continue the trip. An interview followed and a full understanding was entered into, acknowledging Capt. Eldridge as the sole head of the expedition; but after this the manner of the Delaware trio was formal and reserved, and their intercourse long confined to business matters.

Continuing the march, they next reached the principal village of the Wacos, whither they had been preceded by Acoquash, with the two released Waco girls, who greeted them warmly. During their stay he was their guest, and most of the time had his family on hand. It was a little odd, but his friendship was too valuable to be sacrificed on a question of etiquette. Here the Delawares announced that it would be necessary to send out runners to find the Comanches; that this would require fifteen days, during which time the trio — Shaw, Connor and Second Eye — would take the peltries they had on hand to Warren's trading house down on Red river, for deposit or sale, and return within the time named. During the delay, Eldridge camped three miles from the village, but was daily surrounded and more or less annoyed by the Wacos, men, women and children. The wife of

Acoquash became violently ill, and he requested his white brothers to exert their skill as medicine men. Mr. Bee administered to her jalap and rhubarb, which, fortunately for them, as will be seen later, speedily relieved and restored her to health.

The runners returned on time with rather encouraging reports; but the essential trio, so indispensable to progress, were absent twenty-eight instead of fifteen days, causing a loss of precious time.

Their next move was for the Wichita village, at or near the present site of Fort Sill. They were kindly received by this warlike tribe, who had heard of their mission and promised to attend the council at Bird's Fort.

They next bore westerly for the great prairies and plains in search of the Comanches, Acoquash and his wife being with them. It was now in July and all of their provisions were exhausted, reducing them to an entire dependence on wild meat, which, however, was abundant, and they soon found the fallow of the buffalo, quite unlike that of the cow, a good substitute for bread. They carried in abundant strings of cooked meat on their pack mules.

After twenty days they found Indian "signs" in a plum thicket, "the best wild plums," wrote Young Bee, "I ever saw." They saw where Indians had been eating plums during the same day, and there they encamped. Pretty soon an Indian, splendidly mounted, approached, having a boy of six years before him. He proved to be blind, but a distinguished chief of the Comanches — a man of remarkable physique, over six feet in height, a model in proportions and his hair growing down over his face. He told the Delaware interpreter the locality in which they were, and that the town of Payhayuco, the great head chief of the Comanches, was only a few miles distant.

As soon as the blind chief's boy — a beautiful child, handsomely dressed in ornamented buckskin — gathered a supply of plums, they mounted and returned to their town, accompanied by a few of the Delawares. In the afternoon a delegation of the Comanches visited Eldridge and invited him and his party to visit their town. Promptly saddling up and escorted by about 500 Comanche warriors, in about two hours' ride, they entered the town of the great chief

PAYHAYUCO,

and for the first time beheld the pride and the glory of the wild tribes — the Comanche Indian in his Bedouin-like home. With considerable ceremony they were conducted to the tent of Payhayuco, who was absent, but the honors were done by the chief

of his seven wives, who caused the best tent to be vacated and placed at the disposal of her white guests. It was hot, August weather, and such crowds of Comanches, of all ages and sexes, pressed in and around the tent that it became so suffocating as to necessitate the erection of their own tent, which was open at both ends. First getting the consent of their hostess, this was done.

Finding that the chief would be absent a week yet to come, and their business being with him, they could only patiently await his arrival. They were ceaseless curiosities to all the younger Comanches, who had never seen a white man, and who continued to crowd around and inspect them; rolling up their sleeves to show their white arms to the children, etc. While thus delayed the Comanches twice moved their town, and our people were astonished at the regularity with which each new location was laid off into streets and the precision with which each family took its position in each new place. Mr. Bee accompanied the warriors on two or three buffalo hunts, and was surprised at their wonderful dexterity.

Payhayuco arrived on the afternoon of August 9 (1843), and occupied the tent adjoining the whites. They were soon informally presented to him and courteously received, but no clue was obtained as to the state of his mind. At sunrise next morning about a hundred warriors met in council in a large tent, sitting on the ground in a series of circles diminishing from circumference to center, wherein Payhayuco sat. Our friends, not being invited, took a brief glance at them and retired to their own tent, leaving their case with the Delawares, who attended the council. About 10 a. m. a sort of committee from the council waited on them to say that a report had come from the Waco village, where they had tarried so long, charging that they were bad men and had given poison to the Wacos, and wanted to know what they had to say about it. This was supremely preposterous, but it was also gravely suggestive of danger. They repelled the charge and referred to the old Waco chief, Acoquash, then present, their companion on the whole trip, and whose wife they had cured. What a hazard they had passed! Had that poor squaw died instead of recovering under Bee's treatment, their fate would have been sealed. A Choctaw negro, who understood but little Comanche, told them the council was deliberating on their lives and talking savagely. They sent for the Delawares and told them of this. The Delawares denied it, and reassured them. But half an hour later their favorite Delaware hunter, the only

one in whose friendship they fully confided, informed them that the Comanches were going to kill them. They were, of course, very much alarmed by this second warning, and, again summoning the trio, told Jim Shaw they were not children, but men, and demanded to know the truth. Shaw replied that he had desired to conceal their peril from them as long as possible, and for that reason had told them a lie; but in truth the council was clamorous and unanimous for their death; that all the chiefs who had a right to speak had done so, and all were against them; that they (Shaw and Connor) had done all they could for them; had told the council they would die with them, as they had promised the White Father they would take care of them and would never return without them; and that Acoquash had been equally true to them. They added that only Payhayuco was yet to speak, but even should he take the opposite side they did not believe he had influence enough to save their lives. "Next came into our tent" (I quote the language of Gen. Bee on this incident), "our dear old friend Acoquash, where we three lone white men were sitting, betraying the most intense feeling, shaking all over and great tears rolling from his eyes, and as best he could, told us that we would soon be put to death. He said he had told them his father was once a great chief, the head of a nation who were lords of the prairie, but had always been the friends of the Comanches, who always listened to the counsel of his father, for it was always good, and he had begged them to listen to him as their fathers had listened to his father, when he told them that we (Eldridge, Bee and Torrey) were messengers of peace; that we had the 'white flag,' and that the vengeance of the Great Spirit would be turned against them if they killed such messengers; but he said it was of no avail. We had to die and he would die with us for he loved us as his own children. Poor old Indian! My heart yearns to him yet after the lapse of so many years." [Gen. Bee to his children.]

Acoquash then returned to the council. Our friends, of course, agonized as brave men may who are to die as dogs, but they soon recovered composure and resolved on their course. Each had two pistols. When the party should come to take them out for death, each would kill an Indian with one, and then, to escape slow torture, empty the other into his own brain. From 12 to 4 o'clock not a word was spoken in that council. All sat in silence, awaiting the voice of Payhayuco. At 4 o'clock his voice was heard, but no one reported to the doomed men. Then other voices were heard, and occasionally those of the Delawares. A little

later confusion seemed to prevail, and many voices were heard. Bee said to Eldridge: "See the setting sun, old fellow! It is the last we shall ever see on earth!" At the same instant approaching footsteps were heard. Each of the three sprang to his feet, a pistol in each hand, when "dear old" Acoquash burst into the tent and threw himself into the arms of Eldridge. Bee and Torrey thought the old Spartan had come to redeem his pledge and die with them, but in a moment realized that his convulsive action was the fruit of uncontrollable joy. The next moment the Delawares rushed in exclaiming, "Saved! saved!" "Oh! God! can I ever forget that moment! To the earth, from which we came, we fell as if we had been shot, communing with Him who reigns over all—a scene that might be portrayed on canvas, but not described! Prostrate on the earth lay the white man and the red man, creatures of a common brotherhood, typified and made evident that day in the wilderness; not a word spoken; each bowed to the earth—brothers in danger and brothers in the holy electric spark which caused each in his way to thank God for deliverance." [Gen. Bee to his children.]

After this ordeal had been passed, succeeded by a measure of almost heavenly repose, the interpreters, now fully reconciled to Eldridge, explained that after that solemn silence of four hours, Payhayuco had eloquently espoused the cause of mercy and the sanctity of the white flag borne by the messengers of peace. His appeal was, perhaps, as powerful and pathetic as ever fell from the lips of an untutored son of the forest. Upon conclusion, amid much confusion and the hum of excited voices, he took the vote per capita and was sustained by a small majority. The sun sank at the same moment, reflecting rays of joy upon the western horizon, causing among the saved a solemn and inexpressibly grateful sense of the majesty and benignity of the King of kings—our Father in Heaven.

As darkness came, the stentorian voice of Payhayuco was successively heard in the four quarters of the town, its tones denoting words of command. Our countrymen demanded of the interpreters to know what he was saying. The latter answered: "He is telling them you are under his protection and must not, at the peril of their lives, be hurt." A hundred warriors were then placed in a circle around the tent, and so remained till next morning. No Indian was allowed to enter the circle.

When morning came they were invited to the council, when Capt. Eldridge delivered the message of friendship from President Houston, and invited

them to accompany him in and meet the council at Bird's Fort; but this was the 11th of August, a day after the date heretofore fixed for the assemblage, and a new date would be selected promptly on their arrival, or sooner if runners were sent in advance. The presents were then distributed and an answer awaited.

On their arrival the little Comanche boy had been given up. He still remembered some of his mother tongue and at once relapsed into barbarism. But now Capt. Eldridge tendered to the chief, little Maria, a beautiful Indian child, neatly dressed, who knew no word but English. A scene followed which brought tears to the eyes of not only the white men, but also of the Delawares. The child seemed horrified, clung desperately and imploringly to Capt. Eldridge, and screamed most piteously; but the whole scene cannot be described here. It was simply heartrending. She was taken up by a huge warrior and borne away, uttering piercing cries of despair. For years afterwards she was occasionally heard of, still bearing the name of Maria, acting as interpreter at Indian councils.

Succeeding this last scene they were informed that the council had refused to send delegates to the proposed council. Payhayuco favored the measure, but was overruled by the majority. Within an hour after this announcement (August 11th, 1843) our friends mounted and started on their long journey home—fully five hundred miles, through a trackless wilderness. I pass over some exciting incidents occurring at the moment of their departure between a newly arrived party of Delaware traders, having no connection with Eldridge, and a portion of the Comanches, in regard to a Choctaw negro prisoner bought from the Comanches by the traders. It was dreaded by our friends as a new danger, but was settled without bloodshed by the payment of a larger ransom to the avaricious Comanches.

Without remarkable incident and in due time, our friends arrived again at the principal Wichita village (at or near the present Fort Sill) and were again kindly received. The day fixed for the treaty having passed, Eldridge knew the President would be disappointed and impatient; so, after consultation, it was agreed that Torrey, with Jim Shaw, John Connor and the other Indian attaches, still with them, should return on the route they had gone out, gather up the tribes first mentioned in this narrative, and conduct them to Bird's Fort; while Eldridge, Bee and their most trusted Delaware hunter, with Jim Second Eye as guide, would proceed directly to the fort. Thus they separated, each party on its mission, and to

Eldridge and Bee it was a perilous one. I shall follow them.

On the second day, at 3 p. m., they halted in a pretty grove, on a beautiful stream, to cook their last food, a little Wichita green corn. This enraged Second Eye, who seized the hunter's gun, and galloped away, leaving them with only holster pistols. The Delaware hunter was a stranger in the country and could only communicate by signs. For three days he kept a bee line for Warren's trading house on Red river, as safer than going directly to Bird's Fort, guided by the information he had casually picked up from his brothers on the trip, for neither of the white men knew the country. On the third day they entered the Cross Timbers where brush and briars retarded their progress, and camped near night on a pretty creek. The Delaware climbed a high tree and soon began joyful gesticulations. Descending he indicated that Eldridge should accompany him, leaving Bee in camp. He did so and they were gone two or three hours, but finally returned with a good supply of fresh corn bread, a grateful repast to men who had been without an ounce of food for three days and nights. The camp visited proved to be that of a party of men cutting hay for Fort Arbuckle, on the Washita, who cooked and gave them the bread and other provisions, with directions to find the trading house and the information that they could reach it next day. With full stomachs they slept soundly; started early in the morning and about 2 p. m. rode up to Warren's trading house. The first man seen was Jim Second Eye, the treacherous scoundrel who had left them at the mercy of any straggling party of hostile or thieving savages. He hastened forward with extended hand, exclaiming: "How are you, Joe? How are you, Ham? Glad to see you!"

The always courteous Eldridge, usually gentle and never given to profane language, sprang from his horse and showered upon him such a torrent of denunciatory expletives as to exhaust himself; then, recovering, presented himself and Mr. Bee to Mr. Warren, with an explanatory apology for his violent language, justified, as he thought, towards the base wretch to whom it was addressed. Quite a crowd of Indians and a few white men were present. Mr. Warren received and entertained them most kindly. They never more beheld Jim Second Eye.

After a rest of two days Eldridge and Bee, with their faithful Delaware, left for Bird's Fort, and, without special incident, arrived there about the middle of September, to be welcomed by the commissioners, Messrs. George W. Terrell and E. H. Tarrant, who had given them up as lost. The

President had remained at the fort for a month, when, chagrined and greatly disappointed, he had left for the seat of government.

Capt. Eldridge, anxious to report to the President, tarried not at the fort, but with Bee and the still faithful Delaware, continued on. On the way Mr. Bee was seized with chills and fever of violent type, insomuch that, at Fort Milam, Eldridge left him and hurried on. Mr. Bee finally reached the hospitable house of his friend, Col. Josiah Crosby, seven miles above Washington, and there remained till in the winter, before recovering his health. Capt. Eldridge, after some delay, met and reported to the President, but was not received with the cordiality he thought due his services. Jim Shaw and John Connor had preceded him and misstated various matters to the prejudice of Eldridge, and to the amazement of many who knew his great merit and his tried fidelity to President Houston, he was dismissed from office. Very soon, however, the old hero became convinced of his error; had Eldridge appointed chief clerk of the State Department under Anson Jones, and, immediately after annexation in 1846, secured his appointment by President Polk, as Paymaster in the United States Navy, a position he held till his death in his long-time home in Brooklyn, New York, in 1881. Excepting only the incident referred to—deeply lamented by mutual friends—the friendship between him and President Houston, from their first acquaintance in 1837, remained steadfast while both lived. Indeed Capt. Eldridge subsequently named a son for him—his two sons being Charles and Houston Eldridge.

A TREATY MADE.

On the 29th of September, 1843, a few days after Eldridge and Bee left, a treaty was concluded by Messrs. Tarrant and Terrell, with the following tribes, viz.: Tehuacanos, Keechis, Wacos, Caddos, Anadarcos, Ionics, Boluxies, Delawares, and thirty isolated Cherokees. The Wichitas and Towdashes were deterred from coming in by the lies of some of the Creeks. Estecayucatubba, principal chief of the Chickasaws, signed the treaty merely for its effect on the wild tribes. Leonard Williams and Luis Sanchez, of Nacogdoches, were present and aided in collecting the tribes, who failed to assemble on the 10th of August, because of the non-return of Eldridge and his party. Roasting Ear, S. Lewis and McCulloch, Delaware chiefs, were present at the signing and rendered service in favor of the treaty.

The most potent chief in the council, to whom the wild tribes looked as a leader, was Kechikoroqua, the head of the Tehuacanos, who at first

refused to treat with any one but the President; but finally yielded, after understanding the powers of the commissioners.

A line of demarcation was agreed upon between the whites and Indians, along which, at proper intervals, trading houses were to be established. Three points for such houses were selected, which indicate the general line chosen, viz.: one at the junction of the West and Clear Forks of the Trin-

ity; one at the Comanche Peak; and one at the old San Saba Mission.

From undoubted data this narrative has been prepared, the first ever published of this most thrilling succession of events in our Indian history. It reflects the highest credit on the three courageous young men who assumed and triumphed over its hazards, though sadly followed by the death of the heroic and much loved Thomas Torrey.

Scenes on Red River — Murder of Mrs. Hunter, Daughter and Servant.

From the first settlements along and near Red river in the counties of Fannin and Grayson, covering the years from 1837 to 1843, the few and scattered inhabitants were at no time free from the sneaking savages, who in small parties, often clandestinely entered the vicinity of one or more of the new settlers and lay in wait till opportunity should offer for their murderous assaults under circumstances promising them greater or less immunity from danger to themselves. The number of such inroads during those years was considerable, and relatively many lives were lost, besides quite a number of women and children being carried into captivity. It must seem incredible to those who have ever lived in peace and security in old communities, that men, in no sense compelled to abandon such localities on account of crowded population, should, with their wives and children, thrust themselves forward entirely beyond the arm of governmental protection, or even the aid of their own countrymen. To such persons thousands of the hazards thus voluntarily assumed must appear as the offspring of inexcusable temerity. The idea of voluntarily subjecting women and helpless children to the constant hazard of such fiendish horrors, is appalling to those who are born, live and die in the older States of our country. All this seems unreasonable to those around the peaceful firesides of home, in the midst of population, comfort, schools, churches, law and government. But the political philosopher as well as the enlightened student of American history, meets these tender sensibilities of the human heart with the stubborn and all-pervading fact, that had it not been for this trait in the Anglo-Saxon character, this lofty defi-

ance of danger and love of adventure, the American Union to-day would scarcely have passed the Ohio in its march towards the West. The truth of this opinion, in a large degree, if not in its entirety, is attested by the blood of the slain in ten thousand places west and southwest of the Alleghanies, and by the heroism, the anguish, the tears and the prayers of more than ten thousand mothers ascending to the throne of God pleading for their children "because they were not." It is a truth the quintessence of which should ever comfort every American freeman as one of the great testimonials by which he enjoys life and liberty, home and happiness in much the larger portion of this Republic of Republics, reaching from the Eastern to the Western ocean, entirely across the New World. Of all men on earth such a freeman should be a good citizen, jealous of his rights, as sacred boons, conferred that he and his fellows might stand forth as true men—the unfaltering friends of good government and of liberty, regulated by wise and just laws.

As samples of the horrors referred to, the subjoined narrative of one of the lesser demonisms pertaining to our pioneer settlements is given.

In the year 1840, Dr. Hunter and family located in the valley of Red river, about eight miles east or below the trading house or village of Old Warren and several miles from any other habitation. The family consisted of the parents, a son nearly grown, three daughters, aged about eighteen, twelve and ten, and a negro woman. They soon erected cabins, and the elder daughter married Mr. William Lankford of Warren, and settled at a new place. The family were pleased with the surround-

ings and labored assiduously in opening up a permanent home. Like thousands before them, they finally fell into a state of fancied security and became careless, till on one occasion, the father and son both left home to be absent till night.

Late in the afternoon of the ill-fated day, the two little girls went to the spring, about a hundred yards from the cabin, for a bucket of water. But as they started on their return to the house, a party of eleven lurking savages sprang from the brush, shot one of the children to death and seized the other so suddenly that neither made the slightest noise. Scalping the slain child and holding fast to the other, they noiselessly approached the cabin, unheard and unseen till they sprang into the door and there, in the presence of the captive, mercilessly killed and scalped her mother and killed, without scalping, the negro woman. As speedily as they could they plundered the house of all they could carry off and left at dark, of course bearing away the child prisoner.

Before they had passed beyond hearing young Hunter reached home and hallooed for some one to come out. The Indians increased their pace, a stout warrior carrying the child on his shoulders. Receiving no answer the young man entered the

house and before he could strike a light, stumbled over his dead mother. The light, when struck, revealed the dead bodies and the destruction otherwise wrought. He lost no time in mounting and hastening for help, but the people were too few and scattered to make any effective pursuit. Arriving at the place next day the dead little girl was found, and this led to grave apprehensions as to the fate of the other. It had rained all night, rendering it impracticable to rapidly follow the trail of the retreating marauders.

Subsequent developments showed that the Indians traveled all night in the rain, but during the next day slackened their pace and thereafter traveled slowly for several days to their villages. At night, before the fire, the little captive was compelled to work in dressing her mother's scalp. Months passed and no tidings came of the missing one; but perhaps a year later the father and son learned that a party of Choctaws had bought such a child from wild Indians. The son hastened into the country of those friendly people and after three or four days' travel, found and recovered his sister. He hastened her back to the embraces of her stricken father and sister, to cherish through life, however, an everpresent recollection of the ghastly scene she was compelled to witness.

Captivity of the Simpson Children — The Murder of Emma and the Recovery of Thomas — 1844.

Among the residents of Austin in the days of its partial abandonment, from the spring of 1842 to the final act of annexation in the winter of 1845-6, was an estimable widow named Simpson. During that period Austin was but an outpost, without troops and ever exposed to inroads from the Indians. Mrs. Simpson had a daughter named Emma, fourteen years of age, and a son named Thomas, aged twelve. On a summer afternoon in 1844, her two children went out a short distance to drive home the cows. Soon their mother heard them scream at the ravine, not over 400 yards west of the center of the town. In the language of Col. John S. Ford, a part of whose narrative I adopt: "She required no explanation of the cause; she knew at once the Indians had captured her darlings. Sorrowing, and almost heartbroken, she rushed to

the more thickly settled part of the town to implore citizens to turn out, and endeavor to recapture her children. A party of men were soon in the saddle, and on the trail.

"They discovered the savages were on foot — about four in number — and were moving in the timber, parallel to the river, and up it. They found on the trail shreds of the girl's dress, yet it was difficult to follow the footsteps of the fleeing red men. From a hill they descended the Indians just before they entered the ravine south of Mount Bonnell. The whites moved at a run, yet they failed to overtake the barbarians. A piece of an undergarment was certain evidence that the captors had passed over Mount Barker. The rocky surface of the ground precluded the possibility of fast trailing, and almost the possibility of trailing at all.

Every conceivable effort was made to track the Indians, and all proved unavailing. They were loth to return to Austin to inform the grief-stricken mother her loved ones were indeed the prisoners of savages, and would be subject to all the brutal cruelties and outrages of a captivity a thousand times more terrible than the pangs of death. The scene which ensued, when the dread news reached Mrs. Simpson's ears, can not be painted with pen or pencil. The wail of agony and despair rent the air, and tears of sympathy were rung from frontiersmen who never quailed when danger came in its most fearful form. The pursuing party was small. All the names have not been ascertained. Judge Joe Lee, Columbus Browning and Thomas Wooldridge, were among them."

Pursuit under the then condition of the almost defenseless people of Austin was impossible. No further tidings of the lost children were had for a year or more. About that time Thomas Simpson was ransomed by a trader at Taos, New Mexico. He was finally returned to his mother, and then the fate of Emma became manifest. Thomas said "his sister fought the Indians all the time. They carried her by force—dragged her frequently, tore her clothing and handled her roughly. Thomas was led by two Indians. He offered no resistance, knowing he would be killed if he did.

"When the Indians discovered they were followed they doubled, coming back rather in the direction of Austin. They made a short halt not far from Hon. John Hancock's place. Thomas begged his sister not to resist, and told her such a course would cause her to be put to death."

The Indians then divided for a short time, the

sister in the charge of one and the brother of the other couple. When they reunited on Shoal creek, about six miles from Austin, Thomas saw "his sister's scalp dangling from one's belt. No one will ever know the details of the bloody deed. Indeed, a knowledge of Indian customs justifies the belief that the sacrifice of an innocent life involved incidents of a more revolting character than mere murder. In the course of time the bones of the unfortunate girl were found near the place where Mr. George W. Davis erected his residence, and to that extent corroborated the account of Thomas Simpson. It is no difficult matter to conceive what were the impressions produced upon parents then living in Austin by this event. It is easy to imagine how vivid the conviction must have been that their sons and daughters might become the victims of similar misfortunes, suffering and outrages."

In the language of Col. Ford: "Let the reader extend the idea, and include the whole frontier of Texas in the scope, extending, as it did, from Red river to the Rio Grande, in a sinuous line upon the outer tiers of settlements, and including a large extent of the Gulf coast. Let him remember that the country was then so sparsely populated it was quite all frontier; and open to the incursions of the merciless tribes who made war upon women and children, and flourished the tomahawk and the scalping-knife in the bedrooms and the boudoirs, as well as in the forests and upon the bosoms of the prairies. When he shall have done this he can form a proximate conception of the privations and perils endured by the pioneers who reclaimed Texas from the dominion of the Indian and made it the abode of civilized men."

Brief History of Castro's Colony.

With the declaration of Texian independence, March 2d, 1836, all prior colonial grants and contracts with Mexico or the State of Coahuila and Texas ceased. Really and practically they ceased on the 13th of November, 1835, by a decree of the first revolutionary assembly, known as the consultation, which, as a preventive measure against frauds and villainy, wisely and honestly closed all land office business until a permanent government could be organized. Hence, as a historical fact, the

colonial contracts of Stephen F. Austin, Austin & Williams, Sterling C. Robertson, Green De Witt, Martin DeLeon, Power & Hewetson and McMullen & McGloin ceased on the 13th of November, 1835. The concessions to David G. Burnet, Joseph Vehlein and Lorenzo de Zavala, previously transferred to a New York syndicate, known as the New York and Galveston Bay Company, of which Archibald Hotchkiss, of Nacogdoches, was made resident agent, and which, in reality, accomplished

little or nothing, also expired by the decree of the 13th of November, 1835.

The Republic was born March 2, 1836, and for the five succeeding years, until February 4th, 1841, in the last year of Lamar's administration, there was no law authorizing colonial contracts. But on the last named day a law was passed authorizing the President, under conditions set forth, to enter into contracts for the colonization of wild lands in Northwest and Southwest Texas. That act was amended January 1st, 1843.

President Lamar entered into a contract for what became known as Peters Colony, in North Texas, August 30, 1841, which was altered November 20, 1841, and, by President Houston, on the 26th of July, 1842, Houston having succeeded Lamar as President. Under this law, besides the Peters Colony, already granted, President Houston made grants to Henry F. Fisher and Burchard Miller, for what afterwards became known as the German Colony, which did much to populate the beautiful mountain country drained by the Perdnas, Llano and San Saba rivers.

On the 15th of January, 1842, Henry Castro entered into a contract with President Houston for settling a colony west of the Medina, to continue for five years, the eastern boundary being four miles west of the Medina and cutting him off from that beautiful stream; but he bought from private parties the lands on it and thereby made the Medina his eastern boundary. At the same time President Houston appointed Mr. Castro Texian Consul-General to France.

Who was Henry Castro? He was an educated and accomplished Frenchman, bearing a Spanish name, and was rightfully Henri de Castro. Owing to the invasion of Texas in 1842 and other obstacles, on the 25th of December, 1844, after he had brought over seven hundred immigrants, on seven different ships, chartered at his own cost, his contract was prolonged for three years from its original period of termination—a just and honorable concession by Texas to one of such approved zeal and energy.

A volume of interest could be written descriptive of the efforts of Mr. Castro to settle his colony, then exposed to the attacks of bandit and guerrilla Mexicans but a little to its west, and to all the hostile Indians north and west of his proposed settlement. He hurried to France and besides his official and personal affairs, did great service in aiding Gen. James Hamilton, the Texian minister, in popularizing the cause of Texas in France. He encountered great obstacles, as the French government was using immense efforts to encourage

migration to its colony in Algiers; but on the 13th of November, 1842, he dispatched the ship, Ebro, from Havre with 113 immigrants for Texas. Soon afterwards the ships Lyons, from Havre, and the Louis Philippe, from Dunkirk, followed with immigrants, accompanied by the Abbe Menitrier. These were followed from Antwerp on the 25th of October, 1843, by the ship, Jeane Key; and on May 4th by the Jeanette Marie. The seven ships named brought over seven hundred colonists. In all, in thirty-seven ships, he introduced into Texas ~~over five thousand~~ immigrants, farmers, orchardists and vine-growers, chiefly from the Rhenish provinces, an excellent class of industrious, law-abiding people, whose deeds "do follow them" in the beautiful gardens, fields and homes in Medina and the contiguous counties on the west.

On the 3d of September, 1844, after many delays, the heroic Castro, at the head of the first party to arrive on the ground, formally inaugurated his colony as a living fact. A town was laid out on the west bank of the Medina, and by the unanimous vote of the colonists, named Castrovilla. It was a bold step, confronting dangers unknown to the first American colonists in 1822, for besides hostile savages, now accustomed to the use of fire arms, it challenged inroads from the whole Rio Grande Mexican frontier, which, in 1822 furnished friends and not enemies to foreign settlement in Texas. It was doing what both Spanish and Mexican power had failed to do in 153 years—1692 to 1844—since the first settlement at San Antonio. It was founding a permanent settlement of civilized, Christian men, between San Antonio and the Rio Grande, the settlements and towns on which, from Matamoros (Reynosa, Camargo, Mier, Guerrero, Larioredo, Dolores, San Fernando, Santa Rosa, Presidio del Rio Grande, Presidio del Norte), bristled in hostility to Texas and its people. It was an achievement entitling the name of Henri de Castro to be enrolled among the most prominent pioneers of civilization in modern times. Yet the youth of to-day, joyously and peacefully galloping over the beautiful and fertile hills and valleys he rescued from savagery, are largely ignorant of his great services.

The gallant Col. John. C. Hays, the big-hearted Col. George T. (Tom) Howard, John James, the surveyor, and, among others, the pure, warm-hearted and fatherly John M. Odin, the first Catholic Bishop of Texas, besides many generous hearted Americans, visited Castrovilla and bade godspeed to the new settlers from La Belle France and the Rhine. Bishop Odin (friend of my youth and of my mother's house), laid and blessed the

corner-stone of the first house dedicated to the worship of God—a service rendered before the settlers had completed respectable huts to shelter their families. On his return from this mission the good bishop dined at my mother's house, and, though a Baptist, both by inheritance and forty-six years of membership, in the broader spirit of civilization and that spirit which embraces all true and pure hearts, regardless of party and creed, she congratulated him on the work he had done. But in fact every man, woman and child who knew Bishop Odin (O-deen) in those years of trials and sorrow in Texas, loved him, and sorrowed when he returned to and died in his native Lombardy.

Mr. Castro, soon after inaugurating his colony, was compelled to revisit France. He delivered a parting farewell to his people. On the 25th of November, 1844, to the number of fifty-three heads of families, they responded. Their address is before me. They say: "We take pleasure in acknowledging that since the first of September—the date at which we signed the process verbal of taking possession—you have treated us like a liberal and kind father. * * * Our best wishes accompany you on your voyage and we take this occasion to express to you our ardent desire to see you return soon among us, to continue to us your paternal protection." Signed by Leopold Mentrrier, J. H. Burgeois, George Cupples, Jean Baptiste Lecomte, Joseph Weber, Michael Simon and forty-seven others.

The Indians sorely perplexed these exposed people. In the rear of one of their first immigrating parties, the Indians, forty miles below San Antonio, attacked and burnt a wagon. The driver, an American, rifle in hand, reached a thicket and killed several of them; but they killed a boy of

nineteen—a Frenchman—cut off his head and nailed it to a tree. In the burnt wagon was a trunk containing a considerable amount of gold and silver. In the ashes the silver was found melted—the gold only blackened. This was one of the first parties following the advance settlers.

In this enterprise Henry Castro expended of his personal means over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He fed his colonists for a year—furnished them milch cows, farming implements, seeds, medicines and whatever they needed. He was a father, dispensing blessings hitherto unknown in the colonization of Texas. He was a learned, wise and humane man, unappreciated by many, because he was modest and in nowise self-asserting, and his tastes were literary. He was a devoted friend of Presidents Lamar, Houston and Jones, all of whom were his friends and did all in their power, each during his term, to advance his great and patriotic idea of planting permanent civilization in Southwest Texas. He was a devout believer in the capacity of intelligent men for self-government, and abhorred despotism as illustrated in the kingly governments of Europe—the rule of nations by succession in particular families regardless of sense, honor or capacity. He believed with Jefferson, in the God-given right of every association of men, whether in commonwealth, nations or empires, to select their own officers, and, by chosen representatives, to make their own laws. Hence he was, in every sense, a valuable accession to the infant Republic of Texas.

When war raged and our ports were closed, Mr. Castro sought to visit the land of his birth, and, to that end, reached Monterey in Mexico. There he sickened and died, and there, at the base of the Sierra Madre, his remains repose.

The "Chihuahua-El Paso" Pioneer Expedition in 1848.

When the Mexican war closed and the last of the Texian troops returned home in the spring of 1848, the business men of San Antonio and other places became deeply interested in opening a road and establishing commercial intercourse with El Paso and Chihuahua. The U. S. Government also desired such a road. Meetings were held and the plan of an expedition outlined. A volunteer party of about thirty-five business men and citizens was

formed, among whom were Col. John C. Hays, Mr. Peacock, Maj. Mike Chevalier, Capt. George T. Howard, Maj. John Caperton, Samuel A. Maverick, Quartermaster Ralston, Dr.—a German from Fredericksburg, and a young friend of his, Lorenzo, a Mexican, who went as a guide and who had been many years a prisoner among the Comanches.

At that time Capt. Samuel Highsmith was in command of a company of Texas rangers, stationed

opposite the little German settlement of Castell, on the Llano river. In response to a request from the citizens interested, Capt. Highsmith was directed to detail thirty-five of his company and escort the expedition. Col. Hays commanded the combined forces. Capt. Highsmith, instead of making an arbitrary detail, called for volunteers. Instantly more men stepped forth than were required, but the matter was amicably arranged. Among those who went were bugler A. H. Barnes, now of Lampasas, Calvin Bell, Joseph Collins, Jesse Jenkins, — Jenkins, John Hughes, — Measbe, Herman L. Raven, still of Travis County, Solomon Ramsey, James Sims, Thomas Smith, John Warren and John Conner, a noted Delaware Indian who was the regular guide of the company. My informant, Herman L. Raven, can only recall these names.

The San Antonio party arrived at Highsmith's camp about the 1st of August, 1848. The troops were given a pack mule to each mess of four men and carried rations for thirty days. The command, seventy in all, moved up the valley of the Llano to the source of the South or Paint Rock fork. They then crossed the divide and reached the upper Nueces river. The route then pursued passed the Arroyo Las Moras, a tributary of the Rio Grande (on which Beales' unfortunate party essayed the establishment of an English-American colony in 1834, as will be seen in the remarkable narrative of Mrs. Horn, one of the victims, elsewhere in this work), and thence to Devil's river, near its confluence with the Rio Grande. This stream had previously acquired the name of San Pedro; but after occupying three days in getting across and away from it, accompanied by several accidents, the expedition voted that it should ever more bear the name of El Rio del Diablo, or the Devil's river. It required three days to pass from this to the Pecos river, the water found on the way being reddish and brackish. Thenceforward no man in the expedition knew the country. Having crossed the Pecos they found themselves in the rough, broken and unknown region lying between that stream and the Rio Grande. To men whose rations, as at this time, were about exhausted, it was a dismal succession of barrenness in hill, vale and barranca. Lorenzo, the guide, failed to recognize the landmarks and became bewildered. In a day or two their supplies gave out. There was no game in the country, and, as many had been driven to do before, they resorted to their pack mules, the flesh of which was their only food for ten or twelve days. Fortunately a party of Mescalero Indians discovered them and, as Col. Hays, from prudential motives with

reference to Indians in that region, always had a white flag flying, came close enough to invite a talk, for which purpose three of their number met three of the Texians. After mutual explanations, easily understood on both sides through the Spanish language, and a liberal distribution of presents, with which the San Antonians were well supplied, they gave the party careful directions how to reach and cross the Rio Grande, and get to the Rancho San Carlos, on the Mexican side. Before reaching the river a doctor of the San Antonio party became deranged and wandered off. Five days after leaving the Mescaleros they arrived at San Carlos in a pitiable condition, where they procured a supply of food.

After resting one day they continued their march about forty miles further up the country, recrossing the Rio Grande to Fort Leaton, on the east side and nine miles below Presidio del Norte, on the west side, where they arrived on the forty-seventh day from the initial point on the Llano. Fort Leaton (pronounced "Layton") was a sort of fortified trading house kept by two or three brothers of that name, the senior of whom, Benjamin Leaton, a Tennessean and an old Apache trader, was personally known to the writer of this. The expedition remained there sixteen days recruiting their animals and providing supplies, during which time the proprietors gave them a barbecue, the chief elements being meat, tortillas (Mexican corn pancakes), and that most cherished of all beverages among old Texians — coffee! The Bishop of Chihuahua sent them also some supplies.

For reasons deemed sufficient it was determined to prosecute the enterprise no farther. Winter was close by. They had left to be absent only sixty days. At the expiration of that time they were not yet recruited at Leaton's. The troops, having started in August, had only summer clothing. The result showed the wisdom of their determination to return.

About the first of November the return march was begun. The men had thirty days' rations of meat, beeves to be driven on foot, and more or less "Pinola" or parched corn meal. Their route was by Lost Springs, where they arrived after a fast of two and a half days without water. They struck the Pecos at the Horsehead crossing, and followed that stream down to Live Oak creek, where Fort Lancaster was afterwards established. It was in this locality that the command separated. Twenty-eight of the San Antonio party started in a direct route for that city and safely arrived at their destination. Col. Hays, with six men, returned by way of the Las Moras and also got in safely, but both parties suffered much.

From Live Oak creek Capt. Highsmith bore across the country towards the sources of the South Concho. On the way, on one occasion, some of the men fell in the rear on account of their failing horses, and at night camped in a thicket of small bushes. While asleep at night a party of Indians furiously rode over them, seizing a saddle and some other articles and successfully stampeded their horses. On foot they overhauled the company at camp next morning. On the head of South Concho they encamped for the night. One of the sentinels fell asleep and at daylight it was found that the Indians had quietly taken off thirteen of their horses. Thenceforward about half the men traveled on foot.

At the head of Brady's creek, these men, clad only in their now tattered and torn summer garments, encountered a violent snow storm. Capt. Highsmith, with a few men, pushed forward to his quarters on the Llano, to relieve the anxiety of the country as to their safety, correctly conjecturing that intense anxiety among the people must exist on account of their prolonged absence. The other men remained shivering in an open camp for five days. The sufferings of both parties were terrible. Their beef was exhausted and wild game was their only food, but it was abundant in deer, antelope

and turkey. On the forty-seventh day from Fort Leaton the last party reached the camp on the Llano. Thus with forty-seven days each on the outward and inward trip and eighteen days at the Fort, they had been absent 112 instead of 60 days. The re-united company was marched to Austin, and on the 26th day of December, discharged, their term of service having expired. From the sufferings of this trip, in less than a month, Capt. Sam Highsmith died. From 1826 to 1848 he had justly borne the character of a noble pioneer—warm-hearted, generous, brave; yet, most tender in nature and ever considerate of the rights of others, he never had personal difficulties. I knew him well, and as he had been a long-time friend and comrade of my then long deceased father, his friendship was prized as priceless.

Col. Hays brought in a little son of Mr. Leaton, to be sent to school.

The doctor who became deranged and wandered off, fell into the hands of a party of Indians, by whom his hunger was appeased and he was kindly treated, as is the habit of those wild tribes towards insane persons. He gradually recovered and, after he had been mourned by his wife as dead for over a year, suddenly presented himself to her, sound in mind and body.

The Bloody Days of Bastrop.

Before and immediately after the Texas revolution of 1835-6, Gonzales, on the Guadalupe, and Bastrop, on the Colorado, with the upper settlements on the Brazos, were more exposed to Indian depredations than any other distinct localities in Texas. These sketches have more fully done justice to Gonzales and the Brazos, than to Bastrop, the home of the Burlesons, Coleman, Billingsley, Wallace, Thomas H. Mays, Wm. H. Magill, the brothers Wiley, Middleton and Thomas B. J. Hill, Washington and John D. Anderson, Dr. Thomas J. Gasley, L. C. Cunningham, Wm. A. Clopton, Bartlett Sims, Cicero Rufus Perry, the Wilbargers, Dr. J. W. Robertson, John Caldwell, Hurch Reed, John H. Jenkins, Hon. William Pinkney Hill, for a time Robert M. Williamson, the eloquent orator and patriot, Highsmith, Eblin, Carter Anderson, Dalrymple, Eggleston, Gilleland, Blakey, Page, Preston Conley, the Hardemans, the Andrews brothers,

the Crafts, Taylor, the Bartons, Pace, John W. Bunton, Martin Wolner, Geren Brown, Logan Vandever, George Green, Godwin, Garwood, Halde-man, Miller, Holder, Curtis, Bain, Hood, McLean, Graves, Allen, Henry Jones, Thomas Nicholson, Vaughan, Hugh Childers, Hancock and John Walters.

Aside from many important battles, in which a large per cent of those men and others not named, participated, as at and around San Antonio in 1835, at San Jacinto in 1836 (in which fifty of them fought under Col. Burleson in Capt. Jesse Billingsley's company, and in which Lemuel Blakey was killed, and Capt. Billingsley, Logan Vandever, Washington Anderson, Calvin Page and Martin Walter were wounded), at Plum creek in 1840, in which a hundred of them and thirteen Toncalua Indians fought under Burleson, and other important contests, for fifteen years they were exposed to Indian forays and

had numberless encounters and also fruitless pursuits after those ever active and cunning enemies. Some of these sanguinary incidents have been described; but, many have not and some, from the death of the participants and failing memories, never will be. But enough has been preserved to shed a halo of honor on those pioneers, by this writer many years ago styled — "The brave men of Bastrop."

In this chapter, availing myself somewhat of the recollections of Mr. John H. Jenkins, I will briefly summarize some of the incidents not heretofore given.

By a false alarm of Mexican invasion in 1837, as in 1836, the people of Bastrop fled from their homes, but the alarm passed and they soon returned from near the Brazos.

Near where Austin is, later in 1837, Lieut. Wrenn, of Coleman's Company, surprised a body of warriors, killed several, had one man shot in the mouth and killed, defeated the Indians and captured all their horses.

In the same fall the Indians attacked the home of Mr. Gocher (or Gotier) east of Bastrop, killed him, his wife and two sons, and carried off Mrs. Crawford, his widowed daughter, one of his little sons and a little son and daughter of Mrs. Crawford. This tragedy was discovered by Col. Burleson some days later, when too late to pursue the murderers. Mrs. Crawford and the children, after several years of captivity, were bought by Mr. Spaulding, a trader, who married the widow and brought them all back to live in Bastrop County.

Not far from this time a party of Indians robbed a house below Bastrop. Burleson drove them into a cedar brake on Piney creek, above town, and sent back for more men. While waiting, the Indians slipped out and retreated east toward the

headwaters of the Yeguas. Reinforced, Burleson followed their trail at half speed, overtaking them late in the afternoon, and drove them headlong, after quite a chase, into a ravine, from which they escaped unhurt and soon reached their camp, but most of them only to die. They had gorged themselves on fat pork, killed in the woods, and soon after arriving among their people nearly all of them died, proving that stomachs overcharged with fat and fresh hog meat were not prepared for rapid foot races, the deceased sons of the forest having been on foot. Mrs. Crawford was then a prisoner in the camp and verified these facts.

The next raid was made in daylight. A party of Comanches came in sight of town and drove off fifteen horses. They were hastily followed by a few citizens, who overhauled them eight miles out. A running fight ensued — the Indians abandoned their own and the stolen horses and found security in thickets. No one was killed on either side, but the citizens returned with their own and the Indian horses. Richard Vaughan's horse, however, was killed under him.

Early in 1838 the Indians entered the town at night, killed Messrs. Hart and Weaver and escaped.

Soon afterwards, about three miles east of town, Messrs. Robinson and Dollar were making boards. Fifteen Indians charged upon them. Each sprang upon his horse, near by, but Robinson was killed at the same moment, while Dollar was pursued and hemmed on a high bank of the river; but, leaving his horse, he leaped down the bank about twenty feet, swam the Colorado and then hastened to town. Soon afterwards he started to leave the country and was never again heard of. No doubt was entertained, however, of his having been killed by Indians.

Raid into Gonzales and De Witt Counties in 1848 — Death of Dr. Barnett, Capt. John York and Others — Death of Maj. Charles G. Bryant in 1850.

For several years prior to 1848 the country between the Guadalupe and San Antonio rivers escaped annoyance from the Indians, though their depredations beyond were frequent. The people in the section referred to had ceased to regard themselves as exposed to danger, and were there-

fore unprepared for it. Early in October, 1848, they realized, however, that they were open to savage fury. A party of Indians descended from the mountains along the valley of the Cibolo, and thence southeasterly to the "Sandies," a set of small streams in the western part of Gonzales

County. On the Sandies they came across and killed Dr. George W. Barnett, also a recent settler in that locality — the same gentleman mentioned in my chapter on the events in 1833 and 1835, as a Captain in '35, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a soldier at San Jacinto and a senator of the Republic. Another party of Indians, presumed to be of the same band, and acting in concert with them, crossed from the west to the east side of the San Antonio, and formed a junction with the first named party, the two bands numbering thirty-five or forty warriors, including, it was believed, some outlawed Mexicans, the Indians being Lipans, then living in the border Mexican State of Coahuila, beyond the Rio Grande. Before their junction, about the 5th of October, the second named or lower gang had killed a Mr. Lockard (or Lockhart) and a young man of Goliad County, son of Mr. Thacker Vivian, at the Goliad and San Antonio crossing of the Ecleto creek.

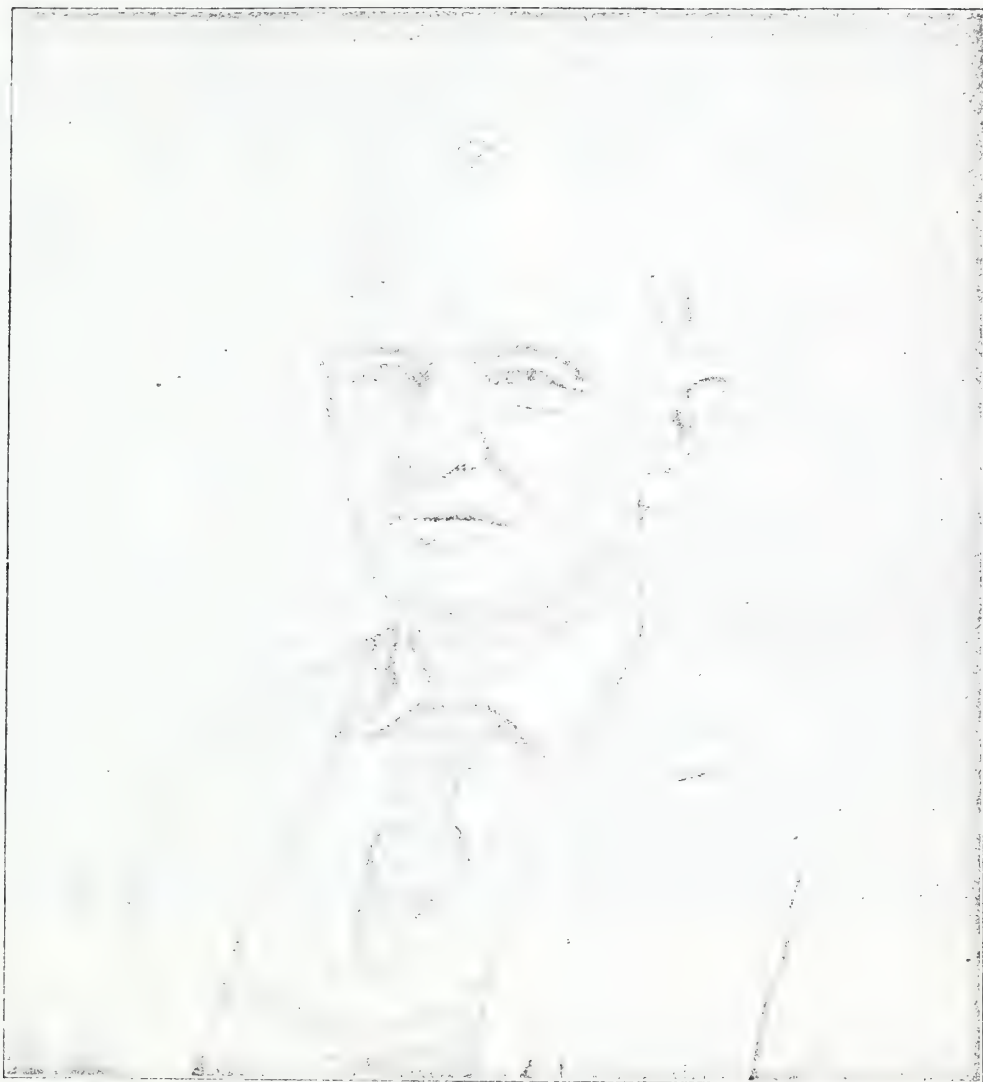
These events alarmed the settlers on the west side of the Guadalupe, the remainder of the district mentioned being still a wilderness, and a company of thirty-two men and boys from the west side of the river in De Witt County, assembled to meet and repel the raiders. John York, a brave old soldier who commanded a company in the storming of San Antonio in 1835, was made Captain; Richard H. Chisholm, another veteran, Lieutenant, with H. B. McB. Pridgen and Newton Porter, Sergeants, and Joseph Tumlinson, guide.

On the night of October 10th, these hastily collected volunteers encamped on the head waters of the Cabesa, twenty-five miles above Goliad. On the morning of the 11th they traveled some miles up the country, and then struck the trail of the Indians, which bore southerly towards the mouth of the Escondida, a tributary of the San Antonio from the southwest side. It became evident the enemy had secured a considerable number of horses, were leaving the country, and the pursuit was quickened. Passing the San Antonio, on its west bank they found the recently abandoned camp of the savages, with a letter and some trifling articles proving they were the murderers of Lockard and Vivian. The letter found was from George W. Smyth, Commissioner of the General Land Office, to a citizen of Robertson County, on official business, and sent by Lockard. Young Vivian was the son of a neighbor of my parents when I was a child in Missouri, and a kinsman of Mrs. Dr. A. A. Johnston, of Dallas. Believing that they had been discovered, and that the Indians were hastily

retreating, Capt. York pressed forward rapidly till, on reaching the brushy banks of the Escondida, about five miles beyond the abandoned camp, and while a portion of the pursuers were a little behind, those in front received a heavy fire from ambush, accompanied by yells of defiance and imprecations in broken English, which threw some of the inexperienced into confusion, causing a recoil, and this disconcerted those in the rear, but the brave old leader ordered the men to dismount in a grove of trees, and was obeyed by a portion of his followers, who returned and kept up the fire. Lieut. Chisholm (Uncle Dick, who cast the first cannon ball in the Texas revolution) tried to rally the halting, but the panic was on them and he tried in vain. James H. Sykes, a stalwart man of reckless daring, dashed up to the dense chaparral in which the Indians were sheltered, and was killed. James Bell, a son-in-law of Capt. York, and a man of approved nerve, was shot down between the contending parties, when Capt. York ran to him and while stooping to raise him up was shot through the kidneys. The brave couple expired in the embrace of each other. Joseph Tumlinson and Hugh R. Young were severely wounded, and James York, son of the dead captain, one of the handsomest boys I ever knew, was shot centrally through the cheeks from side to side, supposed at the time to be fatally, but he rode home and finally recovered, though greatly disfigured. The contest was kept up about an hour, when both parties retired, ours only a little down the creek to get water for the wounded. It was believed the Indians lost six or seven in killed, but of this there was no certainty. Besides those already named among those who stood to their colors to the last were William R. Taylor (Goliad), Johnson, A. Berry, and others whose names cannot be recalled. Some men of unquestioned courage were among the victims of the panic, and others were inexperienced boys who had never been under fire.

This, so far as is remembered, was the last raid in that section of country below the Seguin and San Antonio road; but above that line the pioneers of the frontier, till some years after the Civil War, were the victims of a predatory and brutal war, in which the most remorseless cruelties were more or less practiced.

The facts as herein narrated were communicated to me by a number of the participants on the 20th of October, only nine days after the fight, and have been so preserved ever since. I personally knew every one named in connection with the engagement.



HENRY McCULLOCH.

Death of Maj. Charles G. Bryant.

The isolated murder of this estimable gentleman, by the Indians, occurred about fourteen months after the events herein described, but being in the same section of the State, the facts are added to this chapter, with some other matters of interest in relation to him and his family.

Charles G. Bryant was born in 1803 at Thomaston, Maine, and was long captain of a company in Bangor, being of an ardent military temperament. Being also a warm sympathizer with the rebellion in Canada in 1837-8, he crossed the border in the latter year and joined his fortunes with those in arms against the British power. In their final defeat he was captured, tried and sentenced to death. By the intervention of friends, at great hazard to themselves, on the night before his appointed execution, he escaped from prison, and by relays of horses previously provided, rode in a gallop from Montreal to Bangor. A large reward was offered for him, dead or alive, and to escape extradition he chartered a small vessel, on which, with his elder son, Andrew Jackson Bryant, leaving the remainder of his family behind, he sailed for Galveston, arriving there in January, 1839. His son entered the Texas navy, as midshipman, won esteem as such, and in the naval battle off Campechy in the spring of 1843, was fearfully wounded, displaying the highest order of heroism. He sailed from Galveston for New York a few months later for medical treatment and to bring out his mother and the other children, but the vessel went down at sea. No tidings of it or any of its human freight were ever received. In January, 1845, Mrs. Bryant arrived in Galveston, accompanied by their sons, Charles

C. (now an employee on *Texas Farm and Ranch*), Martin, Clinton and Wolfred N. (now of Dallas).

During the Mexican war, probably in 1846 or 1847, Maj. Bryant removed his family from Galveston to Corpus Christi. It had been reinforced at Galveston by the birth of a son named Edwin, and a daughter, now of Dallas, and known throughout the State from her brilliant and patriotic poetical effusions, as Mrs. Welthea Bryant Leachman, a favorite pet of the Texas Veteran Association, to whom she is endeared by ties honorable to her mind, her genius and her heart.

Maj. Bryant was a prominent and valued citizen of Corpus Christi. He was mustering officer of the three companies of Texas rangers, commanded respectively by Capts. John S. Ford, John G. Grumbles and Charles M. Blackwell. On the 11th of January, 1850, he left Corpus Christi on horseback for Austin, on business growing out of this official position, crossing the reef at the head of Corpus Christi bay. Early on the next day, about nine miles from Black Point, and in plain view of several persons who had fortunately discovered the danger and concealed themselves in some chaparral, he was completely surprised, murdered and robbed by a party of nine Indians. He had on his person several hundred dollars in gold, and a large amount in bank bills. In that locality he had no reason to apprehend danger, but though surprised, he fought with desperation, till overwhelmed by the odds against him. The concealed and unarmed spectators, though being unseen by the Indians, and seeing their approach in time to save themselves, could give no warning to him whose life was at hazard.

The Southwest Coast in 1850 — Henry McCulloch's Fight on the San Saba in 1851.

In 1849 and 1850, while Gen. Brooke, with headquarters at San Antonio, was in command of the United States troops in Texas, there was such a succession of Indian raids into the coast country between the San Antonio and Nueces rivers, and west of the latter stream in rear of Corpus Christi,

as to create a constant sense of insecurity among the scattered population of that section. It will be remembered, as shown elsewhere, that on the 11th of January, 1850, Maj. Charles G. Bryant, of Corpus Christi, was killed by one of those raiding parties.

Gen. Brooke, in view of these increasing depredations, called into service a company of Texas rangers, who were mustered in at Austin, November 5, 1850. Henry E. McCulloch, for the fifth time since June 8, 1846, was elected Captain, John R. King, First Lieutenant, Calvin S. Turner, Second Lieutenant, and Wm. C. McKean, was Orderly Sergeant.

The company formed a central camp on the Aransas, between the Nueces and San Antonio, and kept up an active system of scouts from the one river to the other, and successively discovered, pursued and broke up two or three raiding parties, capturing their horses and outfits, though the savages in each case escaped into the almost impenetrable chaparrals of that section. Two Indians, however, during the stay of the company in that locality, slipped inside the lines, captured a small boy, son of Hart, at the Mission Refugio, and successfully escaped; but this in a period of five months, was the only success they achieved, being wholly defeated in every other attempt, and confidence was restored. The company, being six months' men, were discharged at Fort Merrill, on the Nueces, on the 4th of May, 1851, but reorganized as a new company for another six months on the next day. Capt. Gordon Granger (a Federal General in the civil war) was the officer who mustered out the old company and remustered them in the new.

Of this second company (the sixth and last one in the service of the United States commanded by the same gentleman) Henry E. McCulloch was unanimously elected Captain, Milburn Harrell, First, and Wm. C. McKean, Second Lieutenant, Oliver H. P. Keese, Orderly Sergeant, the other Sergeants being Houston Tom, Thomas Drennan and James Eastwood; the corporals were John M. Lewis, Abner H. Beard, Thomas F. Mitchell and Archibald Gipson; Wm. J. Boykin and James E. Keese, buglers; John Swearingen, blacksmith; Thomas Sappington, farrier. There were seventy-four privates and a total in rank and file of eighty-nine.

In the mean time Gen. Brooke died in San Antonio and Gen. Wm. S. Harney had succeeded to the command. He directed Capt. McCulloch to take such position in the mountains, covering the head waters of the Guadalupe, Perdenales, Llano and San Saba, as, by a system of energetic scouting, would enable him best to protect the settlements inside, in reality covering most of the country between the upper Nueces and the Colorado. About the 1st of June Capt. McCulloch established his headquarters on the north branch of

the Llano river, about ten miles above the forks, and thenceforward had daily reports from a long line of observation. This active service, without any important action or discovery, continued until early in August, when the scouts reported a considerable and fresh Indian trail to the west of the encampment bearing from the lower country in a northerly direction.

Capt. McCulloch, with a detail of twenty-one men, started in immediate pursuit.

Following the trail, rendered very plain by the number of stolen horses driven by the Indians, it became manifest that the robbers apprehended no danger and were traveling leisurely. On reaching the south branch of the San Saba, not far from its source, it became certain that the enemy was near by, Capt. McCulloch halting the company, with Chris. McCoy went forward, soon to discover the Indians encamped on a deep branch, evidently feeling secure, and their horses grazing at some distance from them. A plan of attack was at once adopted. A charge was so made as to cut the horses off and the Indians took position in the branch, but betrayed more of a desire to escape than to fight. The rangers, inspired by their captain, crowded upon them whenever and wherever it could be done without reckless exposure to their invisible shots. Some of the squaws with bows and arrows, fought as men, and two would have been killed in the deadly melee but for the discovery of their sex, upon which they were overpowered and disarmed, this being the highest manifestation of chivalry possible under the circumstances, including, of course, the safe custody of the captured ladies. Herman L. Raven was wounded by one of the squaws. Jeremiah Campbell's horse was killed by a rifle ball. The Indians were closely pressed as they retreated down the branch until they found security in the thickets on its borders.

Seven or eight warriors were left dead on the ground. All the horses and other property of the Indians were captured. It became evident that the raiders had been robbing Mexicans on the Rio Grande. On reflection Capt. McCulloch furnished the two squaws horses and outfits, telling them to find their people and say to them that if they would come into Fort Martin Scott (two and a half miles east of Fredericksburg, and on the Perdenales), bring in any prisoners they might have, and pledge themselves to cease depredations on the frontier, their horses and effects would be restored to them. This offer was accepted and carried into effect. Ketemsi, chief of the defeated party, contended that he had been warring on Mexicans only, and it was not right for Texians to attack him — a

position untenable while he passed over and occupied Texas soil in his hostile movements against people with whom we were at peace. But in truth he was ready to rob and slay Texans as well as Mexicans.

The company continued in active service till the expiration of their period of enlistment, when on the

5th of November, 1851, they were mustered out at Fort Martin Scott. As previously stated, they were mustered in at Fort Merrill by Capt. Gordon Granger, afterwards a distinguished Union General in the war between the States. They were mustered out by James Longstreet, an equally distinguished General on the Confederate side in the same war.

Governor Fitzhugh Lee's Hand-to-Hand Fight with a Stalwart Warrior in 1855.

I am unable to give the date or precise locality of the incident about to be narrated; but it was about 1855, and not far from one of the U. S. military posts then on our western frontier, and the facts are derived from Capt. Hayes, the only witness of the scene. The hero of the occasion was Fitzhugh Lee, then a young Lieutenant of cavalry in the United States army, afterwards distinguished as a General of cavalry in the Confederate army and still later as Governor of Virginia. He is a nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and a son of Com. Sidney Smith Lee, deceased, of the United States navy.

Capt. Hayes (then, I think, a lieutenant), and Lieut. Lee, on the occasion referred to, were roaming through a forest when they espied a large and robust warrior quite near and mounted on horseback. As soon as he discovered them he gave a stentorian war whoop and darted off through the timber, pursued by Lee and Hayes. The chase continued for a considerable distance, first one and then the other party gaining ground, till finally, owing to thick brush on the bank of a creek, the Indian was forced to abandon his horse and seek concealment, in doing which he leaped down the creek bank where it was about ten feet high.

The pursuers dismounted, Lee passing down the creek on one side and Hayes on the other. In a little while Hayes saw Lee stoop down and pick up a fine blanket, dropped by the Indian, and called to him to be cautious, as the owner must be near at hand. He had scarcely done so when the savage sprang from behind a ledge of rocks, not over four feet distant, and with a wild yell, seized Lee, and a life and death struggle began. The Indian was much the stronger of the two and very soon had Lee down. The former had a lance and a bow and arrow on his back while

Lee had a pistol and carbine, but, at the first onset, the lance and carbine, respectively, were dropped. Lee, being agile, rose to his feet, tightly clenched by his antagonist, but was again thrown to the ground. His pistol fell and rolled beyond the reach of either. Lee rose a third time and was again thrown, when they rolled over and over each other. Lee, with his left hand, seized the Indian's throat and endeavored to suffocate him, but his hand was seized by the savage and restrained. Lee continued his efforts — they again rolled over each other and finally Lee found himself on top and renewed his choking operation; but at the same instant discovered that they had rolled within reach of his pistol, seizing which, unseen by the Indian, he held it near the ground and fired, the ball passing through the Indian's cheeks.

The savage then made a powerful effort to "turn" Lee and get possession of the pistol. In the language of Capt. Hayes: "Each man fought with superhuman strength, and each knew that it was a battle unto death."

In all this time, and it was but a moment, Capt. Hayes had seen the struggle and hastened to reach the spot in aid of his friend, for he dare not fire unless immediately at them, lest he might kill Lee, but he was delayed by brush and the bluff in crossing the creek. "But," says he, "just as I reached Fitz he fired again and the ball went crashing through the Indian's heart, killing him. Lee then arose and I said to him: 'That was a close call, Fitz. He replied: 'Yes, I thought I was gone.' Afterward I asked him how in the world he managed to turn the heavy Indian? In his own peculiar way Fitz replied: 'I tell you what saved my life, Jack. When I was a boy at school in Virginia I learned a little trick in wrestling that the boys

called the back heel, and the thought struck me, when he had me down, that if I tried that Virginia back heel on him I would get him. I tried it and I got him.' ”

An account of this rencontre speedily spread all over the frontier of Texas and gave Fitzhugh Lee a hold on the people which is a pleasant remembrance among the surviving pioneers unto this day, and has never been weakened by any act of his since; but, on the contrary, they have ever followed and rejoiced over his brilliant career as soldier, and statesman, with a pride akin to kinship. Not long after the occurrence, he visited Dallas in charge of

an escort to a supply train, where the people gave a ball and supper in his honor — then sent a committee to escort him on his return as far as McKinney, where the same honors were paid.

As Governor of Virginia he worthily occupied a seat honored aforetime by his grandfather, Light Horse Harry Lee, of glorious memory, but erecting another monument to the fact that since Richard Lee, first of the name in America, came to the colony of Virginia as secretary to Governor Sir William Beverly, in 1641, no Lee has ever left a stain upon his name or proved untrue to his country.

Van Dorn's Fight at the Wichita Village, October 1, 1858.

Some years since Capt. (now ex-Governor) L. S. Ross wrote the following brief account of this battle, Maj. Van Dorn being of the U. S. Cavalry and severely wounded:—

“In 1858 I returned from school and found Maj. Van Dorn was at Belknap organizing an expedition against the Comanches, then supposed to be somewhere on the head waters of the Arkansas and Canadian rivers. I went at once to the Indian agency and raised one hundred and thirty-five Waco, Tehuacano, Toncagua and Caddo warriors, and with them reported to Maj. Van Dorn for co-operation in the expedition. He sent me in advance to the Wichita mountains, while he followed with trains, supplies, and troops, expecting to establish a depot there for supplies, etc. When I reached the mountains, I sent a Waco and a Tehuacano Indian to the Wichita village, seventy-five miles east of the Washita river, hoping to learn through them where the Comanches were to be found. When the scouts came in sight of the village they found, to their surprise, “Buffalo Hump” with his band of Comanches (the very ones we were hunting), encamped there, trading and gambling with the Wichitas. The scouts concealed themselves until after dark, and then stole two

Comanche horses and returned to me to report the facts. With difficulty I convinced Maj. Van Dorn that the Indians could be relied upon and induced him to turn the direction of his columns, and by a forced march we reached the village at sunrise October 1st, 1858, surprising and almost completely destroying that band of the Comanches, capturing their horses, tents, supplies and several prisoners, among whom I captured the white girl named “Lizzie,” subsequently raised by my mother, and of whose family or parentage no trace has been discovered. For their services Maj. Van Dorn gave the Indians of my command the spoils captured, horses, etc. I received for my pay a dangerous gun-shot wound, still a painful reminder of the occasion, together with a petition, signed on the battle-field by every U. S. officer present, requesting my appointment by the Government in the regular army for distinguished gallantry, and after due time came a complimentary order from Gen. Winfield Scott, which documents I still have, but have never made or attempted to make use of them.”

This, when but twenty years old, was the beginning of Gen. Ross' brilliant career as a soldier.

A Story of Gen. Lee — His Attack Upon a Band of Savages in 1860, While on the Way to the Rio Grande.

"Col. A. G. Brackett, who in 1886 and for several years commanded at Fort Davis, Texas, spent the better part of a long and arduous military career in Indian fighting and the roughest of frontier work generally," writes a correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*; and then continues: "For years prior to the war, when San Antonio was but a far outlying post, when railways were an unknown quantity in Texas' taxable values, and the Comanches and Mexicans practically owned creation, Col. Brackett was holding up his end of government guard duty, and of necessity became intimate with most of the men who for some portion of their lives lived on the then far frontier, and afterward became heroes of national story and song. To a group of interested listeners Col. Brackett detailed the following hitherto unprinted episode in the life of Gen. Robert E. Lee—in 1860 a Colonel in command of the department of Texas, and in 1865 the Confederacy's grandest soldier.

"'Robert E. Lee,' says Col. Brackett, 'was on his way from San Antonio to the Rio Grande for the purpose of doing what he could toward bringing the Cortinas war to a close and settling the disturbances connected therewith. He had for his escort my company of the Second Cavalry, and was marching as rapidly as possible. He had done what he could in his office, and now found his only safe plan was to go himself to the spot where hostilities were progressing. He was a man who always attended to everything himself as far as possible. Utterly without pretension, he held every man to a strict performance of his duty, and spared nothing in having his plans carried out. He was an able department commander, and foreshadowed many of those qualities which made him famous in a more extended sphere of action, and proved him one of the greatest military leaders this country has produced. He was strict in his ways, but at the same time was one of the most benevolent and kind-hearted of men.

"'As he approached Seco river a messenger came galloping up to him and reported that the Indians were just ahead and were robbing the settlements

on and near that stream. It took but a moment to pass the word to me. We dashed off with our troops and were soon in the midst of the savages, who, unaware of our proximity, were plundering without hindrance and to their own great satisfaction. But when the cavalry dashed in upon them there were seen some amazing feats of horsemanship as with wild yells the Indians endeavored to get out of the way. They had killed some head of cattle, and were about to rob a house occupied by women who had huddled together there, when Lee appeared on the scene. Again they went in every direction, but generally up the river toward the mountains, the cattle lowing from fright, and the big bay horses of the troopers bounding after the red men over the rocks, stones and bushes in a way to gladden the heart of every true horseman. For a time the din was great as the troops tore through the bushes. It was a race for life, and a most exciting one, as all must admit. How many were hurt was never accurately known to the whites, as an Indian can conceal himself in a place which would almost seem impossible. The chase was kept up for a couple of miles, but in the broken ground all further efforts were useless. The men returned to the house, when a recall was sounded, their horses being blown and their clothing in strings from the brush and briars. The women were dreadfully frightened, their husbands and brothers being away from home at the time of the attack, but as the soldiers returned they came in and were profuse in their thanks to Lee for his timely arrival and his handsome performance in beating off the red rascals. He was as impassive as ever, but it was plainly to be seen that he thoroughly enjoyed the discomfiture of the Indians, as well as the eagerness of his men to get at them.'

"In lengthy and interesting mention of the great commander as one who had broken bread and lived in camps with him, Col. Brackett speaks of the Confederate General with the respect and tender appreciation of a lifetime soldier for a gallant foe."

A Raid in Burnet County in April, 1861 — Death of James Gracey — George Baker and Family's Escape — Escape of John H. Stockman, a Boy.

In 1861 Thomas Dawson, a single man, lived about nine miles westerly from Lampasas, and two miles east of the road from Burnet to San Saba. With him lived a fatherless boy of thirteen, John H. Stockman, whose aunt, Miss Greenwood, subsequently became the wife of Dawson. On the 10th of April, 1861, James, the thirteen-year-old son of John N. Gracey, then and still (in 1887) of Lampasas, went to Dawson's in search of horses, and remained all night.

On the morning of the 11th these two boys, on foot, went out seeking the horses. When about two miles from the house and very near the Burnet and San Saba road, while Stockman was trying to kill a turkey a short distance from Gracey, and in a body of post oaks, he heard a rumbling sound — then shouts, and, on looking, discovered fifteen Indians in charge of about a hundred stolen and frightened horses. Checking up the herd, three of the savages seized little Gracey, stripped off his clothing, scalped him as he stood upon the ground, then beckoned him to run, and as he did so, sent several arrows through his body, causing instant death. It was the work of but a moment, during which Stockman stood among the trees as if paralyzed, not doubting a similar fate; but just as the wretches were about to rush upon him, their attention was directed to another party a short distance below on the road. It consisted of George Baker, of Austin, on horseback, his wife and infant, and Mr. Austin, his father-in-law, in a buggy. Most of the Indians were required to hold their restless herd, but the remainder attacked the party. Mr. Baker sought to defend his precious charge till they could reach some timber and brush perhaps two hundred yards away. He had both a gun and pistols. He was soon wounded, but killed the most daring of the assailants at an instant when Mrs. Baker was for a moment at their mercy. But they were so sanguine of killing the husband and holding the wife, that the whole party succeeded in reaching the desired haven and found partial protection. Mr. Austin was an old man somewhat palsied in the arms and could do nothing. Baker held them at bay, firing several shots and wounding a second Indian; but he was wounded several times and finally became unable to do more. Mrs. Baker

drew the arrows from his body and staunched the wounds as best she could; but in the last dread alternative stood in his stead, wielding his weapons and holding the brutal creatures at a respectful distance. An arrow entered the baby's stomach through several folds of a Mexican blanket, but not far enough to endanger its life.

In the meantime two other fortunate events transpired. The boy, Stockman, seized the occasion to escape. He found partial protection for a short distance along a ravine. Having on a very white shirt, easily seen at a considerable distance, he cast it off. Having to cross a small prairie, he crawled perhaps half a mile, lacerating his flesh and limbs, and while so engaged, a part of the Indians, in preventing a stampede of the horses, rode almost upon, without seeing him, in the high grass. Through brush and briers he ran rapidly, by circuitous routes, six or eight miles, to reach the house of Thomas Espy, two miles east of Dawson's place. He was severely torn and bruised, but not otherwise injured, though frantic over the horrors he had witnessed.

The other incident was that as the occupants quit the buggy, the horse ran away, casting off one of the four wheels, and, providentially leaving the road, he went full speed to Dawson's house, near which one or two of the Indians captured, unharnessed and hurried him back to their fellows. This was seen by Mr. Dawson, who mounted his own horse and started in a run to give the alarm at Lampasas; but, again providentially, within a mile he fell in with a hunting party from Lampasas, consisting of Dempsey Pace, John Greenwood George Weldy and Newton Knight, who, at half speed, followed the trail made by the buggy, and soon arrived on the scene, to find the enemy still endeavoring to accomplish their object, without losing any more of their own number. The savages challenged them to combat at some distance on the prairie; but their purpose was to protect and save the apparently doomed family. They prepared, as best they could, for conveying them to the house of Mr. Espy, the nearest family in that region. The Indians soon retired with their booty, and the rescuers safely conducted their charges in, carrying Mr. Baker in a litter. He was gently nursed for

six or eight weeks, and was then enabled to reach his home, where he in due time recovered, as proud of his heroic wife as he was thankful for their preservation through such apparently hopeless dangers.

A party, accompanied by little Stockman, went out during the succeeding night to recover the body of little James Gracey, but were unable to find it. They camped at the spot indicated by Stockman, and when daylight came found it in their midst, and then realized the cause of their failure in the fact that the nude body, lying among the white rocks, was not distinguishable in the

night time. The remains were conveyed to his stricken parents and family, and interred in the presence of a sympathizing concourse.

Stockman now lives in San Antonio, but has been much about Dallas, and only a few days since recounted to me his version of this bloody episode in our border history. It will be of interest to many old residents of East and Southwest Texas to know that he is a grandson of Elder Garrison Greenwood, a sterling old Baptist preacher, who settled in Nacogdoches County in 1833, and moved west in 1846, finally to die in Lampasas County.

Raid into Cooke County, in December, 1863.

On the 22d and 23d days of December, 1863, occurred one of the most bloody and destructive Indian raids to which our poorly protected frontier was subject during and for some years after the late war. At this time Col. James Bourland, one of the bravest and truest of all our frontiersmen, commanded a regiment of Confederate troops with his headquarters at Gainesville, but at the time of this particular raid he was in Bonham, on official business with Gen. Henry E. McCulloch. Col. Bourland had to protect with his regiment such an extended reach of frontier that he was compelled to scatter his troops in small squads far apart, and for this reason it was impossible to concentrate any considerable number of his troops at any given point in time to repel such an invasion as this. At this time Capt. Wm. C. Twitty, a brave and true soldier, was in command of the few troops of Col. Bourland's regiment, that then happened to be at and near Gainesville not exceeding fifty or seventy-five in number.

At the same time Capt. Jno. T. Rowland, a brave and experienced Indian fighter, commanded a company of Texas State troops. Capt. Rowland was in camp at Red River Station, in Montague County, and was the first to hear of the raid. The Indians crossed Red river into Texas about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 22d of December, 1863, a few miles below Red River Station, and at once commenced their fiendish work of murder and burning. They first came upon the house of Mr. Anderson. They killed his wife, and left her with her feet so near a fire in the yard as to roast her feet. At the residence of Wesley

Willet they killed Mr. Willet and one daughter, while his wife and another daughter made their escape. They burned and plundered Mr. Willet's house, and then came upon the house of Mr. G. L. Hatfield. Hatfield and his family made their escape, but they had fled only a short distance before they looked back and saw their home in flames. After taking such things as they wanted the Indians set fire to the house. Settlements at this time along the Red river border were quite spare and what was then known as the Wallace settlement, in Sadler's bend in Cooke County, was the next settlement below Hatfield's and was some twelve or fifteen miles distant. The Indians started in the direction of this settlement when they left the Hatfield place, but they were closely pursued by Capt. Rowland with about twenty-five men. The Indians were between two and three hundred strong. Before reaching the Wallace settlement the Indians recrossed Red river and this led Capt. Rowland to believe that they had abandoned the raid, as it was their custom to make these sudden inroads upon the settlements and then make their escape under cover of night. Capt. Rowland and his men had ridden very rapidly — the Indians had so much the start of them, that their horses were completely wearied out, so he thought it was best to turn into Capt. Wallace's and rest his men and horses for the night, and renew the pursuit early next morning. The news of the raid and the massacre of the Willet family with the usual exaggerations, had already been carried to the Wallace settlement, by some terrified settler, and when Capt. Rowland reached Wallace's

he found that the whole settlement had fortified there as a means of protection. The news had also been conveyed to what was known as the Elmore settlement, on the head of Fish creek, about six miles east of Wallace's; also to what was known as the Potter settlement, some four miles southeast from Elmore's, and a fleet courier had also carried the news to Gainesville. During the night of the 22d, the few families in that settlement gathered at the residence of James Elmore, and the few families that composed the settlement around Capt. C. Potter's were also gathered in there before daylight of the morning of the 23d. Many of these families were simply women and children, the husbands and fathers being in the Confederate army, and the few men in the county were armed with the poorest class of firearms, all the best guns having been given to those who joined the Confederate army.

When Capt. Twitty heard the news of the raid, which reached him at Gainesville, in the early part of the night of the 22d of December, he immediately dispatched about twenty-five men from Capt. S. P. C. Patton's Company, to the scene of the raid. These men, after a hard ride, reached Capt. Wallace's a short time before daylight on the morning of the 23d. Capt. Rowland, who was not expecting reinforcements, and taking these men for the enemy, came near firing upon them before the mistake was discovered. But the Indians, confident in their superior numbers, determined to do more devilment before leaving and early next morning, recrossed Red river and went in below Capt. Wallace's. At sunrise they were scampering over the prairies, stealing horses, shooting cattle, and burning houses. They soon came to the Elmore place and their number was so unprecedentedly large, that they struck terror to the hearts of the men and women crowded in the house, and they at once fled to the woods, scattering in every direction. Some were killed, others were chased for miles—but most of them made their escape, though they lay in the woods all that day and the following night. Many thrilling incidents could be related of this flight. Among others, a Mr. Dawson, when the stampede began from the house, seized a babe about six months old, but not his own. When he reached a spot where he thought he could safely hide, the child began to cry and would not be comforted. Dawson could see the Indians coming in his direction and knew that they must soon hear the screams of the child, if they had not already done so. So he ran deeper into the woods, seeking the most inaccessible places. The Indians continued to follow and the child to cry, as poor Dawson thought louder than

ever. In utter despair of ever making his escape with the babe, he laid it down in a deep dry branch and covered it with leaves. The little thing went to sleep in a moment. Dawson thus made his escape and when the Indians left he went back, got the babe and carried it to its almost frenzied mother. After the people left Elmore's house the Indians plundered it, took what they wanted and set fire to it. The people fortified up at Capt. Potter's, soon saw the flames at Elmore's house and knew that the Indians were coming on in their direction. About a mile and a half south of Capt. Potter lived the families of Ephraim Clark and Harrison Lander. These families, contrary to their usual custom, failed to go to Capt. Potter's, as their neighbors had done when they received the report of the raid. When the people at Potter's saw Elmore's house burning they knew that it was too late to get Clark's and Lander's families to Potter's. Hence they concluded that it was best to go to Clark's or Lander's, as they lived very near together. About the time they left Potter's house, James McNabb, who had left Potter's early that morning to go to his home a mile away to look after his stock, came flying back, hotly pursued by a squad of Indians who were in advance of the main body. McNabb made a narrow escape. Before he dismounted the Indians surrounded the house and tried to cut him off from his horse, but he made his escape by making his horse jump the fence. The people fortified at Capt. Potter's, as well as his own family, made a hasty retreat to Lander's house going by Clark's and getting his family. Many of the children were taken from bed and without being dressed were hurried into a wagon and driven rapidly away. They had not reached Lander's house before they saw the flames bursting from the roof of Capt. Potter's house. Mr. Lander's house was situated on a prairie knoll near a very high and precipitous bluff. Here the affrighted women and children were gathered in the house, while four men and three boys, with poor and uncertain guns in their hands, stood in the yard and about the outhouses ready to protect as best they could all that was dear to them. Soon the Indians came in sight and a sight it was. They came not in a body but in squads and strings. They had bedecked their horses with the bed clothing, sheets, quilts, counterpanes, table-cloths, ladies wearing apparel, etc.

The women gathered in the house were frantic. It was supposed that all had been killed at Elmore's as the house had been seen to burn. It was known that they had as much or more fighting force at

Elmore's than they had at Lander's and when the overwhelming force of Indians came in sight strung out for a considerable distance, with their yells and queer decorations, all hope sank. Some women prayed, others screamed and cried, while others held their children to their bosoms in mute despair. Soon the Indians were around the place and had driven off the loose horses that had been driven along by the fleeing people with the hope of saving them. The horses that had been ridden and driven were brought inside the yard fence and tied. It was some time before all the Indians congregated and, as they would come up, they would stop near the house, shoot arrows at the men in the yard, occasionally fire a gun or pistol, and at times some daring fellow would come within gun-shot, but the citizens were too experienced in Indian warfare to fire until it had to be done to save the dear ones in the house. The Indians were so slow about making an attack upon the house that it was thought that the women and children might be hurried over the steep bluff that was just north of the house and down this the Indians could not follow them on their horses, and if the bluff could be reached escape was certain to most of the party. A plan was soon arranged; the Indians were south of the house and the main body of them three hundred yards away. The bluff was north of the house and one hundred and fifty yards away. The men and boys with guns were to mount their horses and form a line for the protection of the women and children, who were to make a break for the bluff. The men were soon on their horses and the women and children started, but as they poured out of the house and out of the yard, the Indians set up an unearthly yell, and all the women and children ran back into the house. After some further delay, another effort was made to carry out this scheme. It might not have been successful, but about the time the women and children got out of the yard, the soldiers came in sight upon the brow of a high hill a mile away to the north, and this gave the Indians something else to do. They at once took to their heels and ran for two miles to the highest point of the divide between Fish creek and Dry Elm and then halted.

The soldiers seen were Capt. Rowland with that part of his own company that was with him the day before, and that part of Capt. Patton's Company that had joined them the night before at Wallace's, as already related. They had learned early on the morning of that day that the Indians had again crossed Red river and were continuing their depredations. Capt. Rowland immediately ordered a pursuit and he found it no trouble now to trail the

Indians, as he could follow them by the burning houses. But they had so much the start and traveled so rapidly that long before Capt. Rowland came in sight of them the horses of many of his men were completely worn out and they could go no farther. By the time the soldiers reached Lander's, Capt. Rowland's own horse had given out, but he was furnished another by Clark. Some of his men also obtained fresh horses from the citizens who were only too glad to show favors to those who had just saved them and their families from death. Some of the citizens joined the soldiers in pursuit of the Indians. The Indians were overtaken near the high point where they had first stopped. Indeed they showed no disposition to get away when they ascertained the small number of whites. Capt. Rowland led his men through Capt. Potter's prairie farm and, in going out on the south side, the rail fence was thrown down and left down in two or three different places. This fact proved most fortunate to the whites, as will hereafter appear. After going some three hundred yards south of the fence, Capt. Rowland halted his command, but it was with great difficulty that he got them into a tolerable line. The Indians soon seemed to divide into two wings, one starting east and the other west around the soldiers, to surround them. The troops, without waiting for command, commenced firing, but at such long range as to do little damage. As the Indians got closer and began to fire upon the line, many of the soldiers thinking the odds too great, broke line and started to run. Capt. Rowland did all in his power to stop this and to rally the men, but the panic soon became general and the whole command fled. The object seemed to be to go through the gaps left in the fence and turn and fight the Indians from behind the fence. The Indians at once began a hot pursuit of the flying men, and with their guns, and pistols, bows, arrows and spears, they did fatal work on the poor men whose tired horses could not carry them out of reach of the Indians. Before the fence was reached three men were killed and several others were wounded. Mr. Green, of Capt. Pollard's Company, also another man, whose name is not remembered, were killed. Mr. Pollard, an officer in Rowland's Company, was severely wounded, having four arrows shot into his back, which were pulled out by Capt. Rowland after the men had reached the inside of the field, but the spikes from some of the arrows were left in his body. S. B. Potter, a son of Capt. Potter, was also wounded in the head by an arrow that struck the skull and then turned to one side. There was quite a rush among the men to get through the gaps

in the fence to a place of security behind it, as the Indians were pressing them hard. Men rode at full speed against the fence, endeavoring to get through the gaps. Capt. Rowland was about the last man to pass through the gaps. He had purposely kept near the rear, and did what he could to protect the hindmost of the men, reserving his fire until a shot was absolutely demanded. Just before riding into the field he fired his double-barrel shot-gun at an Indian not more than thirty yards from him, and at the fire the Indian dropped his shield and gave other signs of being badly hurt. It was afterwards learned that this shot killed him and that he was the chief. When the Indians saw the men forming behind the fence they precipitately fled. Capt. Rowland attempted to encourage his men to again attack them, but they were too much demoralized to renew the fight against such odds. Capt. Rowland, finding that he could not hope to again fight the Indians with the force he then had, dispatched couriers to different points to give the alarm and with a few men he went to the head of Elm in Montague County where there were a few families without protection. The Indians soon continued their raid, going south and east, and soon reached the Jones' settlement on Dry Elm. Here they came upon and mortally wounded Mr. White and dangerously wounded his step-son, young Parker. Mr. Jones, their companion, escaped. Parker belonged to Wood's company of Fitzhugh's regiment. He had been severely wounded in the battle at Millican's Bend, June 7th, 1863, and was home on sick furlough.

The Indians beat a hasty retreat that night and crossed Red river with a large number of stolen horses before daylight next morning. Small squads of Indians would scatter off from the main body and commit all sorts of depredations. One of their parties came upon Miss Goana, who was carrying water from a spring some distance from the house. They thrust their spears into her body in

several places and cut off her hair, but she escaped and finally recovered from her wounds.

Young Parker, above alluded to, saw the Indians and heard the shooting in their fight with Capt. Rowland, but did not believe it was Indians and kept riding towards them, against the protests, too, of his companion, Mr. Miles Jones. He did not discover that it was Indians until a squad of them dashed upon and mortally wounded him. He died in ten days.

The following additional facts are taken from a letter written by me at the time to the *Houston Telegraph* :—

"At every house burnt, the savages derisively left hanging a blanket, marked 'U. S.' During the night of the twenty-third, they made a hasty retreat, left about fifty Indian saddles, numerous blankets and buffalo robes, and considerable of the booty they had taken from houses.

"In the meantime nearly a thousand men had reached Gainesville and made pursuit next day as soon as the trail could be found; but a start of twenty-four hours by fleeing savages cannot be overcome in the short and cold days of winter, when they could travel at night and only be followed in daylight. The pursuit, though energetic under Maj. Diamond and aided by Chickasaws, was fruitless.

"As soon as the news reached Col. Bourland, at Bonham, that old veteran spared neither himself nor horse till he was on the ground doing his duty. Capts. Patton, Mosby and many citizens were in the pursuit under Diamond. Lieut.-Col. Showalter, with Capts. Wm. S. Rather (then and now of Belton), Wilson and Carpenter, with their companies, made a forced march from Bonham, hoping for a tilt with the Indians; but on reaching Red river, some twenty miles northwest from Gainesville, information from the advanced pursuers rendered the effort hopeless. Being on detailed duty at that time in Bonham, I accompanied Col. Showalter in this severe march."

The Murder of Mrs. Hamleton and Children in Tarrant County, in April, 1867.

In the fall of 1860 James Myres, wife and six children, came from Missouri and settled on Walnut creek, in the northwestern edge of Tarrant County. His wife, Sally, was a daughter of Nathan Allman, who had settled on Walnut creek in 1850 and on

whose land a country church was built. Mr. Myres died in the spring of 1861, and a year or so later his widow married William Hamleton, by whom she had two children. The tragedy about to be related occurred in cotton-picking time in

1867. The children at that time were William Myres, aged sixteen, Mahala Emilene, aged fifteen, Eliza, thirteen, Sarina, eleven, Samuel, nine, and John Myres, aged seven. The two Hamleton children were Mary L., aged about five years, and Gus., aged about eighteen months.

On the day of the attack Mr. Hamleton had gone some distance to mill; the elder son, William, was from home attending cattle. Mahala, Eliza, Samuel and John were picking cotton. Sarina Myres, Mary and little Gus. were at the house and their mother was weaving cloth in a hand loom.

Such was the situation when a band of Indians, said to have been led by the Comanche chief, Santag — the same who, while a prisoner with Santanta and Big Tree in 1871, was killed by the guard — surrounded and entered the house. Mrs. Hamleton was at once murdered; and little Gus.,

Sarina and Mary were seized. The house was then plundered of everything portable desired by the Indians, and with their little prisoners and booty they left. Little Mary, from the effect of chills, was very weak, so much so that on leaving their camp next morning, they left her and started, but she cried so wildly that they went back and killed her. The only eye-witness to these double horrors was Sarina, who was also in feeble health, but had both the strength and fortitude to endure without murmur the indignities and hardships incident to her condition in the hands of such brutal creatures. She was held by them about six months and by some means recovered at Fort Arbuckle, on the False Washita. Her brother, William, as soon as advised of the fact, went to the fort and escorted her home.

Mr. Hamleton died about two years after the murder of his wife and children.

A Bloody Raid in Cooke County in 1868.

To many persons latterly drawn to the pretty and prosperous little city of Gainesville, Cooke County, it must be difficult to realize how that place was at one time exposed to the inroads of murderous savages.

On Sunday, January 5th, 1868, about a hundred Indians suddenly appeared upon the head waters of Clear creek, in the northwestern part of Cooke County. They gathered horses wherever seen, aggregating a large number, and killed during their stay nine persons, Mr. Long, a young man named Leatherwood, Thomas Fitzgerald and wife, Arthur Parkhill, an old man named Loney, and Mr. Manascos. Previously they had killed Mrs. Carrolton and captured her sixteen-year-old daughter. Mr. Manascos living about seventeen miles west of Gainesville, on his way home from church discovered signs of the Indians and immediately hastened to the house of Edward Shegogg, his son-in-law, whom he knew to be from home and whose wife and infant were alone. Mr. Manascos took his daughter and her child and started to his own house, near which the savages fell upon and killed him and made captive the mother and infant, the latter, however, being killed soon afterwards. During the succeeding night Mr. Shegogg, having returned home and collected a few men, fired upon the sav-

ages on the overland mail road about fifteen miles west of Gainesville. In the confusion produced among them by this attack Mrs. Carrolton escaped from them and followed that road till she approached the premises of Dr. Davidson, but, very prudently fearing to go to the house lest she again might fall into the hands of her captors, took shelter in a ravine, covered with brush, and there remained till morning came and she discovered white persons in possession of the house. She then hastened to it, having suffered much from cold during the night.

The Indians had divided into two or more parties and covered considerable territory. They captured horses from St. Clair, Jones, Newton, Gilbert and others southwest of Gainesville, and killed some. They seem to have become bewildered, as during the night they halted on the west bank of Elm creek, immediately below the farm of Samuel Doss and within a mile of Gainesville and remained there about three hours. Yet, while this was transpiring, another party, as discovered next day, had halted and built a fire a mile above town on the east side of the creek, and another party, or scouts from one of these two, had entered the town, apparently without knowing of its existence, for they hurriedly left it, crossed the creek and either by design or

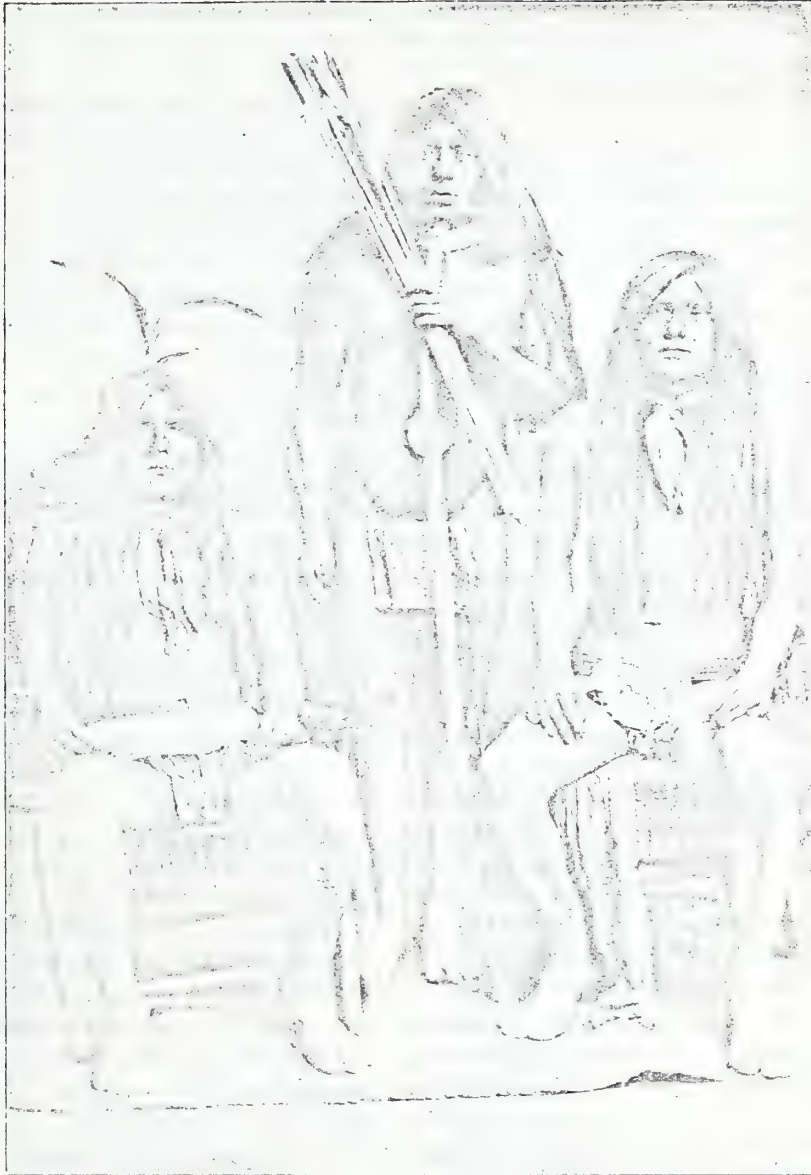
accident joined the party near Doss' place, making such communication to them as to cause much excitement and confusion. Mrs. Shegogg, taking advantage of this and the darkness of the night, managed to escape and secrete herself till morning, when almost nude and suffering greatly from cold, she found refuge in Mr. Doss' house. The Indians hastily retired as she escaped. The party that had been in town had left so hurriedly that they left several of their horses, with saddles on, one of which was found next morning at the door of the hotel stable—another with saddle, moccasins and other Indian outfit, was in the yard of Mr. Patton, in a few hundred yards of the court house—and various articles of Indian toilet were found in different parts of the town; yet the inhabitants slept the sleep of security, unconscious of the murderous wretches being in the country till morning revealed these facts, followed by the appearance and recital of Mrs. Shegogg, who had not only been robbed of most of her apparel, but also of her beautiful suit of hair, clipped close to the scalp.

Near the time of the killing of Mr. Manascos, they had captured two children of W. G. Manascos, and a negro boy. Prior to that, on Clear creek, they had robbed the houses of Joseph Wilson, Mr. McCrackin and Washington Williams, burning the two former, and at the time of killing Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, captured three of their children. Mrs. Parkhill and children, in connection with the murder of their husband and father, successfully secreted themselves and escaped. In all seventeen women and children were carried into brutal captivity in the midst of winter and a cold period for that season, and being, without doubt, deprived of most of their clothing, must have suffered greatly. Of their ultimate fate I am not advised.

The citizens collected and did all in their power to overhaul and chastise the enemy and recover the captives, but the severity of the weather, the general poverty of the people in munitions of war at that dark period of reconstruction, when some of the most favored leaders of the people were ostracised by the military despotism enthroned at Austin and New Orleans, and when a majority of the men felt bound to stand by their own families during such a raid, abundantly accounts for their inability to wreak vengeance on the raiders. It was one of those blood-curdling desolations following the war when, with abundance of troops, munitions and supplies, the army, to the disgust of its honorable officers and men, was diverted from its mission of protection to the people against wild and bloody savages, to that of espionage and

constabulary duties for the annoyance, the arrest and the imprisonment of men whose only offense, as a general fact, had been fidelity to their own State and section during the war, and who were honored in becoming objects of vengeance to the creatures then suddenly risen to the surface as petty and (thank God) ephemeral rulers of a people by the respectable and honorable portion of whom they were despised; and by none more than by honorable officers of the army and civilians who had been consistent Union men from convictions of duty. Those classes never ceased to realize that in a mighty issue, involving millions of people on both sides, American freemen might differ and die in their convictions, without being tainted with treason or infidelity to human liberty. They left that soulless manifestation of littleness of heart, weakness of intellect and meanness of spirit to such as chose to follow the vocation of spy, informer and persecutor.

On the 16th of the following June, five months after the destructive assault on those frontier people, a once famous resolution was introduced in the reconstruction convention at Austin, among thousands of others, specifically and forever disfranchising a large number of the very men exposed to this raid, because during the war, and under the laws of their country at the time, they had belonged to Gen. Wm. Hudson's Brigade of State troops, whose chief duty was the protection of the women and children on the frontier against these barbarian savages, whose mode of warfare "respected neither age, sex nor condition." But from that Bedlam of hate sprang forth a single fact more precious than a thousand theories and prophecies by political philosophers. It is the simple fact that the American heart, as soon as time for reflection had passed, disdained to tolerate persecution for opinion's sake; that the opposing soldiers in the Civil War are long since friends and reconciled countrymen; breaking bread together on holy days; voting together as seemeth to them best now, regardless of the past; sitting together in the same sanctuary; counseling together for the common weal as their conditions are now; partners in business; their children intermarrying; jointly burying their deceased comrades; jointly aiding their unfortunate comrades; and jointly upholding each other when unjustly assailed. Talk not of American liberty failing through faction, when confronted with this one ever-present, grand and heaven-blest fact! Leave that bewailing whine to moral dyspeptics and intellectual dwarfs.



COMANCHE INDIAN GROUP.

Indian Massacres in Parker County, 1858 to 1873.

The first settlements in the present territory of Parker County were made about 1853-4. The county was created by the legislature, December 12, 1855, and organized March 2, 1856. It was long exposed to forays by bands of hostile savages, and while no important battle was ever fought, life and property were insecure as late as 1873. During the existence of the Indian reservation on the Brazos, in Young County, and especially for two years prior to the removal of the Indians to Fort Cobb, north of Red river, in the summer of 1859, it was alleged, and almost universally believed by the border people, that many of the robberies and murders were committed by the tribes resident on the ten miles square embracing that reservation. That matter will not be discussed here. The writer was one of five commissioners deputed by the Governor to investigate that matter, in 1859, the board consisting of Richard Coke, John Henry Brown, George B. Erath, Joseph M. Smith and Dr. Josephus M. Steiner. The writer also commanded a company of Texas rangers for some time before and during the removal of the Indians, to prevent their leaving the reservation before their removal or committing depredations on the march. Hence he was well informed on the existing matters in issue, which, for the moment, were more or less distorted for political effect. It is enough here to say that while many exaggerated or false statements were scattered broadcast over the country, arousing the people to such a frenzy as to cause the killing of probably two small parties of unoffending Indians, still it was unquestionably true that more or less of the depredations committed along the frontier, from Red river to the Guadalupe, were perpetrated by the Indians belonging to the one or the other of the two reservations—the second, at Camp Cooper, on the clear fork of the Brazos, being exclusively occupied by a portion of the Comanche tribe—while on the other Brazos reservation were various small tribes, embracing the Wacos, Tehuacanos, Keechis, Anadarcos, Towashes, Toncahuas, Ionies, Caddos and perhaps one or two others, with a few individuals, or families of Choctaws, Delawares, Shawnees and others. It is equally true that those Indians left the localities named with the most vengeful animosities towards such localities on the frontier as they believed had been active against them, and this feeling especially applied to Parker,

Wise, Jack, Palo Pinto, Erath, Comanche and other outside counties.

It is proposed in this chapter to briefly narrate the successive massacres in Parker County, in so far as I have the data, for portions of which I am indebted to Mr. H. Smythe's history of that county.

In December, 1859, following the removal of the Indians, a party of five assaulted, killed and scalped Mr. John Brown, near his residence about twelve miles from Weatherford, and drove off eighteen of his horses. Two miles away they stole seven horses from Mr. Thompson, and next, with their number increased to fifty, they appeared at the house of Mr. Sherman, whose family consisted of himself, wife and four children. They ordered the family to leave, promising safety if they did. They obeyed the mandate and hurried away on foot, but in half a mile the savages overtook them, seized Mrs. Sherman, conveyed her back to the house, committed nameless outrages on her person, shot numerous arrows into her body, scalped and left her as dead; but she survived four days, to detail the horrors she had undergone.

In June, 1860, Josephus Browning was killed and Frank Browning wounded on the Clear Fork of the Brazos. At that time several citizens of Weatherford were in that section and pursued the murderers. The party consisted of John R. Baylor, George W. Baylor (of Weatherford), Elias Hale, Minn Wright and John Dawson. On the 5th day of June, 1860, they overtook the Indians on Paint creek and boldly attacked them, killing nine and putting the remainder to flight. As attestations of their achievement they scalped their victims and carried the evidence thereof into the settlements, along with sundry trophies won on the occasion.

In the spring of 1861 a party of eleven Indians attacked David Stinson, Budd Slover, John Slover, — Boyd and — McMahon, a scout from Capt. M. D. Tackett's Company, a few miles north of Jacksboro, but they were speedily repulsed, with the loss of one Indian killed and one wounded. On the next day, William Youngblood, a citizen, was killed and scalped, near his home, by a party of nine Indians. The five rangers named, reinforced by James Gilleland, Angie Price, — Farmer and others, pursued and attacked the enemy, and killed a warrior and recovered the

scalp of Youngblood, which was conveyed to his late residence in time to be placed in its natural position before the burial.

In the summer of 1861, a party of Indians on Grindstone creek attacked two young men named William Washington and John Killen, while stock hunting. They killed Mr. Killen while Washington escaped severely wounded, but recovered after prolonged suffering.

In the same summer Mrs. John Brown, living on Grindstone creek and having twin babies, started to visit a neighbor, she carrying one and a young girl the other infant. The girl was some distance ahead, when the Indians appeared, and reached the neighbor's house. Mrs. Brown retreated to her own house and entered it, but was closely followed by the murderous wretches, by whom she was killed and scalped. The infant, however, was left unharmed.

Prior to these tragedies, in January, 1861, Mrs. Woods and her two sisters, the Misses Lemley, of Parker County, were ruthlessly assailed by five savages, who murdered and scalped the former lady, and shockingly wounded the young ladies, leaving them as dead, but after great suffering, under the assiduous treatment of Dr. J. P. Volintine they recovered.

In September, 1861, the house of Jas. Brown, on the Jacksboro road, in his temporary absence, was attacked by a small party of Indians, but they were repulsed and driven off by Mrs. Brown, who understood the use of fire arms and used them most effectually.

In the beginning of 1863, William and Stewart, sons of Rev. John Hamilton, living in the valley of Patrick's creek, while near their home, were murdered, scalped and otherwise mutilated.

On the same day the house of Mrs. F. C. Brown, in the same neighborhood, was attacked and the lady killed. Her daughter, Sarah, aged sixteen, and another fourteen years of age, on their return home from the house of a neighbor, were both wounded, but escaped—Sarah to die of her wounds—the younger sister to recover.

A Mr. Berry, while at work in his field on Sanchez creek, in September, 1864, was killed by a squad of Indians.

In those same days of insecurity and bloodshed, a child was captured and carried into captivity from the home of Hugh O. Blackwell, but was subsequently recovered at Fort Cobb, in the Indian Territory. But soon after his return home from the disbanded Confederate army in 1865 Mr. Blackwell himself, while returning home from Jacksboro,

was killed by a party of these prowling assassins and scalped.

In the same year Henry Maxwell was murdered by a similar band on his farm near the Brazos river.

In June, 1865, Fuller Milsap was attacked by two savages near his house, seeing which, his heroic daughter, Donnie (subsequently Mrs. Jesse Hitson), ran to him with a supply of ammunition, when her brave father rebuked her temerity, but must have felt an exalted pride in such a daughter, who had on former occasions exhibited similar courage, and was once shot through her clothing. Honored be her name in her mountain home, far away in Colorado! The father triumphed over his foes, and they fled.

In July, 1865, in a fight with a small party of Indians in Meck's prairie, A. J. Gorman was killed, about a month after reaching home from the Confederate army. Charles Rivers and his other companions repulsed the attacking party.

In November, 1866, while working in his field on Sanchez creek, Bohlen Savage was butchered and scalped. His child, eight years old, ran to him on seeing the assault, and was carried off, to be recovered two years later at Fort Sill. The wretches then passed over to Patrick's creek, where James Savage, a brother of Bohlen, lived, and where they murdered him with equal brutality.

In August, 1866, William, son of Hiram Wilson, of Spring creek, twelve years of age, and Diana Fulton, aged nine years, were captured. On the fourth day afterwards, in Palo Pinto County, Captain Maxwell's Company attacked the same Indians, killed several, routed the band, and recovered the two children.

On Rock creek, in April, 1869, Edward Rippey was attacked a short distance from his home. He fled towards the house, calling to his wife to bring the gun. She ran toward him with the weapon, but before meeting her he was killed, when the demons slew the devoted wife. In the house was their only daughter and a boy named Eli Hancock. This heroic lad quickly barred the door, and with the arms still in the house, defied and beat off the blood-stained vandals. On a prior occasion, Mrs. Rippey, rifle in hand, had successfully held at bay one of these roving bands.

On the 4th of July, 1869, while returning from a visit to a neighbor, Mr. and Mrs. Light were murdered near their home on Grindstone creek. Both were scalped, but Mr. Light survived two days. Their children were at home and thus escaped a similar fate.

On the 16th of December, 1870, on Turkey creek,



George and Richard Joel repulsed an attack by twelve Indians. Two hours later the savages fell in with three gentlemen returning to their home on the Brazos, from a business trip to Kansas. They were Marcus L. Dalton (who had nearly \$12,000 with him), James Redfield and James McAster. They were evidently taken by surprise, speedily slain and scalped. The freebooters secured five horses and other effects, but failed to find the money. They fell in Loving's valley, and their mutilated bodies were discovered next day by Green Lassiter, destined himself soon to share a similar fate. He was horribly butchered in the Keechi valley a few months later.

On the 23d of April, 1871, in sight of his father's house, twelve miles west of Weatherford, Linn Boyd Cranfill, aged fifteen, and son of Isom Cranfill, was mortally wounded by a fleeing party of savages, in full view of his sister, who gave the alarm and caused the assassins to flee without scalping him.

On the 14th of March, 1872, in front of the house of Fuller Milsap, on Rock creek, Thomas Landrum was murdered by a party of red demons. Mr. Milsap and Joseph B. Loving attacked and pursued the murderers, killing one. It was on this occasion that the heroic girl, Donnie Milsap, followed her father with ammunition and received a shot through her clothing.

On the 14th of July, 1872, two lads from the Brazos, *en route* to mill in Weatherford, viz., Jack-

son, aged thirteen, a son of Jesse Hale, and Martin Cathey, aged eighteen (the boys being cousins) were murdered by another of those bands, so often appearing on the frontier.

In August, 1873, while standing in his yard, in the northwest part of Parker County, Geo. W. McClusky was instantly killed by an Indian concealed behind an oat stack, and armed, as were many of these marauders in the years succeeding the Civil War, with Winchester or other improved rifles.

These recitals may embrace inaccuracies in dates and otherwise, but are believed to be substantially correct; but they by no means embrace all the bloody tragedies enacted in the years named.

Bear in mind that this is only a brief and very incomplete recital of a portion of the fiendish murders in Parker County alone for the fourteen years from 1859 to 1873. In several other counties, as Palo Pinto, Wise, Jack, Comanche Brown and San Saba, the catalogue would be, in a general average, full as bloody—in some much more so, in others possibly less. The same calamities fell upon the southwestern frontier from the San Saba to the Rio Grande, and also upon the counties of Cooke, Montague and Clay on Red river.

They are sad memorials of the trials, sufferings and indomitable courage of those fearless and lion-hearted men and women, by whom those portions of Texas were won to peace, to civilization and to Christianity.

The Heroism of the Dillard Boys in 1873.

On the 7th day of August, 1873, Henry Dillard, aged about twenty, and his brother Willie, aged thirteen, made one of those heroic fights and escapes which approach the marvelous even in the hazards of frontier life. They lived on the Brazos; had been to Fort Griffin with a two-horse wagon load of produce for sale; had sold their commodities and, after sitting up late the previous night, in attendance upon a ball at the fort, were quietly returning home through an open prairie country. Henry was armed with a six-shooter and a Winchester rifle—Willie with a six-shooting revolver only.

When about fifteen miles from the fort, Henry, who had fallen into a partial slumber, was aroused

by loud voices and the tramping of horses. Arousing, he instantly realized that he had driven into a band of thirty mounted Indians. Each brother seized his arms and stood on the defensive. The foremost Indian, abreast of and very near the wagon, fired at Henry, cutting away one of his temporal locks and powder-burning his head. Henry fired twice, but discovering that his balls failed to penetrate the Indian shields, fired a third ball lower down, breaking the thigh of an Indian and the backbone of his horse.

Instructing Willie to follow and be with him, Henry then sprang from the wagon and determined, if possible, to reach a branch about a quarter of a mile distant. The Indians at once formed a circle,

galloping around and firing upon them. Walking, running, halting by alternation, the boys fired with great precision, rarely failing to strike an Indian or his horse, or both. Very soon the cylinder of Willie's pistol was knocked out by a ball, and thenceforward he could only carry cartridges for his brother. At one time Henry tripped and fell on his face. An Indian dashed up and dismounted to scalp him, but while yet on the ground the brave boy drove a pistol ball through his heart. At another time Willie called out: "Henry! look here!" On looking he found the little fellow running around a mesquite bush, pursued by an Indian clutching at his clothes, but shot him dead, and the boys, as before, continued their retreat, the enemy charging, yelling and firing. The brothers continued firing, loading, dodging, turning, trotting or running as opportunity offered, all the while realizing that to halt was death, and the only haven of hope was in the thickets on the branch. As they neared the covert the enemy became more furious, but the boys, encouraged by their seeming miraculous immunity from death or wounds, and thus buoyed in the hope of safety, maintained perfect self-possession, and finally reached the hoped for refuge. But one savage had preceded them, dismounted, and confronted their entrance. Henry tried to fire his Winchester at him, but it was empty. The Indian, seeing this, remounted and charged upon him, but Henry sent a pistol ball through his body. The astounded red men, seeing their prey escape from such fearful odds, seemed awe-stricken. After a short parley they returned to the wagon, took the horses and its contents and retired, bearing their dead and wounded, and leaving five horses dead on the ground. The day—August 7th, be it remembered—was very hot, and the boys, following such a contest, came near dying for water.

When night came the brothers sought the nearest

ranch, some miles away. Mounting horses there they hurried back to Fort Griffin and reported the facts to Gen. Buell, U. S. A., commanding that post. That gentleman promptly dispatched a party of dragoons in pursuit. The pursuers discovered that the Indians, bearing northwesterly, had divided into two parties, the left hand gang carrying off the killed and wounded. In two or three days they came upon a newly deserted camp in which were three beds of grass gorged with blood. Discovering buzzards sailing round a mountain near by, some of the party ascended it and found three dead Indians, partially buried on its summit. They also found in this camp Henry Dillard's memorandum book. The gallant boy, let it be understood, was among the pursuers. From this locality, which was about the head of the Big Wichita, hopeless of over taking the Indians, the dragoons returned to the fort.

This is among the extraordinary episodes in our frontier history. It seems almost incredible. The officer commanding the pursuit, after all his discoveries, asserted that the brothers had killed and wounded eleven Indians, besides the five horses left on the field.

The gentleman to whom I am chiefly indebted for these details, says that Henry Dillard is a Kentuckian, who came to Texas a boy five or six years before this occurrence. He is about five feet nine inches high, slender, erect and quick in movement, with brown hair, handsome features and clear, penetrating gray eyes. He afterwards settled on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, near the scene of this remarkable conflict, and stood as a good citizen, enjoying the confidence and esteem of the surrounding country—an acknowledged hero of modest nature, void of all self-adulation and averse to recounting his deeds of daring to others. It is ever pleasant to record the merits of such men.

Don Lorenzo De Zavala.

For one who loves truth and admires purity in the character of public men and benefactors to the multitude in the land of their birth or adoption, the career of Don Lorenzo de Zavala possesses peculiar interest. Only the oldest and best informed citizens of Texas have any intelligent knowledge of his character and services in the cause of human

liberty. But every school boy and school girl in our State should be familiar with his history.

Lorenzo de Zavala was born in Madrid, Spain, on the 3d of October, 1789. His father was a man of education and refinement and belonged to that class of men in Europe who had glimmerings of human rights and yearnings to possess them. In

other words, he was a Castilian of noble aspirations and possessed of love for his fellow-beings. When his child, Lorenzo, was but eighteen months old he determined to quit Spain and seek a home where he hoped for more liberty. Instead of going to the United States and among a different race, where liberty was a birthright, he went to Yucatan, which was then not a part of Mexico, as now, but a distinct Captain-Generalcy under the Spanish crown. He settled, in the infancy of his child, Lorenzo, in the beautiful city of Merida, and hence it is that the impression became general (including among its believers not only enlightened Mexicans, but also his first-born son, Lorenzo de Zavala, Jr.), that he was born in that place; and such was my own impression till recently furnished with data having the sanction of his own name. The father gave Lorenzo every possible advantage to gain an education, and kept him from his earliest boyhood at a fine school in Merida. The son advanced beyond the liberal ideas of the father and began to grasp the Jeffersonian idea of the rights of man. He acquired a knowledge of the English language and eagerly read everything he could reach to enlighten his mind. While a student, he became an intense Jeffersonian Republican. Passing on the street one day the Governor, he failed to lift his hat as an obeisance, whereupon his Excellency struck him with his riding whip. The young Jeffersonian thereupon jerked the Governor from his calesa (a sort of buggy) and gave him a pounding. For this outrage on dignity (by a compromise) he was banished to Europe to complete his education. He went, and studied with assiduity.

Returning in the year 1809, and in his twentieth year, on board the good ship which bore him he fell in love with a Castilian maiden, the daughter of a family on board. This maiden bore the name of Toresa Correa. Soon after arriving in Yucatan, Lorenzo and Toresa became husband and wife. It was a happy union of pure hearts, and three children were born to them.

The young Democrat arrived in Merida surcharged with a sense of political rights, and a reformer against the outrageous oppressions borne by the people of Spain, and more especially by those of Spanish America. He became, by the inspiration of his own sense of true manhood, a missionary among a down-trodden people. Newspapers did not exist. He found a substitute. He organized a sort of political institute, to which, at its regular weekly meetings, he read his own productions, the grand, all-pervading idea of which was that, under the providence of God, all men were born free and equal and were entitled to a

fair and equal participation in the blessings of government. He rejected *in toto* the idea that the accident of birth should confer upon a particular family—regardless of sense, honesty or merit—the power to rule over a multitude, a commonwealth or a nation of men. On this point, without, perhaps knowing it, he was an assimilated disciple of Thomas Jefferson. He exerted vast influence in Yucatan, and became, for one so young, the idol of the people, a fact of which I had abundant evidence during my four months tour in Yucatan in the winter of 1865-6, for, when it became known in Campeachy that an American gentleman of Texas, who was a friend of Lorenzo de Zavala was a guest of the son of the celebrated John McGregor, the house was visited by many, and an old lady of benevolent face, when introduced, said to my host: "Will the gentleman permit one who loved Lorenzo de Zavala to embrace him?" Without waiting for interpretation, as I perfectly understood her, I said: "Yes, dear madam, with keenest pleasure;" and the embrace was mutual, a la Mexicana. My heart yet warms to the dear old lady. I recall the whole scene, too long to be described here, with a pleasure which whispers to my heart that truth, virtue, manhood, womanhood, patriotism, and all the attributes pertaining to the highest developed humanity, are not the peculiar and exclusive characteristics of my own countrymen, but exist, in some form or other, wherever the children of men are found. "The wind bloweth where it listeth but thou canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; such is the kingdom of God." So it is in virtue, in honor, in love, in manhood and in womanhood.

Returning to Merida with an education finished in Europe, young Lorenzo was made secretary of the city council of Merida (then a city of about sixty thousand inhabitants), and he filled that office through 1812-13, and until July, 1814, when, in consequence of his liberal doctrines, he was seized and imprisoned in the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, in front of Vera Cruz. He was held in that prison till 1817, covering three years of the Mexican revolution (1810 to 1821). While in prison his library and property were confiscated. Liberated in the last half of 1817, and going forth bankrupt, he rallied on a previous study in medicine and became a physician in Merida from the latter part of 1817 to about the close of 1819.

It must be remembered that during the Mexican revolution against Spain (1810 to 1821), Yucatan was a separate Captain-Generalcy and took no part; but that as soon as Mexican independence was secured Yucatan joined the Mexican confeder-

tion as a State. This is important to bear in mind as a historical fact.

In 1820 Zavala was elected by Yucatan as a deputy to the then ephemeral Cortes of Spain. He attended the sessions of that body and proposed a measure to establish a legislative body for Yucatan and other Spanish-American colonies, for their local self-government; but this caused among the monarchists *per se*, a great cry against him, and, to save his liberty, if not his life, he was compelled to flee. He escaped into France and thence found his way over to London and from there sailed for his home.

In September, 1821, the Mexican revolution, under Iturbide's plan of Iguala, triumphed. Thereupon Yucatan determined to join her fortunes to Mexico, and in February, 1822, elected Don Lorenzo as one of her deputies to the first Congress of that country. He took his seat in that notable assembly and was elected its President. That body finally adopted the Republican constitution of 1824. The first name signed to it is that of Lorenzo de Zavala, President, and Deputy from Yucatan.

Under that constitution, the future Congress being divided into a Senate and House of Representatives, Zavala was senator from Yucatan in 1825 and 1826. In March, 1827, he was made Governor of the State of Mexico, (including the capital city), and held that office till 1830, when a revolution fomented at Jalapa compelled him, as a friend of free constitutional government, to flee to the United States. During his exile he made a tour of the United States and wrote a most valuable volume on his observations, designed to enlighten his countrymen as to the practical workings and benefits of free government.

On the triumph of Santa Anna, in 1833, as the champion of the Republican constitution of 1824, Zavala returned to Mexico. He had been a friend of Santa Anna and the Liberal party, and incidentally a zealous friend of the American colonists in Texas. Indeed he had bought land on Buffalo bayou, in Texas, and resolved to make that his home, that he might live among a free and liberty-loving people; but fate delayed the consummation of his wishes. His great and lucid mind seems to have foreseen the future grandeur of Texas. He acquired the right to found a colony in the eastern part of the province, but his public duties forbade his personal attention, and he transferred the right to persons, or a company, who did nothing to carry out the project.

On the triumph of Santa Anna, Zavala was appointed Mexican Minister to France. In the meantime Mrs. Zavala had died, early in 1831, and

he had married an accomplished lady in New York, whose maiden name was Emily West, who was born in New York, September 9, 1811. (This lady, subsequently Mrs. Hand, died in Houston, June 15, 1883, and was buried at the family cemetery, Zavala's Point, opposite the battle ground of San Jacinto.) Mrs. Zavala was considered at the court of St. Cloud a beautiful and accomplished woman, and was greatly esteemed for her social virtues.

Don Lorenzo repaired at once to his post in Paris flushed with high hopes as to the future of his country. He had scarcely arrived, however, when ominous sounds rolled over the Atlantic — sounds soon rendered certainties — admonishing him that his old friend and chief, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, had become a traitor to the cause of liberty and was now the champion of despotism — of the Church and State party — and in fact was the champion of the cast-off despotism of Spain, the only difference being in a name.

When this whole fact, thrice repeated, came to be understood by Zavala in Paris, his honest soul revolted, and he promptly sent his resignation to Mexico. He at once resolved to carry out his idea of becoming a citizen of Texas — then a Mexican province — where he hoped to rear his children in an atmosphere of freedom. He sent his son Lorenzo de Zavala, Jr., who was his Secretary of Legation also, to Texas, to begin improvements on the lands he had previously bought. He wrote Santa Anna a letter worthy of his character, denouncing the latter's apostasy to the cause of liberty, and telling him that whereas, heretofore his cause had prospered because it was right, now that he had betrayed that cause, he would fall. Truer prediction was never uttered, though it required nineteen years to bring the grand truth home to Santa Anna, and make him a refugee from the wrath of his own countrymen, never more to be tolerated on the soil of his birth, except when old and decrepit, to be allowed the privilege to return and die in the capital of the land he had outraged. The poor old apostate did so return and die, a veritable outcast, in the old Hotel Vergara, about 1874.

Governor Zavala arrived in Texas early in 1835. He was received with open arms by all classes, and was consulted by all prominent men in regard to the condition of the country. When the people elected members to the first revolutionary convention (consultation), of November 3d, 1835, he was a delegate, and aided in forming the provisional government, of which that grand and noble patriot, Henry Smith, was made chief.

When the second convention declared Texas to

be a free and independent nation, March 2d, 1836, Zavala was a member and signed the document.

When the convention of independence formed a government *ad interim* for the Republic, on the 17th of March, 1836, David G. Burnet was elected President and Lorenzo de Zavala, Vice-president. Both held office until the formation of the constitutional government, on the 22d of October, 1836.

Zavala's home was at Zavala's Point, on Buffalo bayou. In crossing the bayou early in November, just after yielding up the vice-presidency, in a canoe, and with his son, Augustin, then only three years old, the canoe capsized. It was a cold, windy day. Securing his child on the bottom of the capsized boat, he swam and guided it to the opposite shore. In saving his child he became chilled; pneumonia followed, and on the 16th of November, 1836, the pure and noble soul of Lorenzo de Zavala went to God.

Consider where and when this man was born; where and under what conditions he lived, how he demeaned himself, and your judgment must be that he was an honor to his race. His memory will be hallowed while that of his apostate enemy and persecutor, Santa Anna, will be hissed as something detestable between the teeth of freemen. Blessed is the memory of one — detested that of the other.

In such a sketch I am compelled to epitomize rather than enlarge on the subject-matter. Yet I cannot withhold an expression of the opinion entertained of the exalted and spotless character of this noble man. That this is not a recent opinion is shown by the fact that in the legislature of 1857-8, while a member from Galveston, I introduced and carried through the legislature a bill creating and naming the county of Zavala. My visit to Yucatan, in 1865-6 — being then "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief" — intensified the original pleasure I had enjoyed in accomplishing that tribute to his memory. Donna Joaquina Peon, of Merida, made famous in Stephens' work on Central America, being made sensible of the fact by the gentleman who presented me, was profuse in expressions of thankfulness, because, as she said, Don Lorenzo was one of God's noblemen.

By his marriage with Toresa Correa, Governor

Zavala had three children, viz.: Lorenzo, Jr., who, in 1881, lived in Merida. He was on the battle field of San Jacinto, and part of the time acted as interpreter between Santa Anna and Gen. Houston. He left Texas in 1841 and went to his native city of Merida, where he still resided in 1881, though he was absent during my visit there in 1865-6. There was a daughter named Manuela, and a daughter who died in infancy.

By his second marriage, late in 1831, to Miss Emily West, of New York, he had three children, viz.: —

1. Augustin de Zavala, born in New York, January 1, 1833, married Julia Tyrrell, and now lives in San Antonio, Texas. Their children are Adina, an educated and accomplished young lady (as I know from correspondence with her), Florence, Mary, Zita, Thomas J., and Augustin P.

2. Emily de Zavala, born in February, 1834, married Capt. Thomas Jenkins, a lawyer, and died in Galveston, April 20, 1858, leaving a child named Catherine.

3. Ricardo de Zavala, born in New York in 1835, twice married and both wives dead. He still lives, having two sons and two daughters.

In all my meditations on the men and history of Texas — with an involuntary reverence for the characters of Milam, Travis, Bonham, Bowie, and numerous others — I dwell with fascinating delight on the character of Lorenzo de Zavala. He must not be judged and weighed in the same scale that we apply to native born Americans, but by the times, country, institutions and surroundings attending his birth and growth into manhood. Tried by the test, he presents one of the most spotless and exalted characters of modern times, and his memory should be cherished by the children of Texas as one of the purest patriots of this or any other age.

He was one of the proscribed citizens of Texas, and Santa Anna sought both through the civil authorities and his military minions sent to overawe Texas in 1835, to have him arrested and sent to Mexico for trial. The civil authorities spurned the infamous request, and the military at San Antonio were impotent to effect it. Through his granddaughter, Adina, I have recently come into possession of the only picture of him ever in Texas, a painting executed in Havana, about 1831.

David G. Burnet.

David Gouveneur Burnet, son of a revolutionary surgeon, was born at Newark, New Jersey, April 4th, 1788.

His family ranked high for intelligence and moral worth. His elder brother, Jacob, was senator from Ohio and many years Chief Justice of that State. Another brother, Isaac, was long Mayor of Cincinnati. David G. received a thorough education and when in his eighteenth year, on the 1st of January, 1806, joined in New York, the expedition of Gen. Francisco de Miranda, a native of Venezuela, for the liberation of that country from Spanish bondage. On that day he received from that patriot chief a commission as Second Lieutenant of infantry, the original of which is in my possession, a gift from him in 1869. The sons of many noted families of New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts, including a grandson of President John Adams, were in the expedition. The invading squadron entered the gulf of Venezuela, accompanied by the British frigate *Buchante*, whose launch boat was commanded by Lieut. Burnet, under whose orders the first gun was fired in behalf of South American liberty. This was in an attack on the fort protecting La Villa de Coro, on that gulf. The assailants carried the fort, its occupants retiring to the interior. At Porto Caballo, a number of the invaders were captured—ten of whom were slaughtered, some condemned to the mines, and others died. The death of Pitt, Premier of England and patron of Miranda, caused an abandonment of the enterprise and the return of the survivors to New York.

In 1808 Miranda renewed the contest and secured a position on the coast. Burnet hastened to him, but he was persuaded by the patriot chief to return home. Soon afterwards Miranda was captured and sent to Spain, where he died in prison. Various thrilling incidents are omitted.

Burnet, a few years later, went to Cincinnati, and early in 1817, to Natchitoches, Louisiana. Threatened with consumption, in the autumn of that year, he went among the wild Comanches and lived about two years with them, recovering robust health, and having as a companion for a part of the time Ben R. Milam, who went among those wild people to exchange goods for horses, furs and peltries. On leaving them Burnet gave the Indians all his effects in exchange for a number of Mexican women and children held captives by them, all of

whom he safely returned to their people, refusing all offers of compensation. For the seven succeeding years, in Texas, Louisiana and Ohio, he devoted his time to the study and practice of law. Marrying a lady, whose memory is fondly cherished wherever she was known, in 1826, he became a permanent citizen of Texas, on the San Jacinto river, near Galveston Bay, introducing a steam saw mill, which proved a failure for want of people to buy lumber.

In 1833 he was a member of the convention which drafted and sent to Mexico a proposed constitution for Texas as a State, and a long and able memorial praying for its adoption. Gen. Sam Houston was chairman of the committee which drew the constitution; Burnet wrote the memorial, and Austin, as commissioner, carried both to Mexico. The base imprisonment of Austin and utter refusal to adopt the constitution and allow Texas to have a separate State government from Coahuila were the causes, direct and indirect, of the Texas revolution.

In 1834 a law was passed establishing a Superior Court in Texas, with a judge, and three districts with a judge each—Bexar, Brazos and Nacogdoches. Burnet was appointed judge of the district of Brazos, that is, all of Central Texas. He held terms of court until superseded by the revolutionary provisional government in November, 1835, and was the only person who ever held a court of law in Texas prior to that time.

The convention which declared Texas independent and established its government as such, on the 18th day of March, 1836 (the last of its session), elected David G. Burnet, President; Samuel P. Carson, Secretary of State; Thomas J. Rusk, Secretary of War; Robert Potter, Secretary of the Navy; Bailey Hardeman, Secretary of the Treasury, and David Thomas, Attorney General.

The presidency of this *ad interim* term continued till the 22d of October, when it was succeeded by officers elected by the people under the constitution, Gen. Houston becoming President and Mirabeau B. Lamar, Vice president.

The fame of President Burnet very largely rests upon his administration through those eight months of peril, gloom, disaster and brilliant success. The Alamo had fallen twelve days before. The butchery of Fannin and his 345 men occurred nine days later. Houston was then retreating before

Santa Anna. The sun of San Jacinto rose in splendor and went down in blood thirty-four days after Burnet's election, but its rays were reflected over a land won to freedom.

Then followed grave problems. First the disposition to be made of Santa Anna; second, the maintenance of an army in the field, without money, supplies or resources in a country from which the inhabitants had recently fled and were returning without bread — the condition soon aggravated by men poorly fed and idle in camp; third, the creation of a navy against Mexican cruisers; fourth, Indian ravages on the frontier; and fifth, the regular organization of the Republic, by elections under and the ratification of the constitution. Passions ran high; demagoguery had its votaries, and nothing short of superhuman power could have escaped unjust criticism. But to men of enlightened minds and just hearts it has long been evident that the administration of this over-burdened first President was wise and eminently patriotic. It will bear the most rigid scrutiny and be pronounced a durable monument to the head and heart of its chief.

After remaining in retirement two years he became Vice-president by a large majority in December, 1838, and served three years, several months of the time as President. He participated in the Cherokee battles of 1839, and was wounded.

With 1841 he retired to private life, but served as Secretary of State through 1846 and 1847, with Governor J. P. Henderson.

In 1866 he was elected to the United States Senate, but was denied a seat on account of the question of reconstruction.

The close of the war found him alone in the world. His wife and three children lay buried on his San Jacinto farm. His last child, the gallant Maj. Wm. E. Burnet, had fallen in the battle of Spanish Fort, near Mobile. March 31, 1865 — a noble young man worthy of his noble parents.

President Burnet was not only a learned, wise and upright man, but a man of sincere and profound religious convictions, from which, neither in youth nor manhood, did he ever depart.

He was tendered and accepted a home in the generous and estimable family of Mr. Preston Perry, in Galveston, but in 1868 his kindred in Newark, tendered him a home among them, on his native spot. The affections of childhood returned and he concluded to go. This becoming known in Galveston, on the 23d of May, 1868, a farewell letter was addressed to him signed by ninety-eight gentlemen and twenty-seven ladies, embracing some of the most eminent names in the State. That letter, now before me, is touchingly beautiful and as true as beautiful. It is too long for this place; but I want young people to read at least its concluding paragraph. Here it is: —

"Texas, whom you have loved and served, sends you to-day from her mountain tops to her sea board, from both sexes and all ages her affectionate greeting and farewell. It comes alike from the few feeble voices that long ago, in the day of youth and strength, elevated you to the supreme authority in the Republic of Texas; the heroic few that won her independence and accepted her destiny as their own; from the lisps of childhood, who have learned from parental lips the value of your services, and beauty of your character; and from strangers, too, who have learned to love in you all that is pure, unselfish, and noble in man. And that God, in his goodness, may bless and preserve you, is the earnest and universal prayer of Texas and her people."

This letter to President Burnet, in its entirety, with the names attached, is a proud monument to his memory.

He went to his native place, but did not long remain. The changes there had removed the scenes of childhood and he moved among strangers. The love of Texas — the product of fifty years' association in manhood and its trials — came upon him, by contrast, with resistless force. He came back to die in the land of his love, and then to sleep beside his wife and children. Peacefully, on the 5th day of December, 1870, he departed from life, aged eighty-two years and eight months, in the home of Mrs. Preston Perry of Galveston, who was to him all that a daughter could be.

James Butler Bonham.

It is honorable to human nature to feel something akin to personal interest and, with many, kinship, in the character of men whose deeds stamp them as of the highest order of honor and heroism. Of such is the character we have under consideration. Most that is known among the multitude, even of well-informed Texians, is that Bonham, a South Carolinian, fell in the Alamo. The true sublimity of his acts and bearing has been locked in the hearts of a few, and never till recently, by the writer of these chapters, given to the public, and then only to contradict a published historical misstatement awarding to another the credit due to Bonham, and to Bonham only.

Who was this almost matchless hero, patriot and friend — friend to the illustrious Travis, as David and Jonathan were friends — a friendship hallowed in Masonry and in the hearts of men three thousand years after its manifestation in the days of Saul? Very briefly I will answer.

The Bonham family, in so far as their American history goes, are of Maryland origin. They branched off more than a hundred years ago from that State into South Carolina, Kentucky (from Kentucky into Missouri and thence to Texas), and elsewhere in the newer portions of the Union.

James Bonham, in the Revolutionary War, was a private soldier at fifteen years of age in a Maryland cavalry company, whose captain and oldest member was but nineteen. They served at the siege of Yorktown. The wife of this James Bonham was Sophia Smith. They had five sons and three daughters. Jacob, the eldest, died in childhood. The second, Simon Smith Bonham, died a lawyer and planter in Alabama, in 1835.

The third, Malachi Bonham, died in Fairfield, Freestone County, Texas, during the Civil War, and has children there now. The fourth son was the hero of Alamo, James Butler Bonham. The fifth and last son was Milledge L. Bonham. This son was Adjutant of a South Carolina brigade in the Florida war. He was Colonel of the 12th U. S. Infantry in the Mexican war. He was Solicitor in his district in South Carolina for nine years; a member of Congress from 1857 to the Civil War in 1861. He was Major-General commanding all the troops of South Carolina at the time of her secession from the Union, and so remained until April 19, 1861, when the State troops were merged into the Confederate army, and Gen. Bonham, as a fact,

led the first brigade into that service. In the fall of that year, however, he was elected to the Confederate Congress, in which he served one session, and in 1862 was elected Governor of South Carolina, serving till the close of 1864, when, as Brigadier-General, he re-entered the Confederate army and so remained till the close of the war. He died at the age of 80 years in 1890, while President of the State Board of Railroad Commissioners.

Returning to Bonham, the martyr, it may be stated that his sister, Sarah M., married John Lipscomb, of Abbeville, S. C., while Julia married Dr. Samuel Bowie, and died in Lowndes County, Alabama.

James Butler Bonham, fourth son of Capt. James Bonham, was born on Red Bank creek, Edgefield County, South Carolina, February 7, 1807. Wm. Barrett Travis, slightly his senior, and of one of the best families of that country, was born within five miles of the same spot. Their childhood and boyhood constituted an unbroken chain of endearment. Both were tall, muscular and handsome men. Both were noted for manly gentleness in social life and fearlessness in danger. Travis came to Texas in 1830. His career thence to his death is a part of our history. We turn to Bonham. He was well educated, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1830. In the fall of 1832, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, he was appointed Aide to Governor James Hamilton (afterwards so justly endeared to Texas.) That was when South Carolina was a military camp in the time of nullification. He was at Charleston in all the preparations for defense. The citizens of Charleston, charmed by his splendid physique, accomplished manners and gentle bearing, made him Captain of their favorite artillery company, which he commanded in addition to his staff duties. The passage of Henry Clay's compromise averted the danger, and young Bonham resumed his practice in Pendleton District; but in 1834 removed to Montgomery, Alabama, and at once began a career full of brilliant promise. But about September, 1835, there was wafted to him whisperings, and then audible sounds, of the impending revolution in Texas. While the correspondence is lost, it is certain that earnest and loving letters passed between him and Travis. Communication was slow and at distant intervals compared with the present time; but by November the soul of Bonham was enlisted in the cause of Texas. He

abandoned everything and came — came with such indorsements as commanded the confidence of Governor Henry Smith, the leader of the party of independence, Gen. Houston, and all the prominent men who advocated an absolute separation from Mexico. At San Felipe he met and embraced his loved Travis. Bexar had fallen. Wild schemes not untinged with selfishness, and consequent demoralization, were in the air. Governor Smith sent Col. Travis to take command at San Antonio, after Johnson, Grant and their self-organized expedition to take Matamoros had depleted San Antonio of its military supplies and left it as a defenseless outpost. Travis hastened to his post of duty, preceded a short time by the friend of his youth, Bonham. Travis, grand in intellect, unselfish in spirit and noble in heart, organized his force as best he could, determined to hold the advancing enemy in check until Gen. Houston could collect and organize a force sufficient to meet and repel him in the open field. He trusted that Fannin, with over four hundred thoroughly equipped men at Goliad, would march to his relief. He sent appeals to him to that effect, and finally, after Santa Anna's cohorts had encircled his position in the Alamo, he sent Bonham for a last appeal for aid, with instructions also to his lifetime friend to proceed from Goliad to Gonzales in search of aid. This mission was full of peril from both Mexicans around San Antonio and Indians on the entire route of his travel. As things were then, none but a man oblivious of danger would have undertaken the mission. James Butler Bonham, then just twenty-nine years of age, assumed its hazards. He presented the facts to Fannin, but the latter failed to respond. Thence Bonham, through the wilderness, without a human habitation between the points, hastened from Goliad to Gonzales, just as a few volunteers began to collect there. In response to the appeals of Travis thirty-two citizens of that colony had left a day or two before, under Capt. Albert Martin, to succor the 150 defenders of the Alamo. The siege had begun on the 23d of February. These thirty-two men had fought their way in at daylight on the 1st of March. Bonham, supplied with all the information he could gather, and satisfied he could get no further present recruits, determined to return to Travis. He was accompanied by John W. Smith. When they reached the heights overlooking San Antonio and saw that the doomed Alamo was encircled by Santa Anna's troops, Smith deemed it suicidal to seek an entrance. That was the ninth day of the siege and the doom of the garrison was inevitable. Smith, by his own honorable statement afterwards, to both Gen. Sam

Houston and ex-Governor Milledge L. Bonham, in Houston, in 1838, urged Bonham to retire with him; but he sternly refused, saying: "I will report the result of my mission to Travis or die in the attempt." Mounted on a beautiful cream-colored horse, with a white handkerchief floating from his hat (as previously agreed with Travis), he dashed through the Mexican lines, amid the showers of bullets hurled at him — the gate of the Alamo flew open, and as chivalrous a soul as ever fought and died for liberty entered — entered to leave no more, except in its upward flight to the throne of God. The soul communion between those two sons of Carolina — in that noonday hour may be imagined. Sixty-six hours later they and their doomed companions, in all 183, slept with their fathers.

Bonham had neither wife nor child. He was but twenty-nine years and fourteen days old when he fell. His entrance into the Alamo under a leaden shower hurled from an implacable enemy was hailed by the besieged heroes with such shouts as caused even the enemy to marvel. It was a personal heroism unsurpassed in the world's history. In its inspiration and fidelity to a holy trust it was sublime.

Such was James Butler Bonham. Shall any man, after the immortal Travis, be more prominently sculptured on the Alamo monument than he? Let all who love truth and justice in history answer. The spirit of truth and justice appeals to those who would commemorate the deeds of the Alamo, that the names to be most signalized should be arranged with that of Travis in the foreground, then Bonham, Bowie, who heroically died sick in bed, Albert Martin, leader of the thirty-two from Gonzales, after which should follow those of Crockett, Green B. Jameson, Dickenson, Geo. W. Cottle, Andrew Kent, and the others down to the last one of the one hundred and eighty-three.

South Carolina went into mourning over Travis and Bonham, sons in whom she felt a sublime pride. I have before me the proceedings of several public meetings held in that State when the truth, in all its chivalrous glory, spread over her borders. Carolina wept for her sons "because they were not." She baptized them with tears of sorrow, not unmingled with the consolatory resignation of a mother who bewails the loss of her sons but rejoices that they fell in a cause just and righteous — gloriously fell that their country might be free. Among many sentiments uttered at these meetings in South Carolina, I extract the following:—

1. "The memory of Cols. Travis and Bonham: There is cause for joy and not of mourning. The District of Edgefield proudly points to her two gal-

fant sons who fell in a struggle against a monster tyrant, contending for those sacred principles which are dear to every American bosom."

2. "The memory of Cols. Travis and Bonham: Martyrs in the cause of Texian liberty. We are proud to say that this spot of earth gave them birth; and that here they imbibed those principles in the maintenance of which they so gloriously fell."

3. By James Dorn: "James Butler Bonham, who perished in the Alamo — a noble son of Caro-

lina. May her sons ever contend for that soil on which he so nobly fought and died."

Throughout the State similar meetings were held, and hundreds of Carolina volunteers hastened to Texas, to save the land for which Travis, Bonham, Bowie, Martin, Crockett and their comrades died. Bowie, by name, shared in the eulogies pronounced, as did also Crockett. Each name is dear to Texas; but no name in the splendor of manhood and chivalrous bearing can ever eclipse that of James Butler Bonham.

Benjamin R. Milam.

The career of this chivalrous martyr to Texian liberty possesses romantic interest from its inception to its close.

Born in Kentucky about 1790, of good stock and reared in that school of republican simplicity and unbending integrity so characteristic of a large element of the people of that (then) district in old Virginia, he entered upon man's estate, fortified by sound principles of right and never departed from them. He inherited the love of enterprise and adventure, and among such a people, in passing from childhood to manhood, this inheritance grew into a passion.

In early manhood he was a daring soldier in the "war of 1812," and won both the admiration and affection of his comrades. In 1815 he and John Samuel, of Frankfort, Kentucky, took a large shipment of flour to New Orleans, but finding a dull market, he and two others chartered a schooner and sailed with the flour for Maricaoibo.

On the voyage the yellow fever appeared in its most malignant form, carrying off the captain and nearly all the crew. A terrific storm disabled the vessel. The adventure proved a total loss. The survivors were finally conveyed to St. Johns, N. B., and thence to New York. Milam ultimately reached his Kentucky home.

We next find him, with a few followers, in 1818, on the head waters of the Colorado, trading with the wild Comanches. It was there that he first met David G. Burnet, afterwards the first President of Texas, then among those wild men of the plains, as has been elsewhere shown, successfully striving to overcome the threatened inroads of pulmonary consumption. They slept on the same

blanket among savages, few of whom had ever seen an American. The closest ties of friendship speedily united them in the warmest esteem, never to be severed, except in death. It was a beautiful affection between two noble men, whose souls, dedicated to liberty and virtue, were incapable of treachery or dishonor. They separated to meet again as citizens of Texas.

Returning to New Orleans in 1819, Milam sailed for Galveston Island and there joined Long's expedition for Mexico, in aid of the patriots of that country. Milam, however, sailed down the Mexican coast with General Felix Trespalacios, and a small party, effecting a landing and union with native patriot forces, while Long marched upon La Bahia (now Goliad), Texas, and took the place, but in a few days surrendered himself and fifty-one followers to a Spanish royalist force. They were marched as prisoners to Monterey, whence Long was conveyed to the city of Mexico. When he reached there the revolution, by the apostasy of Iturbide from the royalist cause, had triumphed. Long was then hailed as a friend. Trespalacios, Milam, Col. Christy and John Austin (the two latter having sailed with them from Galveston), arrived in the capital about the same time. Everything, to them, wore a roseate hue and they were the recipients of every courtesy. It was soon determined by the new government to send Trespalacios as Governor of the distant province of Texas. That personage, however, became jealous of the influence of Long and basely procured his assassination. This enraged Milam, Christy and Austin, who had fought for Mexican liberty in several battles. They left the capital in advance of

Trespalcios, rejoined their companions at Monterey, reporting to them the dastardly murder of Long. It was agreed among them to wreak vengeance on the new Governor on his arrival at Monterey,

Before his arrival, however, two of the party there revealed the plan. Thereupon they were all seized and sent to the city of Mexico and there thrown into prison, with every prospect of being put to death. At the close of 1822, on the arrival in that city of Joel R. Poinsett, of South Carolina, as a commissioner of observation from the United States, he secured their liberation and return home.

After the formation of the constitutional government in Mexico in 1825, Milam returned to that country, and was recognized as a valiant soldier. He was granted in consideration of his services, a large body of land, which, unfortunately, he located on that portion of Red river which proved to be in Arkansas, and hence a total loss to him. Before that discovery, however, he established a farm and placed cattle on it. He also purchased a steamboat and was the first person to pass such a vessel through and above the raft on Red river. He became also interested with Gen. Arthur Wavell, an Englishman, in a proposed colony farther up that stream; but from various causes the enterprise was not carried forward. Milam was almost idolized by the few people scattered on both sides of that stream. Of those most dearly attached to him were that sturdy old patriot, Collin McKinney, his wife and children, some of whom were then grown.

About 1826 Milam secured in his own right a grant to found a colony between the Colorado and Guadalupe rivers, bounded on the south by the old San Antonio and Nacogdoches road, and extending up each river a distance of forty-five miles. This territory now includes all of Hays and Blanco counties, the east part of Comal, the upper part of Caldwell, the northwest quarter of Bastrop and the west half of Travis. He appointed Maj. James Kerr, the Surveyor-general of DeWitt's Colony, as his agent and attorney, in fact to manage the affairs of his proposed colony. The original power of attorney, drawn and witnessed by David G. Burnet, dated in January, 1827, in old San Felipe, and signed "Ben R. Milam," is a souvenir now in my possession. But before matters progressed very far Milam sold his franchise to Baring Brothers, London. They totally failed to carry out the enterprise.

For three or four years prior to the opening of 1835, Milam remained on Red river. In that time the people became greatly alarmed in that section in regard to their land matters and the

true boundary line between Texas (or Mexico) and the United States. They appealed to Col. Milam to intercede for them with the State government of Coahuila and Texas at Monclova. He could not resist. Early in 1835, alone on horseback, he started through the wilderness with a little dried beef and parched meal, to travel about seven hundred miles, trusting to his rifle for further supplies of food. He made the trip, passing only through San Antonio from Red River to the Rio Grande. He found Governor Augustine Viesca anxious to do all in his power in behalf of Milam and his constituents; but revolution was in the air. Santa Anna had just given a death blow to the constitutional government on the plain of Zacatecas, and the fiat had gone forth for the overthrow of the State government at Monclova. Time rapidly passed. Governor Viesca, with Milam and Dr. John Cameron, undertook to escape into Texas. They were seized and imprisoned. One by one they escaped and reached Texas, Milam being the first to do so. On the night of October 9th, 1835, he passed round Goliad and fell into the road east of the town. Hearing the approach of men on horseback, he secreted himself in brush by the road side. As the party came opposite him he heard American voices and called:—

"Men! who are you?"

"We are volunteers, marching upon Goliad; who are you?"

"I am Ben Milam, escaping from prison in Mexico!"

"God bless you, Col. Milam! we thought they had killed you. All Texas will shout in joy at your escape! Mount one of our horses and help us take Goliad!"

"Indeed I will, boys, and already feel repaid for all my sufferings!"

He soon realized that he was in the presence of Capt. George M. Collinsworth and fifty-two volunteers from the lower Colorado, Lavaca and Navidad.

Noiselessly they approached the unsuspecting fortress, a barricaded stone church, and, at the pre-arranged signal, burst in. In five minutes they were in full possession, with three Mexicans dead and all the others prisoners, while Samuel McCulloch, fearfully shot in the shoulder, was the only casualty among the assailants; and on the 21st of April, 1836, fifty-one and a half years later, he was a guest of Col. W. W. Leake, at the semi-centennial reunion of the Texas veterans in Dallas.

A few days later Col. Milam, as a private, joined the volunteers in their march upon San Antonio, then occupied by the Mexican General, Cos, with



about eleven hundred men, afterwards increased to fifteen hundred. From the 27th of October, to the 4th of December, varying in number from six hundred to eleven hundred men, first under Austin and then under Burleson, the volunteers had laid in a mile or so of San Antonio, without any attack upon the town. A brilliant victory was won by Bowie and Fannin, at the Mission of Concepcion at daylight on the 28th of October, before Austin's arrival with the main body; and on the 26th of November, the day after Austin left, the Grass fight occurred, in which a detachment of the enemy were driven into the town with some loss; but nothing decisive had occurred. First under Austin and next under Burleson propositions for storming the place had failed. Dissatisfaction arose and men came and went as they pleased. On the 4th of December, the force had fallen from eleven hundred to five or six hundred. On that day the last proposition had failed and great discontent prevailed. Milam became aroused and alarmed lest the entire encampment should disband and go home. He moved to and fro as a caged lion, till late in the day he stepped out in plain view of all and in a stentorian voice called out:—

“Who will follow Ben Milam into San Antonio? Let all who will, form a line right here.”

In the twinkling of an eye three hundred men were in line. The plan was soon formed. During the night the entrance was made in two divisions, one led by Milam, the other by Francis W. Johnson. Under a heavy fire they effected lodgments in rows of stone houses and then for five days tunneled from room to room. On the 8th, while crossing a back yard from one house to another, a ball pierced Milam's head and he fell dead. But his spirit survived. He had imparted it to his followers, who continued to press forward his plans, till on the 9th, after having been driven from the town into the Alamo, Cos raised a white flag. On the 10th he capitulated, verifying the genius, the courage and ability to command of the grand and

glorious Milam, whose death was bewailed as a personal loss in every hamlet and cabin in Texas.

In person Col. Milam was of commanding form—tall, muscular and well-proportioned, with a face, a countenance and manner that instantly won regard and confidence. None of the heroes of Texas was so universally loved. His intelligence in practical affairs was of the highest order. Unambitious of official place, he was always and everywhere a leader, because of the unbounded confidence men, and women as well, had in his wisdom, his inflexible honesty, his kindness and his courage. I never dwell on his character without emotions of gratitude to God for giving Texas in her infancy and travail such an example of the highest and noblest illustration of American manhood.

A DEFERRED MEMORIAL.

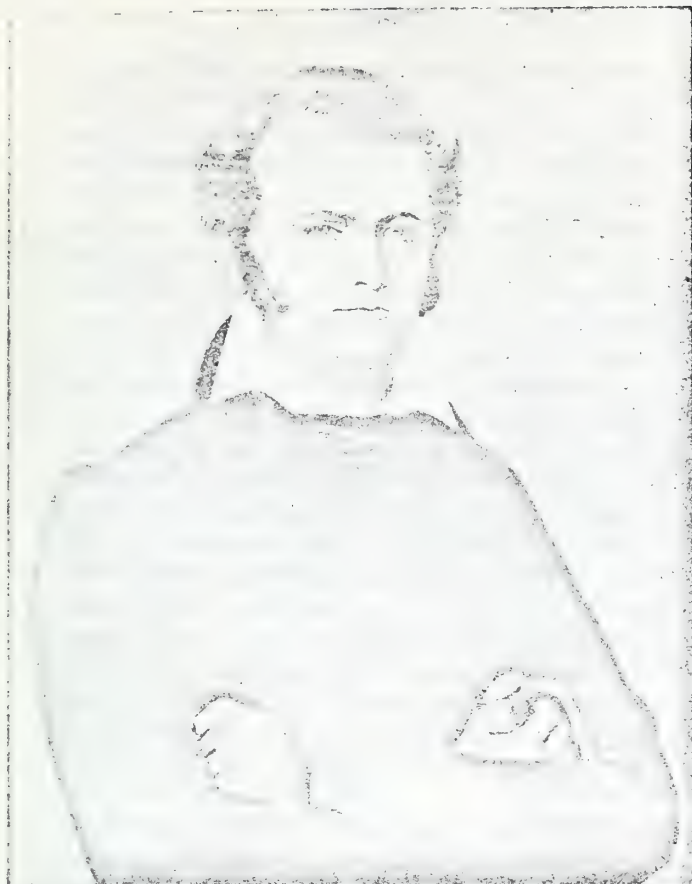
In the General Council of the Provisional Government, December 27th, 1835 (nineteen days after Milam's death), the honorable John J. Linn, member from Victoria, the official journal says: “Presented a resolution providing for the erection of a monument to the memory of Benjamin R. Milam, at San Antonio de Bexar, which was adopted; and his excellency Governor Henry Smith, James Cockran, John Rice Jones, Gail Borden and John H. Money were appointed a central committee to carry into effect the objects of the resolution.” (Journals of the Council, page 215, December 27, 1835.)

Mr. Linn died in Victoria on the 25th of October, 1885, in his 88th year. Fifty-six years, less two months and two days, had passed since the adoption of his resolution and other years have been added to the past, and still there is no monument to Milam. Some men have become millionaires in the town he won to liberty and a large number have become wealthy. Every man on that committee and every member of that council is dead, and still there is no monument to Milam! Will it for ever be thus? God forbid!

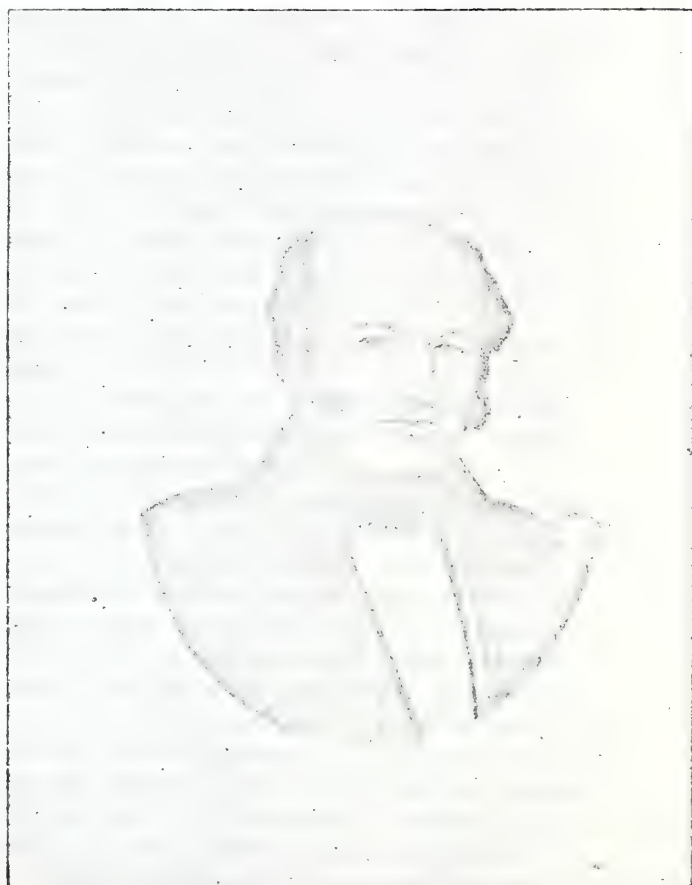
Rezin P. and James Bowie — The Bowie Family.

An erroneous impression has ever prevailed in regard to the Bowie family, in the belief that they sprang from Maryland. Such, until now, was my own impression; but I am now in possession of perfectly authentic facts to the contrary. Two of

three Scotch brothers of the name did settle in Maryland and have a numerous posterity. But a third brother, at the same time, settled in South Carolina. His son, Rezin Bowie, born in South Carolina, was wounded and taken prisoner by the



James Powell



REZIN P. BOWIE.

British. While so held in Savannah, among other American ladies who bestowed kindness upon him, was a lovely and pious young lady named Elve (sometimes written Elvy) Jones, of a large and educated family. In 1782 Rezin Bowie and this girl were married in Georgia and settled there. They became the parents of the Texas Bowies. Their first children, dying in infancy, were twin girls, Lavinia and Lavisia. David, a remarkably pious youth, died at the age of nineteen; Sarah, who married Mr. Davis and died in Opelousas, La., in her first childbirth; Mary, afterwards Mrs. Abram Bird, and John J., who died a few years ago in Issequana County, Miss. These six were born in Georgia. The parents then removed to Elliott's Springs, Tennessee, where, on the 8th of September, 1793, the distinguished Rezin Pleasants Bowie was born. Two years later, in 1795, James Bowie, martyr of the Alamo, was born at the same place, followed by Stephen, who became a planter on Bayou Boeuf, La., and Martha, who first married James Nugent, who was accidentally killed, and then Alexander B. Sterrett, who, it is claimed, was the first settler at Shreveport, La., where he was sheriff and was killed. He has grandchildren in Shreveport, named Gooch, and a widowed daughter, Mrs. Bettie Hull, whose only surviving child is her widowed daughter, Mrs. Reizette Bowie Donley. Presumably about 1802, Rezin Bowie, Sr., removed from Elliott's Springs, Tenn., to Catahoula parish, Louisiana, thence to Bayou Teche, and finally to the district of Opelousas, where he died in 1819. His widow, nee Elve Jones, of Georgia, a woman noted for charity and deeply religious principles, died at the house of her son-in-law, Alex. P. Sterrett, in 1837 or 1838, in Shreveport. Having thus sketched the family, we return to the two brothers, whose names are linked with that of Texas.

Rezin P. Bowie, the elder of the two, at the Catholic Church in Natchitoches, La., in 1812, married Frances, daughter of Daniel Neville. They had five children, two of whom died in childhood; Martha A., died, aged twenty-one years, in New Orleans, in 1853; Matilda E., married Joseph H. Moore, and is a widow in New Orleans, residing with my friend, her estimable son, Mr. John S. Moore. Elve A., married Taylor Moore, and died in Claiborne County, Miss., in 1872. Rezin P. Bowie was three times a member of the legislature of Louisiana, and filled other positions besides his connection with Texas. He was an educated and accomplished gentleman and a fine orator. He, too, and not his brother James, was the designer of the famous hunting instrument known as the Bowie knife. He died in New Orleans, January 17, 1841.

Col. James Bowie, on the 22d of April, 1831, in San Antonio de Bexar, Texas, married Maria Ursula, daughter of Don Juan Martin de Veremendi, Lieutenant-Governor of Coahuila and Texas. I have before me the "propter nuptias," authenticated by Jose Maria Salinas, the constitutional Alcalde, in which he settled upon his beautiful and lovely spouse the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, and in which his estate, in Texas and the United States, was shown to be worth \$222,800. The instrument is witnessed by Jose Francisco Flores and Ygnacio Arocha. Two children blessed this union, but on a visit to Monclova, in Coahuila, in 1833, they and their young mother, as well as Governor Veremendi, died of cholera. It was to this quadruplicated affliction that Bowie so pathetically referred in his wonderful outburst of eloquence before the Council of Texas, at San Felipe, in December, 1832.

These facts are authentic and meet the desires of many to know the true genealogy of the Bowie family.

The character of Col. Bowie has been grossly misunderstood by the great mass of the American people—a misunderstanding as great as that between a ruffian on the one hand and a high-toned, chivalrous gentleman on the other. In no conceivable sense was James Bowie a ruffian; but, by titles as indisputable as those under which the people of Texas hold their homesteads, he was a high-toned, chivalrous and great-hearted gentleman. He was one of several sons of moral, upright parents, his mother especially being an exemplar of Christian womanhood in her every-day life, and never, in all the vicissitudes of life, did the heart of son more tenderly revere mother than did that of James Bowie, who died in the Alamo, as he had ever lived, a champion of liberty and free government.

The Bowie family has long been conspicuous in Maryland, in politics and jurisprudence, occupying the highest social status.

Many statements in regard to James Bowie which gained more or less currency through the press were purely imaginary. He was not, as so persistently repeated, the fabricator of the famed Bowie knife. Rezin P. Bowie, in a written statement after his brother's death, asserted positively that he, and not James, whittled the model of that knife, from which pattern a blacksmith made the knives for hunting purpose. In common with the general public I had entertained the contrary opinion and had so written of the matter until a few years since, when I met this statement.

Prior to locating in Texas, the two brothers were

planters and traders. James first entered Texas with the view of locating, in 1824—became a citizen in 1826—but did not wholly give up his home in Louisiana till 1823. He was fond of hunting and camp life, and became deeply interested in explorations for the discovery of gold and silver mines, devoting much time at intervals for several years to that search.

The celebrated fight on a sand bar near Natchez, in 1828, was the product of a feud in which opposing factions agreed upon that mode of adjusting their difficulties. To that extent it was a duel in which a number were engaged on either side. Bowie fell from a wound and was unable to rise. His antagonist closed upon him, and, though prostrate, Bowie, by the use of his knife, killed him. After a time he recovered and suffered no permanent disability. In the article before referred to Rezin P. Bowie asserts that this was the only duel in which he or his brother were ever engaged. On the contrary, on many occasions, Bowie interposed to prevent difficulties and to reconcile excited men for whom he entertained kindly regard. He was, to this extent, a peace-maker.

Bowie's noted fight with the Indians, on the 2d of November, 1831, from an account furnished by Rezin P. Bowie, to a Philadelphia paper in 1832, has been described in almost every book on Texas. The account appears in this volume.

Bowie arrived in Nacogdoches after the battle of August 2d, 1832, between the Americans and the Mexican garrison under Col. Jose de la Piedras. The latter retreated during the night on the road to the west. He was pursued and surrendered at the Angelina on the 4th. Bowie escorted the prisoners to San Antonio.

Bowie, in 1832, commanded a small company into the Indian country to retaliate for their attack upon him. But the red men received information of his movement and fled as from a pestilence, declaring him to be a "fighting devil." In a tour of several hundred miles he never saw an Indian.

Bowie joined the volunteer citizen soldiery at Gonzales in October, 1835, and with Fannin commanded an advance of ninety-two men, who, at the Mission of Concepcion, two miles below San Antonio, at daylight, on the 28th of October, were attacked by four hundred Mexicans, with two cannon. They occupied a fine position on the bank of the river, and after a short contest repulsed the enemy with heavy loss, on their part losing but one man, Richard Andrews.

On the 26th of November Bowie commanded in the Grass Fight, on the west side of San Antonio and drove the enemy into the town.

During the winter, pending the provisional government, he desired a commission under which he could raise and command a regiment. Gen. Houston estimated him as an able and safe commander and desired him in the field—indeed, assigned him, for the moment, to an important position. Bowie repaired to the seat of government and applied to the legislative council for the authority desired. That body was torn by faction and delayed action. Bowie became impatient. Tired of waiting, he suddenly appeared at the bar of the council and essayed to speak. "Order! Order!" rang through the hall, while Bowie stood erect, hat in hand, the personification of splendid manhood and fierce determination. The air was full of revolution—Bowie the idol of a majority of the people. A crisis was at hand. The presiding officer quickly spoke, suggesting that Col. Bowie—so long tried, distinguished and courageous—be heard. The council, grasping the situation, invited him to speak.

He was a splendid specimen of manhood—six feet and one inch high, straight as an arrow, of full but not surplus flesh, fair complexion, fine mouth, well-chiseled features and keen blue eyes—with grace and dignity in every movement. So far as known this was his first and last public speech.

Stepping inside the railing, still hat in hand, with a graceful and dignified bow, he addressed himself to the president and council, for nearly an hour, in a vein of pathos, irony, invective and fiery eloquence, that astonished and enraptured his oldest and most intimate friends. He reviewed the salient points of his life, hurled from him with indignation every floating allegation affecting his character as a man of peace and honor—admitted that he was an unlettered man of the Southwest, and his lot had been cast in a day and among a people rendered necessarily, from political and material causes, more or less independent of law; but brave, generous and infinitely scorning every species of meanness and duplicity; that he had honorably cast his lot with Texas for honorable and patriotic purposes; that he had ever neglected his own affairs to serve the country in the hour of danger; had betrayed no man, deceived no man, wronged no man, and had never had a difficulty in the country, unless to protect the weak from the strong and evil-intentioned. That, yielding to the dictates of his own heart, he had taken to his bosom as a wife a true and lovely woman of a different race, the daughter of a distinguished "Coahuil-Texano;" yet, as a thief in the night, death had invaded his little paradise and taken his

father-in-law, his wife and his little jewels, given to him by the God his pious mother had taught him to reverence and to love as "Him who doeth all things well," and chasteneth those he loveth; and now, standing as a monument of Omnipotent mercy, alone of all his blood in Texas, all he asked of his country was the privilege, under its aegis, of serving it in the field, where his name might be honorably associated with the brave and the true in rescuing this fair and lovely land from the grasp of a remorseless military despotism.

The effect was magical. Not an indecorous or undignified word fell from his lips — not an ungraceful movement or gesture — but there he stood, before the astonished council and spectators, the living exemplification of a natural orator.

He tarried not, but left, satisfied that in the more perfect organization of the government he would receive generous consideration, and returned to San Antonio, soon to be immured in a sick room — a dark, little, cell-shaped room in the Alamo — and there, after a siege of thirteen days, to be perhaps the last of the hundred and eighty-three martyrs to yield up his life for his country.

It was never my fortune to meet Col. Bowie, but I enjoyed close associations, in youth and early manhood, with many good men, who knew him long and well. Their universal testimony was that he was one of nature's noblemen, inflexible in honor, scorning double-dealing and trickery — a sincere and frank friend, kind and gentle in intercourse, liberal and generous, loving peace and holding in almost idolatry woman in her purity. He tolerated nowhere, even among the rudest men, anything derogatory to the female sex, holding them as "but a little lower than the angels." In the presence of woman he was a model of dignity, deference and kindness, as if the better elements of his nature were led captive at the shrine of true womanhood. But, when aroused under a sense of wrong, and far more so for a friend than for himself, "he was fearful to look upon," and a dangerous man to the wrong-doer. In 1834 Capt. Wm. Y. Lacey spent eight months in the wilderness with him, and in after years wrote me saying: "He was not in the habit of using profane language and never used an indecent or vulgar word during the eight months I passed with him in the wilderness."

I could multiply testimonials to his great worth, including the exalted opinion of Henry Clay, but space forbids. Many interesting incidents are omitted.

One estimate, however, is added. Capt. Wm. G. Hunt wrote some years ago that he first met

Col. Bowie and his wife (then en route to Louisiana) at a party given them on the Colorado, on Christmas day, 1831; that "Mrs. Bowie was a beautiful Castilian lady, and won all hearts by her sweet manners. Bowie seemed supremely happy with and devoted to her, more like a kind and tender lover than the rough backwoodsman he has since been represented to be."

Is it not a shame that such a man, by the merest fiction and love of the marvelous, should, for half a century after his glorious death, be held in the popular mind of his country as at least a quasi-desperado — brave, truly, but a rough, coarse man, given to broils and affrays? The children of Texas, at least, should know his true character, and, in some important aspects, emulate it. By doing so they will make better men than by swallowing much of the sensational literature now corrupting the youth of the land. No boy taking Bowie as a model will ever become an undutiful son, a faithless husband, a brutal father, a treacherous friend or an unpatriotic citizen.

P. S. After the foregoing had been widely published, North and South, an *attache* of the Philadelphia Press sought to revive and wonderfully add to the old slanders of desperadoism, by publishing a real or pretended interview with as vile an impostor as ever appeared in historic matters, attaching to the name of Bowie crimes and acts never before heard of.

Some years ago the Philadelphia Times published a tissue of falsehoods about the campaign and battle of San Jacinto by a pretended participant, who had never been in that section, but was really a reformed gambler. I exposed the fraud in a courteous letter to the Times, which it refused to publish.

When the interview hereafter referred to appeared in the Philadelphia Press, on the 3d of October, a venerable and noble citizen of that city sent me a copy and urged that I should send him an exposure of its falsehoods, saying he would have it published in the Times.

I did so promptly, but it was not published.

Under conspicuous head lines appeared the interview in question in regard to the Alamo, Bowie, etc. Of the impostor the interviewer says: —

"In 1814 Samuel G. Bastian was born in this city, at the southwest corner of Front and Spruce streets. When he was ten years of age his father, who was a gunsmith, removed to Alexandria, in Louisiana, and to-day, after an absence of sixty-three years, the son revisits his birthplace, a stalwart man despite his seventy-seven years. His career has been a most eventful one. He is with-

out doubt the only surviving American who witnessed the fall of the Alamo in the Texian revolution of 1836, and his account of it will show of how little worth is popular opinion as material for history."

"When I lived at Alexandria," says Bastian, "it was a frontier town and the abiding-place of many of the worst ruffians in the Southwest. Prominent among these was Bowie. He devoted himself to forging land titles, and it is amusing to me to read accounts of his life, in which he is spoken of as a high-toned Southern gentleman and a patriot who died for the cause of Texian independence. He has come down to these times as the inventor of the Bowie knife, but my recollection is this: Bowie had sold a German, named Kaufman, a forged land title. Mr. Dalton, the United States land registrar, refused to record it, Kaufman threatened to prosecute Bowie and was promptly stabbed to death for his presumption. In a suit at law shortly after, the United States district judge complained of the endless litigation over land claims, and one of the attorneys answered sarcastically, 'that Bowie's knife was the speediest and surest way of settling trouble about such disputes,' and this, I believe, is the story of Bowie's connection with the historic knife.'"

In the days referred to the brothers Rezin P. and James Bowie were quiet planters on Bayou Lafourche, 124 miles from Alexandria, and rarely in that place. This man's age was, according to his own statement, then ranging from ten to sixteen years. His statements about land titles, murders and the Bowie knife, are notoriously false. At the time he became sixteen, Col. James Bowie, from being a casual, became a permanent citizen of Texas, married the lovely and accomplished daughter of Governor Veramendi, of San Antonio, and until the death of herself and two children was a model and devoted husband and father. A happier couple, by the testimony of all who knew them, never lived.

Of the Alamo in 1836 the impostor says: "I was in the Alamo in February. There was a bitter feeling between the partisans of Travis and Bowie, the latter being the choice of the rougher party in the garrison. Fortunately Bowie was prostrated by pneumonia and could not act. When Santa Anna appeared before the place most of the garrison were drunk, and had the Mexicans made a rush the contest would have been short. Travis did his best and at once sent off couriers to Colonel Fannin, at Gonzales, to hurry up reinforcements. I was one of these couriers, and fortunately I knew

the country well and spoke Spanish like a native, so I had no trouble. On the 1st of March I met a party of thirty volunteers from Gonzales on the way to the Alamo and concluded to return with them. When near the fort we were discovered and fired on by the Mexican troops. Most of the party got through; but I and three others had to take to the chaparral to save our lives. One of the party was a Spanish creole from New Orleans. He went into the town and brought us intelligence. We were about three hundred yards from the fort concealed by brush, which extended north for twenty miles. I could see the enemy's operations perfectly."

After the fall, March 6th, he says: "Disguising myself, and in company with Rigault, the creole, we stole into the town. Everything was in confusion. In front of the fort the Mexican dead covered the ground, but the scene inside the fort was awful."

The idea of the fellow being concealed as stated, with thousands of Mexican troops camping on the ground, is in any and every sense preposterous; but when we consider that at that time there was no chaparral or thicket as stated by him, nor for miles in that direction, it was absolutely impossible. Moreover, neither he nor any one else was cut off from the Gonzales band. There were thirty-two of them, and every one of them died in the Alamo. He falsifies about bearing an express to Fannin at Gonzales. Fannin was at Goliad, a hundred miles nearer the coast, with a wilderness and no road between them.

Here is another sample of his gifts. After claiming to have spent some time in the Alamo — long enough to see the dead — he says: —

"We now thought it time to look after ourselves, and made for the chaparral, where our companions were. We had nearly reached the wood when a mounted lancer overtook us. Rigault awaited and shot him dead, and so we made our escape. Our good fortune did not end here, for we had to make a detour to reach Gonzales and learned in time that the place was invested, and so were spared the fate of the garrison, for they and their commander, Colonel Fannin, were massacred by the Mexicans."

Gen. Houston did not leave Gonzales till seven and a half days after this man claims to have started for that place. Fannin had not been there. The place was never invested. The Mexicans did not arrive till seven days after Houston left.

The fame of Bowie as a soldier, a patriot, a gentleman, and as a husband and father, will pass from father to son and mother to daughter, so long as honor, justice and truth abide in Texas.

Maj. James Kerr, the First Pioneer in Southwestern Texas.

Many noble pioneers who have wrought for the settlement and civilization of Texas sleep in their graves never to be resurrected in memory except at the bar of God, with the welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Some left kindred or friends to assert their merits and shield their reputations in the record of the history of their times. Many did not. There has been a tendency to concentrate the entire honor and the glory of settling Texas — with some, on one man — with others on a handful of men. The truth is, that near the same time half a dozen Americans conceived substantially the same idea, among whom stand the names of Moses Austin and Green DeWitt of Missouri, Robert Leftwich of Tennessee and several others. To the Americans of the first quarter of this century, while Texas was a *terra incognita* in fact, it was a paradise in the imagination of many. Its beauties and fertility had been portrayed by traders and trappers and the adventurers under Toledo, in 1812-13. Moses Austin received his right to introduce American immigrants just before the final fall of Spanish power in 1821. He returned home, sickened and died. His son assumed his responsibilities and was accorded his privileges, the whole being finally perfected on the 14th April, 1823. From this (begun in 1821) sprang the first American colony of Texas. The applications of DeWitt and others, almost simultaneously made, were delayed on account of the rapidly changing phases of political events in Mexico, till the spring of 1825, although DeWitt's grant was promised contemporaneously with that of Austin. DeWitt, assured of success, did not await the final consummation by the newly organized government of Coahuila and Texas, but proceeded to his home in Missouri to perfect arrangements for the settlement of his colony, through which ran the beautiful mountain rivers, Guadalupe and San Marcos, while the limpid Lavaca formed its eastern boundary. Yet he was again present at the final consummation of his plan in April, 1825.

De Witt, in Missouri, secured the co-operation of James Kerr, then a member of the senate of that State, who became the surveyor-general of the colony, its first settler, and for a time its chief manager. Mr. Kerr was born near Danville, Ky., September 24, 1790, removed with his father to St. Charles County, Missouri, in 1808, was a gallant soldier in the war of 1812-15 — a lieutenant

under Capt. Nathan Boone — had been sheriff of St. Charles County, a representative in the legislature and then a senator. He had a wife, three little children and eight or ten favorite negro servants. With these he arrived at the mouth of the Brazos in February, 1825. Before the first of July his wife and two of his little children had died — the first in a camp, the others on the roadside. During July he reached the present site of Gonzales, accompanied by five or six single men and his servants. He erected cabins, laid out the town site as the capital of the future colony and began the survey of its lands. On the 1st or 2d day of July, 1826, in his absence, Indians attacked his houses in the temporary absence of most of the inmates, killed one man and severely wounded another, robbed the establishment and then retired. Thereupon Maj. Kerr removed nearer the coast, to the Lavaca river, in what is now Jackson County, but continued his labors as surveyor of De Witt's colony, and subsequently, also, as surveyor of the Mexican colony of De Leon, next below on the Guadalupe. To his laborious duties, in January, 1827, were added the entire superintendence of the affairs of Col. Ben. R. Milam, in his proposed Southwestern colony.

From 1825 till 1832, Maj. Kerr's house was the headquarters of Americanism in Southwest Texas. Austin's colony on the one side, and De Witt's and De Leon's on the other, slowly grew, and he stood in all that time, and for several years later, as a wise counsellor to the people. When the quasi-revolution of 1832 occurred, he was elected a delegate to that first deliberative body that ever assembled in Texas, at San Felipe, October 1, 1832, and was on several of its committees. That body of about fifty-eight representative men, so strangely overlooked by the historians of Texas, laid the predicate for all that followed in 1833-35-36, and caused more sensation in Mexico than did the better known convention of 1833, which did little more than amplify the labors of the first assembly.

Maj. Kerr, however, was a member of the second convention which met at San Felipe on the first of March, 1833, and was an influential member in full accord with its general scope and design. He presided, in July, 1835, at the first primary meeting in Texas, on the Navidad river, which declared in favor of independence.

He was elected to the third convention, or general consultation, which met at San Felipe, November 3d, 1835, and formed a provisional government, with Henry Smith as Governor, and a legislative council. Being then on the campaign in which the battle of Lipantitlan was fought, on the Nueces, he failed to reach the first assembly, but served about two months in the council, rendering valuable service to the country.

On the first of February, 1836, he was elected to the convention which declared the independence of Texas, but his name is not appended to that document for the reason that the approach of the Mexican army compelled him to flee east with his family and neighbors, and rendered it impossible for him to reach Washington in time to participate in that grave and solemn act. But rightfully his name belongs there.

Returning to his desolated home after the battle of San Jacinto, he stood as a pillar of strength in the organization of the country under the Republic. It may be truly said that no man in the western half of Texas, from 1825 to 1840, and especially during the stormy period of the revolution, exerted a greater influence for good as a wise, conservative counsellor. His sound judgment, tried experience,

fine intelligence and candor, fitted him in a rare degree for such a field of usefulness.

In 1838 he was elected to the last Congress that assembled at Houston and was the author, in whole or in part, of several of the wisest laws Texas ever enacted. From that time till his death, on the 23d of December, 1850, he held no official position but continued to exert a healthy influence on public affairs.

Nothing has been said of his perils and narrow escapes from hostile savages during the twelve years he was almost constantly exposed to their attacks. Many of them possess romantic interest and evince his courage and sagacity in a remarkable degree.

While no dazzling splendor adorns his career, it is clothed from beginning to end with evidences of usefulness and unselfish patriotism, presenting those attributes without which in its chief actors Texas could not have been populated and reclaimed with the feeble means used in the achievement of that great work. His name is perpetuated in that of the beautiful county of Kerr, named, as the creative act says, "in honor of James Kerr, the first American settler on the Guadalupe river." His only surviving son, Thomas R. Kerr, resides in Southwest Texas, and a number of his grandchildren live in South Texas.

Col. William S. Fisher, the Hero of Mier.

In the revolutionary days of Texas there were three men of prominence bearing the name of Fisher. The first and the earliest immigrant to the country was Samuel Rhoads Fisher, of Matagorda. He was a native of Philadelphia, and a man of education, who came about 1830. He was a leader in local affairs, holding municipal position, and the husband and father of one of the most intelligent and refined families in a community distinguished for refinement and intelligence. Capt. Rhoads Fisher of Austin is the junior of his two sons. He represented Matagorda in the convention of 1836, and signed the Declaration of Independence; and on the installation of Gen. Houston as President of the Republic in October, 1836, he appointed Mr. Fisher Secretary of the Navy. In 1838 he lost his life in an unfortunate personal difficulty, greatly lamented by the country. His memory was honored by the high character of his family.

John Fisher was a native of Richmond, Virginia,

and came to Gonzales, Texas, in 1833 or 1834. He was a man of education, ability and sterling character, and was also a signer of the Declaration of Independence, but died soon afterwards.

William S. Fisher, the subject of this chapter, was a brother of John and, like himself, a native of Virginia. He was also a man of finished education and remarkable intelligence and one of the tallest men in the country. As a conversationalist he was captivating, ever governed by a keen sense of propriety and respect for others—hence a man commanding esteem wherever he appeared. His first experience as a soldier was in the fight with the Indians on the San Marcos, in the spring of 1835—sixteen men against the seventy Indians who had murdered and robbed the French traders west of Gonzales, in which the Indians were repulsed, with a loss of nine warriors.

His first appearance in public life was as a member of the first revolutionary convention (com-

monly called the Consultation) in November, 1835. He was also a volunteer in the first resistance to the Mexicans at Gonzales and in the march upon San Antonio in October.

In the campaign of 1836, he was early in the field, and commanded one of the most gallant companies on the field of San Jacinto, in which he won the admiration of his comrades. He remained in the army till late in the year, when he was called into the Cabinet of President Houston to succeed Gen. Rusk as Secretary of War, thereby becoming a colleague of Governor Henry Smith, Stephen F. Austin and S. Rhoads Fisher in the same Cabinet, soon to announce the death of Austin in the following order:—

“WAR DEPARTMENT, COLUMBIA, TEX.

“December 27, 1836.

“The father of Texas is no more. The first pioneer of the wilderness has departed. Gen. Stephen F. Austin, Secretary of State, expired this day at half-past 12 o'clock, at Columbia.

“As a testimony of respect to his high standing, undeviating moral rectitude, and as a mark of the nation's gratitude for his untiring zeal and invaluable services, all officers, civil and military, are requested to wear crape on the right arm for the space of thirty days. All officers commanding posts, garrisons or detachments will, as soon as information is received of the melancholy event, cause twenty-three guns to be fired, with an interval of five minutes between each, and also have the garrison and regimental colors hung with black during the space of mourning for the illustrious dead.

“By order of the President.

“WM. S. FISHER,
Secretary of War.”

The services of Col. Fisher were such that when provision was made for a regular army by the Congress of 1838-9, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the only permanent regiment, of which the veteran Burleson was made Colonel. In this capacity he commanded the troops engaged in the Council House fight with the Comanches, on the 19th of March, 1840, and rendered other important services to the frontier; but in the summer of 1840 he resigned to become a Colonel in the Mexican Revolutionary or Federalist army in the short-lived Republic of the Rio Grande. But the betrayal of Jordan and his command at Saltillo, in October of the same year, followed by the latter's successful retreat to the Rio Grande — an achievement which has been likened to that of Xenophon — was fol-

lowed by the disbandment of the Federal forces and the triumph of centralism, upon which Col. Fisher and his three hundred American followers returned to Texas.

His next appearance was as a Captain in the Somervell expedition to the Rio Grande in the autumn of 1842. The history of that campaign is more or less familiar to the public. There were seven hundred men. From Laredo two hundred of them, under Capt. Jerome B. and E. S. C. Robertson, returned home. At the mouth of the Salado river, opposite Guerrero, another division occurred. Two hundred of the men (of whom I was one) returned home with and under the orders of Gen. Somervell. The remaining three hundred reorganized into a regiment and elected Col. Fisher as their commander. They moved down the river, crossed over and entered Mier, three miles west of it, on the Arroyo Alcantra, leaving forty of their number as a guard on the east bank of the river. They entered the town at twilight on the 25th of December, amid a blaze of cannon and small arms, in the hands of twenty-seven hundred Mexicans, commanded by Gen. Pedro de Ampudia, and for nineteen hours fought one of the most desperate battles in American annals — fought till they had killed and wounded more than double their own number, and till their ammunition was so far exhausted as to render further resistance hopeless. Then they capitulated, to become the famed Mier prisoners, or “the Prisoners of Perote;” to rise upon their guard in the interior of Mexico and escape to the mountains — there to wander without food or water till their tongues were swollen and their strength exhausted, to become an easy prey to their pursuers — then to be marched back to the scene of their rescue, at the hacienda of Salado, and there, under the order of Santa Anna, each one blind folded, to draw in the lottery of Life or Death, from a covered jar in which were seventeen black and a hundred and fifty-three white beans. Every black bean drawn consigned the drawer to death — one-tenth of the whole to be shot for an act which commanded the admiration of every true soldier in Europe and America, not omitting those in Mexico, for Gen. Mexia refused to execute the inhuman edict and resigned his commission. But another took his place and those seventeen men were murdered.

The entire imprisonment of the survivors (some of whom being in advance, were not in the rescue and therefore not in the drawing) covered a period of twenty-two months. They were then released and reached home about the close of 1844.

In 1845 Col. Fisher married a lady of great

worth, but soon afterwards died in Galveston. Neither he nor his brother John left a child to bear his name, but the county of Fisher is understood to be a common memorial to them and S. Rhoads Fisher.

There was a fourth man of the name—George Fisher—who figured in Texas before, during and after the revolution, chiefly in the capacity of clerk and translator, but he was a Greek and died in California.

Maj. Richard Roman.

Was born in Fayette County, Ky., in 1810, migrated to Illinois in 1831, and was an officer in the Black Hawk war of 1832. In December, 1835, he landed at Velasco, Texas, and joined Gen. Houston, as Captain of a company, on the Colorado, during the retreat from Gonzales to San Jacinto, and performed gallant service in that battle. He was next aide-de-camp to Gen. Rusk, while he was in command of the army on the San Antonio and Guadalupe. He settled in Victoria and several times represented that county in the Texian Congress; also frequently serving in expeditions against the Indians.

By the Congress of 1839-40 he was elected one of the three members composing the traveling board of commissioners for all the country west of the Brazos river, for the detection of fraudulent land certificates by a personal examination of the records of each County Court and hearing proof, a high compliment to both his capacity and integrity. He was a senator in the last years of the Republic and participated in all the legislation connected with annexation to the United States.

In 1846 he entered the Mexican war as a private soldier in the celebrated scouting company of Capt. Ben McCulloch, in which were a number of men of high character at that time and numerous

others who subsequently won more or less distinction. In this respect it is doubtful if a more remarkable company for talent ever served under the Stars and Stripes. But Private Roman, at the instance of Gen. (then U. S. Senator) Rusk was soon appointed by President Polk, Commissary of Subsistence, with the rank of Major. As such he was in the battle of Monterey, in September, 1846, and Buena Vista in February, 1847. The American army evacuated Mexico in June, 1848, and early in 1849 Maj. Roman started to California. Following the admission of that State into the Union in 1850, he was elected for the two first terms, State Treasurer, and then came very near being nominated by the dominant party for Governor. By President Buchanan he was appointed Appraiser General of Merchandise on the Pacific coast. About 1863 he became severely palsied and so deaf as to receive communication from others only through writing. Never having married, his last years were made pleasant in the family of a loving relative in San Francisco till his death in 1877. He was a man of ability, firmness, fidelity in every trust and strong in his attachments and, unlike many men of such characteristics, without bitterness or prejudice. The name of "Dick" Roman is cherished wherever it was known in Texas.



HENRY ROSENBERG.

HENRY ROSENBERG,

GALVESTON.

Grotius and Vattel, among the earliest and most erudite of modern writers upon international law, who from the pandects of Justinian, the maritime code of Louis XIV, the laws of Oleron and the Hanseatic League and other sources, with wonderful brilliancy of genius and depth of philosophy, laid the foundation of that science which now regulates the intercourse of the community of nations, enriched their pages by illustrations drawn from the history of many peoples, and from none more than from that of the people of Switzerland, to which they turned for the most striking examples of fidelity to treaty obligations, jealous defense of national honor, humanity, magnanimity and courage.

Vattel declares that for more than three centuries prior to his time, Switzerland, although surrounded by nations almost constantly at war and eager for the acquisition of new territory, had preserved her independence, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of her neighbors. It is related that in the olden time, fifteen hundred Swiss, acting as the advance guard of a French army, came suddenly upon the full force of the opposing Austrians; and, disdaining to retreat, although overwhelmingly outnumbered, charged into the midst of the enemy and, no re-inforcements coming up, perished, all save one man, who saved his life by flight and was subsequently driven from his native canton to die a despised wanderer in a foreign land.

Who does not remember the story of Martha Glar? Her country invaded and the men to defend it few in number, she called upon the women to arm and strike with them for the liberties of Switzerland and, later, fell sword in hand with her husband, sons, daughters, and granddaughters upon a hard contested field. Famous for their valor and love of freedom, the Swiss are no less renowned for their kindness, justice and simple and unaffected piety. Of this race was the subject of this memoir.

While his native land may well be proud of such a son, she cannot alone lay claim to him. The best years of his ripened manhood were spent in Texas. Such men are true citizens of the world

and the memory of worthy deeds that they leave behind them is the heritage and common property of mankind. Deeply attached to the institutions of the United States and to the people of Texas and of Galveston especially, he never ceased to love the land of his birth and his friends of long ago.

“ There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

“ ‘ Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found? ’
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around!
O! thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam
That land *thy country* and that spot *thy home!* ”

With this love of country was coupled a veneration for the great and good of all climes. As will be seen further on in this brief sketch of his life, he has paid the most substantial tribute that has yet been paid to the men who fought for Texas independence, an act peculiarly fitting, as there is a bond of common brotherhood that binds together the hearts of the sons of Switzerland and the defenders of liberty in all lands and that neither time nor distance can affect.

Broad-minded, generous and true-hearted — a genuine lover of his kind — the memory of Henry Rosenberg is dear to the people of Texas. His name will forever be associated with the history of the city of Galveston, a city in which he spent more than fifty of the most active and useful years of his life. He was born at Bilten, Canton Glarus, Switzerland, June 22, 1824. His early educational advantages were restricted. He was apprenticed when a boy and learned a trade which he followed until past eighteen years of age, when he came to America with one of his countrymen, John Hessley, reaching Galveston in February, 1843. He was afterwards associated with Mr. Hessley in the mercantile business, which he enlarged and carried on for about thirty years, during which time he laid the foundation for the fortune which he afterwards accumulated. His latter years were devoted chiefly

to his banking interests, which were founded in 1874 upon the organization of the Galveston Bank & Trust Co., an incorporated institution of which he was one of the originators and which he bought out in 1882 and replaced with the Rosenberg Bank, of which he was thereafter sole owner. Early in his career he began investing his means in Galveston city property, and, later, in other real estate, improved and unimproved, elsewhere in Texas and, as a consequence, in time became the owner of a large amount of realty, which, gradually appreciating in value, contributed materially to the increase of his wealth. Mr. Rosenberg was prominently identified with many of the important enterprises and undertakings which served to build up and promote the growth of Galveston.

Prominent among these:—

The First National Bank—of which he was one of the organizers and for many years the vice-president; The Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railway,—of which he was one of the organizers, president from 1875 to and including 1878 (during which period the first fifty miles of the road were constructed), and of whose board of directors he was an active member for ten years thereafter; the Galveston Wharf Company,—of which he was a director for a long term of years, and for three years vice-president, and the Galveston City Railway Company, of which he was president in 1871. He was tendered re-election to the last named position but declined to accept that honor as other important business interests demanded his attention. He was an active and influential member of the board of aldermen of the city of Galveston in 1871-72 and again in 1885-87. As a result of his industry, strict application to business and superior practical sagacity, aided by circumstances, he succeeded in amassing a fortune of about \$1,200,000.00. He contributed to and took stock in nearly every worthy enterprise. He was keenly alive to the interests and especially proud of the city of his adoption, manifesting a deep concern in everything relating to its welfare.

Mr. Rosenberg was long known among his more intimate acquaintances as a man of generosity and great kindness of heart, though he often times appeared otherwise to strangers. "Henry Rosenberg," says an old and prominent citizen of Galveston, "was one of the best men I ever knew. He was pure, truthful, upright and just. He was strict in business and demanded honesty in others. He despised frauds and shams.

"In fact, he was cordial and companionable and full of good nature in his social life. In the ordi-

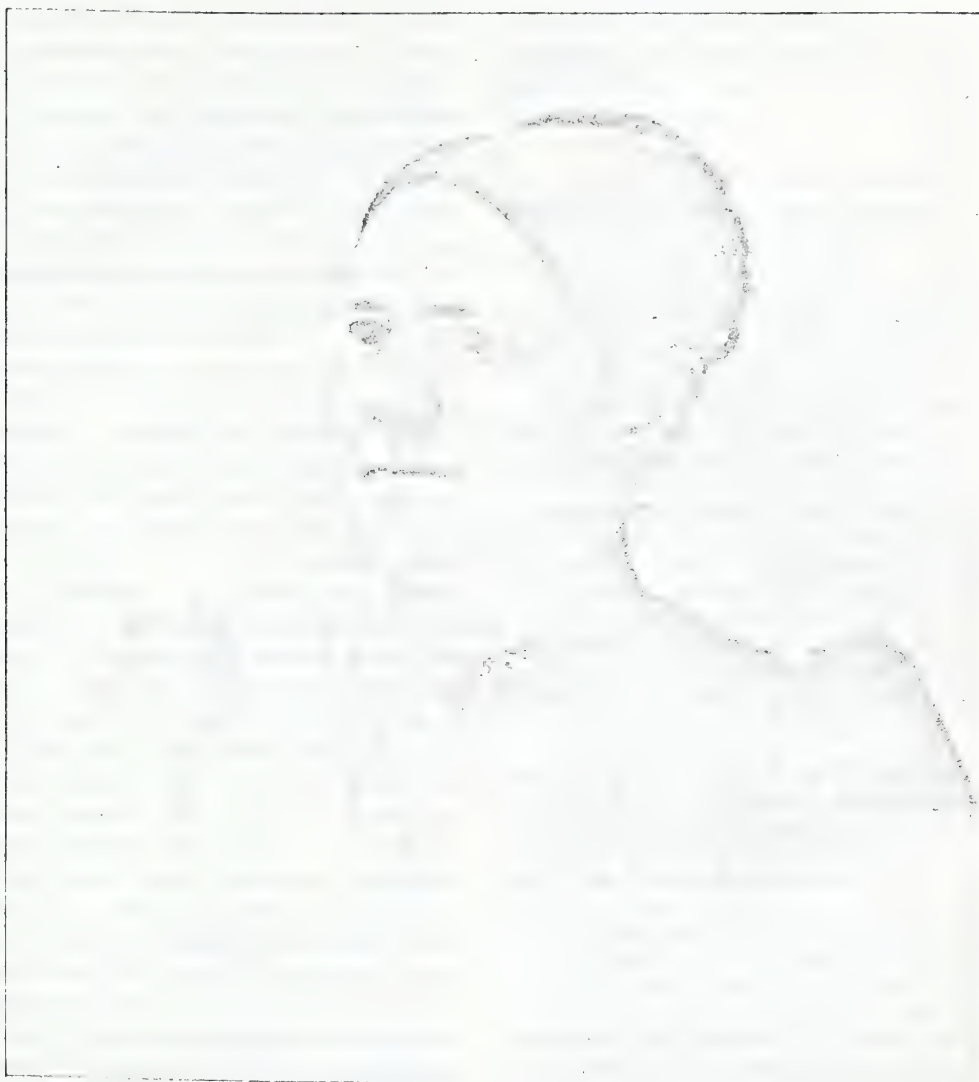
nary business relations, he was exact and just, but, impatient and aggressive when subjected to unfair, unjust or unreasonable treatment, or demands, from others. His superb gift to the children of Galveston, the Rosenberg Free School Building, erected in 1888, seating 1,000 pupils, his donation to Eaton Memorial Chapel of Trinity Church in that city and his erection of a church in his native village in Switzerland attested his interest in the cause of education and Christianity and are the best remembered of his more important acts of benevolence in which the public shared a knowledge before his death. It was not, however, until after his death and the provisions of his will became generally known, that his character was fully appreciated." After bequeathing to his surviving widow, relatives and friends \$450,000.00, he left the remainder, about two-thirds, of his entire fortune, to educational and charitable purposes, the bulk of it going to the people of Galveston. After remembering his native place with two bequests, one of \$30,000.00 and the other of \$50,000.00, he made provision for the city of Galveston as follows: The Island City Protestant Orphans' Home, \$30,000; Grace Church parish (Protestant Episcopal), \$30,000; Ladies' Aid Society of the German Lutheran Church, \$10,000; for a Women's Home, \$30,000; the Young Men's Christian Association, \$65,000; for a monument to the memory of the heroes of the Texas Revolution of 1835-6, \$50,000; for drinking fountains for man and beast, \$30,000; and the residue of his estate to the erection and equipment of a great free public library.

The following extract from the residuary clause in his will providing a large sum for a public library, is pertinent in the latter connection: "In making this bequest I desire to express in practical form my affection for the city of my adoption and for the people among whom I have lived for many years, trusting that it will aid their intellectual and moral development and be a source of pleasure and profit to them and their children and their children's children." The wisdom exercised by him in his bequests is no less worthy of admiration than their munificence.

Mr. Rosenberg's death occurred May 12th, 1893. Every appropriate mark of respect was shown to his memory in Galveston and his death was taken notice of generally by the press throughout the State. Now that he has laid aside his earthly burdens he has left behind him on earth the imperishable memory of worthy deeds.

No marble monument, stately monolith or princely sarcophagus can add to the merits of such a man.





MRS. HENRY ROSENBERG.

The *Galveston News* of May 13th, 1893, contained the following editorial:—

"Early yesterday morning the earthly career of Henry Rosenberg closed after a painful illness. In his death Galveston has lost a worthy and respected citizen. Elsewhere will be found a sketch of his public life and actions, but the *News* desires, besides this, to briefly add its testimony to the private virtues and charitable excellence of this good man who has gone to his reward. In the donation of the school which bears his name, to the youth of Galveston, Mr. Rosenberg associated himself with the city's best interests. He did not leave this act to be performed after he himself had passed away and was himself done with the world's means and the world's ways, but in the vigor of his own manhood and from means of his own acquiring he saw erected and established an institution that promises to generations yet unborn the opportunities of education perhaps denied himself.

"It was not ostentation upon the part of Henry Rosenberg that prompted the act. He was not an ostentatious man. On many an occasion, known to the writer, Henry Rosenberg's purse was placed at the disposal of the needy, but always upon the principle that his left hand should not know what his right hand was doing. Upon an especially large donation to a worthy object some years ago the writer requested of Mr. Rosenberg permission to make known the fact through the columns of the *News*. 'No,' said Mr. Rosenberg, 'you will offend me if you do. Whatever I do in this way I do because I like to do it, but it would be no source of satisfaction to me to find it paraded before the public.' Such was the man. * * * Peace to his ashes wherever they may rest."

As the news of his death spread over the city it was followed by a wave of universal sorrow that embraced in its sweep the entire population. The remains laid in state at the Rosenberg Free School building, where they were viewed by thousands who loved him well. Impressive funeral services were held in Assembly Hall. The remains were taken from Assembly Hall to Grace Church, where the beautiful and impressive funeral service of the Episcopal Church was read by the rector, Rev. J. R. Carter, after which the body was temporarily deposited in Payne vault in the cemetery at Galveston, to await removal to Baltimore, Md. Mr. Rosenberg had been consul for Switzerland at Galveston for more than thirty years, and at the time of his death was first dean of the consular corps. A message of condolence was received from the Swiss minister at Washington and the consular corps met, passed suitable resolutions and paid the last tribute

of respect to the memory of their friend and colleague.

The vestry of Grace Episcopal Church, of which for many years he had been a member, City Council, School Board, board of trustees of the Rosenberg Free School, and other civil bodies, took similar action and a great mass meeting (presided over by some of the most distinguished men in Texas), assembled in response to a proclamation issued by the mayor of the city to listen to suitable speeches and pass appropriate resolutions. At this meeting was read the following poem:—

IN HONOR OF HENRY ROSENBERG.

"The freightage of the surf is many kind.
Both wreck and treasure ride the crested wave;
And ever as it frets its force away
Against unyielding shores, it builds the strand
For men to walk upon and trade and thrive.
There, bleaching lie, the shells of myriad life
That throbbed but briefly in a stifling sea
And perished. And some, untimely cast ashore,
Lie festering upon the sun-kissed sands,
Abhorred and pestilent; while some are ripe
To death and but repose in welcome rest;
And some are puny pygmies, sprawling prone,
And rudely crushed into forgetfulness
By hurrying heels of eager, searching crowds,
And some are of larger growth and stand erect,
Majestic emblems of a giant kind,
Impacted in the sands of time; behold,
Nor wind, nor tide, nor jostling jealousy
Can shake their adamant base—unmoved
Of all the mutable that throng the earth.

"And there are those, who, in their speeding day,
While youth and strength lent opportunity,
With frugal husbandry, wrought hard and fast
To garner yellow wealth in honest bins.
And when the sun shone golden in the West
And shadows deepened to the coming night,
They looked upon their stores and smiled to think
That Power now was minister to Wish,
And straightway loosed the locks and smote the bars
That old and young and mind and soul and beast
Might share the blessings of a fruitful life.
And they live on. Along the pebbled way,
That stretches from the utmost to the end,
They mark the certain progress of mankind
And guide us up to Godlier destinies."

"The remains of Henry Rosenberg, the Texas philanthropist," says the *Baltimore Sun* of June 1st, 1893, "were consigned to their final resting place in Loudon Park Cemetery yesterday afternoon. The body was brought to Baltimore from Galveston, of which city the deceased was an honored citizen. The funeral services held there were elaborate, the whole city testifying to the esteem in which he was held. * * * The pall-bearers were

Judge David Fowler, George French, Howell Griswold, Richard G. Macgill, Jervis Spencer, Dr. Guy Hollyday, John Fowler and Patrick H. Macgill. Among those present were Chas C. Tuvel, secretary of the Swiss legation at Washington, representing the Swiss government; William Nichols, of Galveston; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cokelet, of New York, who had been close friends of Mr. Rosenberg for more than forty years; Dr. Chas. Macgill, of Catonsville; Miss Rouskulp, of Hagerstown; Mrs. Howell Griswold; Mrs. Dr. Gibson; Miss West; Miss Bettie Mason Barnes; Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson; Mrs. Drewry, of Virginia; Davidge Macgill, of Virginia; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Gary; Miss Fowler; the Misses Carter, of Catonsville; Miss L. R. Spencer; Mrs. George French, Col. Robert Smith, and others."

Hundreds of editorial notices appeared in leading newspapers throughout the country. The following extracts are made from a few that appeared in Texas papers:—

Galveston News: "Trite reflections upon the lives and ends of such men have little force beyond the circle of their immediate friends, but, many will draw a serious lesson from that of the deceased. * * * He was one of several who accumulated large fortunes in Galveston and were not spoiled by their possessions nor estranged from those who had been less successful by the disparity in their circumstances. He was regarded with tender veneration by young and old, rich and poor. A stranger on the Market street car line might have frequently observed a ruddy-faced and cheery old gentleman getting on or off at Thirteenth street, and on the outgoing trip the motorman would generally bring the car to a stop on the near side, though the rule would have taken it to the other side. This was quietly done for Mr. Rosenberg, who always had a smile for the laborer and the poor. Coming down town in the morning he was constantly nodding to his friends."

Waco Day-Globe: "It was reserved for a Texian by adoption, a citizen who was born on foreign soil, to make the first real practical move towards honoring the memory of the fathers of Texas liberty. In his will the late Henry Rosenberg, of Galveston, born in Switzerland, bequeathed \$50,000 for the erection of an appropriate and enduring memorial in honor of the heroes of the Texas revolution. It may also be remarked that this foreign-born citizen placed himself at the head of the all too small list of Texas philanthropists. * * * In the disposition of the accumulations of his lifetime Mr. Rosenberg dealt out his benefactions with an impartial hand. He seems

to have lost sight of creed or race. A profound desire to benefit the human family was the ideal he strove to reach and so sound was his judgment, so broad and generous his impulses, that the money he has left will bless his fellowmen through centuries to come."

Hempstead News: "His name will go down to after times as one of the best and noblest men of his day. Oh! if there were more like him, this world would be a better world."

Surviving him he left a widow, but no children. He had been twice married—marrying first, June 11th, 1851, Miss Letitia Cooper, then of Galveston, but a native of Virginia. This estimable lady died June 4th, 1888, and November 13th, 1889, he married Miss Mollie R. Macgill, daughter of Dr. Charles Macgill. She was born at Hagerstown, Md., February 28th, 1839. At the time of Miss Macgill's birth Mr. Rosenberg's first wife was visiting the family of Dr. Macgill and induced the doctor to promise the child to her and afterwards made several offers to adopt her, which, however, were not accepted, as the parents would not agree to part with her entirely even to please so dear a friend. In September, 1856, Mr. Rosenberg brought Miss Macgill to Texas, where she remained eleven months as a guest of Mrs. Rosenberg. In the fall of 1860 Mrs. Rosenberg again sent for Miss Macgill, who arrived in Galveston in September expecting to remain two years, but returned to her parents in April, 1861, on account of the war, and remained with them until the close of the struggle. Returning to Galveston in March, 1866, she joined the family permanently and, Mrs. Rosenberg, becoming an invalid, Miss Macgill, who reciprocated the deep affection she felt for her, assumed full management of the household and continued her tender ministrations until Mrs. Rosenberg's last illness, and was present at her bedside when she quietly fell "asleep in Jesus."

Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg, with Miss Macgill, paid annual visits to Miss Macgill's parents in Richmond, Va. Miss Macgill's niece, Miss Minnie Drewry, of Virginia, was with her during the latter part of Mrs. Rosenberg's illness. The two remained with Mr. Rosenberg, traveling during the summer, and in the fall Miss Macgill and niece returned with him to Galveston, where they remained until the following July and then with him visited Miss Macgill's mother in Richmond and from there went to the Springs and New York City, returning to Richmond in the fall, where Mr. Rosenberg and Miss Macgill were united in marriage November 13th, 1889, at Grace Episcopal Church by Rev. Hartly Carmichael of St. Paul's Church, assisted by

Rev. H. Melville Jackson of Grace Church, present assistant Bishop of Alabama. Dr. Charles Macgill was a native of Baltimore, Md. His grandfather on the maternal side was Thomas Jennings, who filled the position of King's Attorney under the Colonial government of Maryland, and on the paternal side, Rev. James Macgill, of Perth, Scotland, who settled in Maryland in 1728 and was the first rector of Queen Caroline Parish, Elkridge, Anne Arundel County, Md. Dr. Macgill served as full surgeon in the Confederate army during the war between the States; and was one of President Jefferson Davis' family physicians. Dr. Macgill died in Chesterfield County, Va., May 5th, 1881. Mrs. Rosenberg's mother, now eighty-eight years of age, lives with her at Galveston. Of Mrs. Rosenberg's brothers, Wm. D. enlisted at Palestine, Texas, in Company A., Second Cavalry, and, after the battle of Sharpsburg, was transferred to the First Maryland Cavalry, Company C., and died in Baltimore, Md., August 25, 1890; Davidge enlisted in the First Maryland Cavalry, Company C., under Col. Brown in 1861, and served throughout the war. Dr. Chas. G. W. Macgill was a surgeon in Stonewall Jackson's brigade and James enlisted in the Confederate army at sixteen years of age and served in the same commands with his brother Wm. D. until the close of hostilities. Dr. Chas. G. W. Macgill and James Macgill surrendered with the troops in Virginia as did their father Dr. Chas. Macgill; but Wm. D. and Davidge Macgill did not surrender until April 20, 1865, as they managed to get through the Federal lines and tried to make their way to Johnston, who surrendered before they reached him. A reader of the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, living at Childersburg, Ala., in an interesting and lengthy communication to that paper, under date of October 11, 1890, contributes the following:—

"In your issue of the 7th inst., under the heading 'Some Persons of Prominence,' you kindly give space to eulogizing Dr. Macgill and family, formerly of Hagerstown, Md., and later of Richmond, Va., but more especially of Mrs. Helen E. Swan, from the announcement of her death, which occurred on the 22d of September last, at the home of her brother-in-law, Dr. S. A. Drewry in Richmond.

"Among other things, you give prominence to their many intellectual, physical and social graces, together with their political prominence. * * * Now it may be that you 'reckoned better than you knew' and that you did not know that there were some ex-Confederates who were constant readers of your valuable paper and in

your immediate vicinity who have special cause to honor and remember this illustrious and patriotic family. I allude particularly to Capt. John ('Piney,') Oden, Company, K., Tenth Alabama Regiment, Confederate Volunteers, who was severely and, at the time, thought by his comrades to be mortally wounded, on Wednesday, September 17th, 1862, at Sharpsburg, receiving a wound fourteen inches long, reaching the whole length of the thigh, from which he has been a permanent cripple and great sufferer ever since. Besides he received at the same time a painful wound in the left side from a piece of bomb-shell. * * * He lay upon the battle-field in that helpless condition for twenty-six hours. When all other efforts for removal failed, he made some Masonic characters upon a piece of paper and requested that they be carried to the general in command of the Federal army, he being then within the Federal lines. Very soon six men came for him with an improvised litter, an old army blanket. They made a slip gap in the fence, near which he lay, and ran across the hill to a field hospital with him upon the litter, which was more than once punctured with balls from his friends' guns, they not understanding what was going on. He was finally removed to the Hagerstown, Md., courthouse, which had been converted into a Federal hospital. * * * Here he first met and learned to love and honor the name of Macgill and the members of the family, for the daughters that were then at home came to the hospital and inquired especially if there were any Confederate soldiers among the wounded there. Capt. Oden being pointed out, they began immediately to beseech, in view of his condition, that he be paroled and they be allowed to carry him to their private dwelling, which request, at their earnest and importunate solicitation, was granted. * * * For six months the members of the family, including Dr. Chas. Macgill, Jr., who was then at home, continued their ministrations. * * * At one time the femoral artery sloughed in two and Capt. Oden's life was despaired of, but every physical, and even spiritual, aid was rendered him. Finally he rallied and recovered, and lived many years thereafter to call them blessed. Capt. Oden often said that he was especially indebted to Miss Mollie Macgill, now Mrs. Roseuberg, of Galveston, and named a daughter Mollie Macgill Oden in honor and grateful remembrance of her. The intimacy and friendship between the Macgill and Oden families has been kept up ever since the war by correspondence and interchange of visits. * * *

Capt. Oden died in Odena, Talledega County, Ala., May 23, 1895. All this particularity of detail

has been entered into to show that all that could be said in praise of the Macgill family is well deserved and that indeed, thousands of ex-Confederates have cause to remember them kindly, generally, and some especially.

Through an interview published in the *Macon, Ga., Daily Telegraph*, of June 24th, 1894, Mr. Chester Pearce, a leading citizen and politician of Georgia, adds his quota of grateful recollections to that of Capt. Oden. Mr. Pearce took part in the battle of Sharpsburg as a soldier in the Eighteenth Georgia, Hood's Texas Brigade; was shot entirely through the body with a minnie ball; laid on the field many hours, and was finally carried to Hagerstown, Md., nine miles distant, where he was placed in the hospital at the courthouse. Here the doctors declined to dress his wound, saying that it was useless as death would soon come to relieve him of his suffering. For two days he lingered in this miserable condition without nourishment, no one even showing him the kindness to bathe his face and hands. Then a committee of ladies visited the hospital, among them the daughters of Dr. Macgill.

"These daughters of Dr. Macgill," says the interviewer, "ministering angels indeed, gave guarantee bond for the return of the young soldier, should he recover, and took him to their elegant and palatial home. Here for the first time he received medical attention, Dr. Chas. Macgill, Jr., taking him in charge and dressing his wounds. Miss Mollie Macgill, a beautiful young lady, became his nurse. In two months' time he was sufficiently recovered to go to Baltimore, the military post. Here Mr. James Carroll, a friend of Southern soldiers, gave guarantee bond for his safe-keeping and he was finally exchanged. He rejoined the Confederate army, took part in the murderous charge of Round Top—at the battle of Gettysburg; later was again captured by the Federals and was sent by them to Fort Delaware; made his escape, but was retaken and carried to Fort Henry, where he was thrown into a dungeon with the vilest of criminals and remained until exchanged. He then again hurried to the front and fought in

the lines until he surrendered with the other soldiers of Gen. Lee's army at Appomatox. * * * In the course of years, Miss Mollie Macgill, who had so tenderly nursed back to life the boy-soldier, married a Mr. Rosenberg, a wealthy banker of Galveston, Texas. There she met Mr. and Mrs. Dan Henderson, of Camilla, Ga., and told them the story of the young soldier she had nursed, and requested them to discover his whereabouts, if possible.

"Not long since Mr. Henderson read in the *Macon Telegraph*, that a Chester Pearce was a candidate for the legislature from Houston County. Mrs. Rosenberg wrote to the candidate to know if he could be the Chester Pearce whom she had known in Maryland, sending her kindest regards, and this was the letter that brought forth the 'war record' of Chester Pearce,—this was the letter of which he so fondly spoke and that elicited from him expressions of grateful remembrance, worthy of the man and the kind friends who rescued him from an untimely grave."

In peace and war,—through all the vicissitudes of time and circumstance, the Macgills have been the same true, generous and chivalric race. Mrs. Rosenberg's life has been spent in an earnest, Christian effort to do all the good within her power and to render all about her happy. She has been a member of the Episcopal Church since she was sixteen years of age. After her husband's death, when it became known that his remains were to find sepulture out of the State, she was petitioned by thousands of people to allow them to be interred in one of the public squares of Galveston. She, however, carried out the wish expressed by him in his lifetime and consigned them to earth in Loudon park cemetery in Baltimore, Md., where his first wife is buried and a costly monument now marks the spot. Mrs. Rosenberg is a lady of rare brilliancy and strength of mind. Her husband was deeply attached to her. She was in full sympathy with all his acts of beneficence and in every way aided him to the full extent of her power in all his undertakings. No lady in Galveston is more generally admired and beloved.

JOHN SEALY,

GALVESTON.

The late lamented John Sealy, during many years a member of the famous banking house of Ball, Hutchings & Company, of Galveston, Texas, and an active promoter of the best interests of that city, was born in the great Wyoming Valley at Kingston, Luzerne County, Pa., October 18, 1822, and when fourteen years of age entered a country store as a clerk under an agreement to work for board and clothes until twenty-one years of age and then receive as further payment \$100.00 and an extra suit of clothing. When he had reached eighteen years of age his employer, although continuing merchandising, engaged in developing coal mines in addition thereto, and soon found that the young employee was competent to look after these outside interests and placed him in charge of them as general manager, which position he continued to fill, under the terms of agreement originally entered into as to remuneration for personal services, until he had attained his majority. He was then retained on a salary until twenty-four years of age, when he determined to cast his fortunes with the people of the State of Texas. He arrived in Galveston in 1846 with about seven hundred and fifty dollars, saved from his earnings, and succeeded in securing employment as salesman in the house of Henry Hubbell & Co., who were at that time considered the leading dry goods merchants in the city. He continued in this position for about a year and during that time became acquainted with, and an intimate friend of Mr. J. H. Hutchings, bookkeeper for the firm. Mr. Hutchings had also saved from his salary about seven hundred and fifty dollars. The two young men decided to combine their means and go into business upon their own account and with their joint capital of fifteen hundred dollars succeeded in purchasing from Hubbell & Company, who had the greatest confidence in their integrity and capacity, a stock of goods, valued at several thousand dollars, which they took to the town of Sabine Pass, Texas, where they opened a store in 1847, under the firm name of Hutchings & Sealy. They soon won the confidence of the business community and built up a fine trade, which they rapidly extended until they ranked as the leading merchants of the section. They remained in business at Sabine Pass, until 1854, when, having accumulated out \$50,000.00, they deemed it advisable to

close out there and change their base of operations to some larger place. Accordingly they wound up their affairs at Sabine Pass, took a few months much needed rest, and moved to Galveston, where they formed a copartnership with Mr. George Ball, under the firm name of Ball, Hutchings & Company, and embarked in the general dry goods and commission business. The commission business was sold out in 1860 and the dry goods business in 1865, when the firm went regularly into the banking business. Two years later Mr. George Sealy was admitted to the copartnership, which continued with this personnel until the death of the subject of this sketch, Mr. John Sealy, August 29th, 1884. Mr. John Sealy's widow, Mrs. Rebecca Sealy, has been allowed to retain the partnership interest of her late husband in the business up to the present time, 1896.

Mr. Sealy was married to Miss Rebecca Davis of Bedford, Pa., in 1857. Two children, John and Jane Sealy, were born of this union. The son will succeed to his father's interest and become a full partner in the firm. Mr. Sealy was identified with every important public enterprise inaugurated in Galveston during his residence in that city and was instrumental in originating many of them.

From the beginning he had a deep and abiding faith in the continued growth and prosperity of the city of his adoption and inspired all who came in contact with him with like confidence. He was an officer, or director, in nearly every corporation chartered and doing business in Galveston, by reason of his well recognized financial ability and the large stock interests that he held. At the time of his death he was the wealthiest man in Galveston, owning among other property a lauded estate sufficiently large to form a good sized principality. Among other generous bequests in his last will and testament he set aside a sum of money for the erection of a charity hospital which has since been erected at a cost of \$75,000.00 and been of great benefit to the suffering poor of the State, as people from all parts of Texas are admitted free of charge. He did not wait until he no longer had a use for the things of this world to put his wealth to good purpose. His life was a long record of worthy deeds and silent benefactions. As between himself and others, whether friends or enemies, he kept the scales of justice evenly balanced. No man could ever say

that he had treated him unfairly. He was incapable of a little, mean or unworthy action.

He started in the race of life penniless and without friends, other than those he had won by his energy, truthfulness, faithful discharge of duty, adherence to correct principles and purity of thought, speech and living. He resisted and overcame many temptations and encountered and surmounted many obstacles, following always with undeviating fidelity the lode-star of duty. His career in all essential respects was identical with that of his brother, Mr. George Sealy, a biography of whom appears elsewhere in this volume. The following is from the *Galveston News* of Sunday, August 31, 1884:—

"To say that the news of the death of Mr. John Sealy touched the whole community with a deep thrill of sorrow yesterday, but poorly conveys the idea of the sense of the community upon the sudden taking away of one of its most prominent members. The flags upon the Santa Fe general office, Custom-House, Cotton Exchange, Galveston News building, British, German, Russian, Norwegian and Austrian consular offices, engine houses, Artillery Hall, Turner Hall, Beach Hotel, Mallory and Morgan offices, Hendley, Reymer-shoffer, Blum Block, Oppenheimer & Co.'s, Kauffman & Runge, Marwitz, and a number of other buildings, not now remembered, were placed at half-mast in honor of the memory of Mr. Sealy. An hour before the time set for the funeral, clouds gathered heavily in the north, and the prospect of a storm prevented many from attending the funeral services, but, as it was, there were hundreds present. The officers and employees of the Santa Fe road formed at the general office in a body and marched to the residence. A number of the members of Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, were also present.

"The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful, the casket being literally covered with choice flowers most artistically arranged.

"At five o'clock, Rev. Dr. S. M. Bird, rector of Trinity Church, began the reading of the solemn and impressive service for the dead. Upon its conclusion he delivered the following beautiful and touching comment upon the good man gone:—

"Words of eulogy flow almost spontaneously as we stand amidst the funereal tributes to excellence and worth.

"We have to restrain, rather than encourage, the natural instincts of affection which inspire the coronation of a successful and generous life.

"We look into the calm, dead face of our friend and brother and read there all the story of amiability, frankness and honor, and as we recall the

outlines of a life so suddenly closed, memory fully anticipates the epitaph which will be carved upon his tomb. We think of him as citizen, father, friend, neighbor, and each chapter unfolds its blending harmonies of goodness, purity and virtue. When one of the old Patrician leaders of Rome expired, it was the custom of the common grief for each associate and colleague to bring to his bier the emblematic tokens of the particular virtue which most impressed itself upon the offerer. One brought the laurels which crowned his brow with the badges of noble bearing and courtly pride; another placed in his dead hands, the white lilies of purity, commemorating a gentle life and unselfish patriotism; a third placed upon his shield the red rose of unsullied courage and iron purpose; and thus, part by part, his catafalque was strewn with the silent symbols of worthiness and renown. I have thought if each one of ourselves could come from our reserve and give out from the respective treasures of our knowledge the impressions made by the long and useful life of our departed friend, the homage would be large indeed, for we would not cease until we had robed his casket in a funeral mantle, graceful as ever covered that of Roman senator or conscript father. To his public spirit and organizing industry our prosperous city is indebted for large and enduring elements of its permanency and present growth. Forecasting with unerring genius the future of Galveston, he conceived and carried out many of its institutions which contribute to-day to its stability and wealth. Prompt with his judgment and good will, he promoted every interest which looked to the happiness of the people and the increase of their fortunes. Generous oftentimes beyond his share, he led the way in the courses of liberality and improvements. His business and untiring industry became a passion to him, which laid up its results in strong material success for himself and in large and generous returns for others. Wealth brings power and responsibility, and so to his native strength of purpose, we find in maturer years this new gift added to his resources—a gift used so wisely that nearly every enterprise of public or municipal interest was unprojected until his name, his judgment, and his co-operation were first assured. This done, his fellow-citizens and fellow-capitalists were inspired by the one needed resolution which almost invariably leads up to such positive results as leave little to be desired. Responsibility, too, was fully appreciated, and so we find the strong and solid banking house, whose business he contributed so much to enlarge and strengthen, became identified directly and at once with every depart-

ment of the city's life, and widely enough in the progress of the entire State. The founder of a city, who lays deeply those varied elements which make up the security of its wealth, the integrity of its credit and the happiness of its homes, must outrank in the highest verdict every one of those who, with martial victories and trained warfare, destroy and pull down the habitations of man. A successful citizen is always a more interesting man than a conquering soldier, as the spirit of construction is always more large than the spirit which destroys. In the later days of his health and vigor many of his friends discovered a strong physical and personal resemblance to the greatest soldier of the Northern armies. The likeness was remarkable, and yet we may be pardoned in rejoicing that our departed friend and brother possessed powers of worth and appliance of virtue so different and so much more laudable, that they will endure in their fruits of increase long after the ashes of smoking towns and the ruin of a people's industries have faded from the records which they so long disfigured. The commonwealth is made up of its citizens, and its best citizens are always the basis of its strength and the welcome prophecies of its fortunes. If we pass from his life as a citizen to his life as a man of business we discover similar distinguishing marks of excellence. One of the finest tributes I ever heard to a man of business was awarded to Mr. Sealy by his lifelong friend and partner at the latter's house on the occasion of a brilliant marriage, and the entire worthiness of the testimony was seen in the hearty sanction of the moment, and is echoed loudly by every one brought into commercial relations with him. Whether as banker, railroad manager, president of a corporation, or a private in the ranks—the same straightforwardness, integrity and painstaking, was the simple secret which made him everywhere trusted, and, most of all, by those whose dealings with him were intimate, mutual and constant. He enriched himself never at the expense of others, while others were made partakers with him in all his successes and his fortunes. This is no small consideration in these days when men are 'making haste to get rich;' when, regardless of the social compact, careless of all moral restraint, impatient at the checks of conscience and defiant against every principle of virtue, they trample down all obstacles in the way of interest, until duty, honor and truth are outraged—wrecked in the rapid eagerness to achieve results—and high names and the highest places, and highest trusts are prostituted, dragged down in the financial scramble to the level

of common fraud and unblushing crime. Here there is not a whisper of detraction or reproach. If large wealth rewarded his industry and toil, it was the normal issue of a large heart which refused all unjust and ungenerous methods. His hands are clean, even in death, because they never worked in the lower ventures of avarice and greed; and so, too, his hands were liberal, with a liberality which was always his own and not another's. The mercantile spirit of the age was strong within him—too strong, for it overtaxed his time and his strength. In this mammon-loving country, I suppose his temptations were strong and keen, as only successful men can feel them; but always they seemed dominated by a justice and discretion which led us all to recognize his calm superiority to passing inducements and a 'conscience void of offense.' More than twelve years continuously I have been his neighbor. It is needless to say that in him I always felt that I had a neighbor; yea, more, a friend, a counselor and confidant. His pleasing manners and cheerful bearing made him accessible to a fault. One was reassured at the outset, and invited to the freest confidence. More than once I have felt drawn to his side in my moments of doubt, and depended upon him in my moments of hesitation, and always I have met just what I required and in the way that I wanted it. To my church he gave a constant support, to my work an open hand, and to myself a generous and unswerving friendship. I may not intrude upon the inner circle of his retired home, where he has been a father, a husband, a brother—where his coming has been always as the coming of the genial light which falls upon the flowers, where his intercourse has been of that quiet and considerate carefulness which made blessings fall like sunbeams upon every member of his family. Yesterday the light of his house went down in thick darkness. The shadows of eventide, coming with the closing hours of his life, fell like a pall of night upon all his home. A strong brother's arm is no more within reach, and the strong voice of gentle love, his children will wonder why they can no longer hear. Home to him was his atmosphere, his paradise. Rarely could he be drawn from its charmed circle. Only affairs of urgent business and necessity could tempt him abroad. This led some to think him retiring and reserved, but his home was his own creation, and the ideal of his earthly life, made lovely by his own good heart and stamped anew every day with his genial and kindly nature. In this home the tears are falling fast, as they will flow long. In this home hearts are aching with strange and new sorrows, which come

but once in a lifetime. And so, dear friends, we gather here to join our weeping with those who weep, to pour into these stricken souls the unction of our kindest sympathy and to unite our praise to God, heart and spirit, over one who excelled in virtue. The morning is not far off, when all this 'thick darkness' will disappear from this home and from all other homes of human woe and be-

reavement; the morning when Christ our Lord will open the graves of the blessed dead and reveal to us in fuller measure the one hope which now supports us all, the almighty love of our Father, out of which all human goodness comes, the tender mercy of the Son, which to know is eternal life indeed, and the consolation of the spirit of truth which the world cannot understand.' "

JOHN H. HUTCHINGS,

GALVESTON.

The business world has its marks no less brilliant and distinct than those which characterize the eminence of what are called the learned professions, made by men who have borne the banners of progress along the pathways of moral, social and material development; men who, free from all subserviency to popular whims and popular delusions, bed their footprints in the practical affairs and utilities of life, and know nothing of the influences prevailing in the race for political or professional distinction. Theirs is a school of self-denial, of patience, firmness of purpose, and above all, an unswerving integrity, and the suppression of those passions which promote the *ignis fatui* of ambition and fame. It is here that individual capacity and action are made the tests of true merit and true manhood; and it is in this school that true benevolence, practical philanthropy, and an enlightened self-interest coincide in the various business and social relations of husband, father, neighbor and citizen. Endowed with excellence in all these relations, the subject of this sketch planted his footsteps in the pioneer paths of the commerce of a great State, and led the advance in the development of the prosperous city of his home and love.

John H. Hutchings, of Galveston, one of the oldest and wealthiest business men of Texas, and one of the most prominent and best-known bankers of the South, was born in North Carolina, on the 2d of February, 1822. His early educational advantages were very limited, and were, indeed, confined to a desultory attendance, as opportunities permitted, at a common country school, in which reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic only were taught; and at the age of thirteen or fourteen, he bade farewell to the school-room and

began mercantile pursuits, as clerk in a dry goods store.

On attaining the age of maturity he found himself prepared for the battle of business life; and his ambitious spirit and enterprising nature prompted him to seek more promising fields and more extended opportunities, and he removed to the city of New Orleans, but soon extended his adventure to the Republic of Texas, and, in the winter of 1845, settled in the city of Galveston.

In December, 1847, he removed to Sabine, and formed a copartnership in mercantile business with the late John Sealy, which continued as long as Mr. Sealy lived. They were very successful in their business at Sabine; and, having accumulated a considerable fortune at that place, they returned, in 1854, to Galveston, which Mr. Hutchings during all that time had considered his home. Here they formed a copartnership with the late George Ball, under the well-known firm name of Ball, Hutchings & Co., which has continued to the present time. This firm was originally devoted to a mixed dry goods and commission business; but in a year or two they abandoned the dry goods trade and turned their attention entirely to a combined commission and banking business, in which they were, from the beginning, eminently successful.

When, in 1861, the port of Galveston was blockaded by the Federal fleets, the firm retired to Houston, and having established their house at that place, engaged actively and extensively in the importation of arms and other war materials into the State, and became successful blockade runners. They exported in this way large and frequent shipments of cotton, and in turn imported large quantities of military stores much needed by the

Confederate States government. As the coast of Texas was closely blockaded, goods of all kinds soon became scarce in the State, and one of the first importations made by the firm was a cargo of fifty thousand pairs of cotton and wool cards, which they brought in under a contract with the State, to enable the people of Texas to manufacture their own clothing. These were introduced by way of Mexico, through which country they continued to make large shipments of cotton during the continuance of the blockade, while at the same time they employed foreign vessels to run war material into the harbor of Galveston. In all of this they were eminently successful, and Mr. Hutchings is still proud of the fact that, through the energy and daring enterprise of the firm, vessels were, at the close of the war, arriving at Galveston with arms and munitions, and departing, laden with cotton, on every change or dark of the moon, with almost the regularity of mail steamers.

In 1865 the firm returned to Galveston and resumed the banking business in the same building which they had erected in 1855, and which they have now occupied for thirty-seven years; but Mr. Hutchings still cherishes the kindest feelings for the people of Houston, with whom he lived so happily and prosperously during the dark days of the Civil War. Soon after their return to Galveston they admitted as a partner Mr. George Sealy, who was a brother of Mr. John Sealy, and had long been in their service. The firm name, however, remained unchanged. In March, 1884, Mr. George Ball died, and in the following August Mr. John Sealy died, leaving Mr. Hutchings and Mr. George Sealy the only surviving members of the firm, and they have continued the banking and exchange business under the same firm name until the present time, and their rating for wealth and credit in banking circles is perhaps as high as that of any other banking house in the world.

The old building, which, in simple strength, so long and faithfully abided by the fortunes of the firm, has just been replaced by another, constructed by Mr. Hutchings specially for their use and having every feature of safety, comfort and convenience suggested by the long conduct of the banking business. This structure is the best equipped and most thoroughly appointed bank building in the South.

It is one of the handsomest buildings on the strand.

In addition to being one of the two managers of this great banking house, Mr. Hutchings has occupied, and still holds, many important and responsible business positions. His sound judgment, his

solid integrity, his far-seeing enterprise, his great activity, his superb business qualities, and remarkable success in all his undertakings, have caused his name and services to be almost indispensable in a leading connection with every important enterprise of Galveston. He was for a long time president of the Galveston Wharf Company and it was during his presidency of this association that a compromise was effected with the city, which settled long disputed claims as to the title of the wharf property. In consideration of the value of his services in negotiating this settlement, the company presented him with a handsome service of silver. The McAlpine survey of the wharf was also made during the same time, and improvements were begun which have created valuable property for the company, and given a spacious and beautiful front to the city. He was the first president, after the war, of the Galveston Gas Company, and has continued ever since to be one of its directors, and is now its president. He has long been a director of the Southern Press Manufacturing Company of Galveston, and is at this time its president. He was for some time a director of the Galveston City Company, and is now the president of that company. He was appointed by Judge E. P. Hill, the Confederate States Judge for Texas, a Commissioner of the Confederate States Court, which he held as long as the Confederate States were in existence, and still preserves his commission from Judge Hill and values it very highly. He was also one of the original directors of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railroad Company, also of the Galveston Oil Mills Company, of the Land and Loan Company, and also of the Galveston, Houston and Henderson Railway Company, and of the Galveston Insurance Company. In 1859-60 he was an alderman of the city of Galveston, and negotiated the bonds for the first bridge built over the bay. He was the author of the plan for raising money to open the inner bar in Galveston harbor, and drafted the ordinance of June 25, 1869, which put his plan into successful execution. He was the originator and chief promoter of the establishment of the splendid line of steamers plying between Galveston and New York, so well known as the Mallory line, and now incorporated as the New York and Texas Steamship Company, and he is one of the five directors of this company. He accomplished this splendid enterprise by inducing the Galveston Wharf Company, of which he was president, to take a fourth interest in the four first steamers built for the line, by taking stock himself and inducing his partners to do likewise; and the present firm still owns a large interest in the line.

He and his partner, John Sealy, formed a company and built the Factor's Cotton Press, but the company was soon afterwards merged into the Southern Cotton Press and Manufacturing Company, the suggestion and accomplishment of which was the work of Mr. Hutchings, and his associates, appreciating his skill, industry, and ability in the adjustment of that matter, presented him with a gold watch and chain of the most costly kind, which he prizes highly and wears daily.

It is said of Mr. Hutchings that in all these varied and exacting business relations, with their multitudinous demands upon his time and energy, he has never been known to fail in an appointment; and he has maintained this course throughout a lifetime of hard work, extending through more than fifty years. He early found his task, and has faithfully stood to it. There has been no time in such a life for idle dreams. To him all true work has been held sacred—as wide as the earth, with its summit in heaven; and if genius be, as has been said by one, “an immense capacity for taking pains;” or, as said by another, “a great capacity for discipline,” in either character we find it in an eminent degree in the life of Mr. Hutchings. Being asked by the author the measure of his success, and the qualities and conditions to which he chiefly attributed it, he answered promptly: “Success in life depends much upon honesty, sobriety, industry, economy, and a disposition to promote the best interests of the community in which one lives. This disposition is always observed and appreciated; and the measure of a man's success depends much upon the kindly disposition of his neighbors towards him. Success in life consists not so much in making money as in being useful; and the man who has been the most useful in his day and generation is the most successful man.”

The life of Mr. Hutchings grandly illustrates his views of usefulness and success. Few men have taken the lead in so many enterprises that promoted the interests of the communities in which they lived; and he has always faithfully discharged every duty which devolved upon him, laboring at all times for the public good, as well as for the interests and welfare of those who were directly concerned in his undertakings or affected by them; and amid all the advantages and opportunities afforded by his official positions, he has never speculated upon his knowledge, his power, or his influence.

He has strong faith in the future of Galveston as a great commercial city, and in the illimitable growth and prosperity of Texas. For nearly twenty years, he has taken a warm and active interest in every project for deepening the channel over Galveston bar, as being not only of the greatest importance to the welfare of the city, but of the whole State.

During all this time, while so busily engaged in enterprises of a public character, he has not failed to attend with equal minuteness and promptitude to his private affairs. Early and late he has always been found at his bank during business hours, and is still found there at the proper time. He believes strongly in the old adage, that it is better to wear away than to rust away.

While Mr. Hutchings, like all long-disciplined and successful business men, is stern and strict in his business habits, in social life he is kind, courteous, and genial. He is devoted to his family and warmly attached to his friends, and kind to all who have dealings with him. He was married in Galveston on the 18th of June, 1856, to Miss Minnie Knox, a lady of superior refinement and excellence of character, who was the niece of Robert Mills, at that time the head of the then well-known banking house of R. & D. G. Mills. They have reared a large and interesting family of children. Their third daughter was married a few years since to Mr. John W. Harris, an excellent young man, and a son of the late Judge John W. Harris, a distinguished pioneer of the Texas bar.

Mr. Hutchings has a marked fondness for the beauties of nature, and claims great skill in the transplanting and nurture of trees. He has beautified his home in Galveston with an enchanting verdure of live oaks, flowers, and shrubbery; and a visit to his hospitable mansion will well repay those who have a taste for the combined embellishments of art and nature.

And yet the crowning virtue of the life and character of Mr. Hutchings is his deep-founded faith in the precepts and promises of Christianity. He has long been a devout communicant of the Episcopal Church; and he considers spiritual attainment and a Christian life far above all earthly possessions and worldly successes—the golden crown of a successful life, of which all other qualifications are but parts. He is a liberal supporter of the church, and wears upon the brow of age the chaplet of many noble charities and benefactions.

GEORGE BALL,

GALVESTON.

It has often struck me that the real is the most unreal. David Copperfield was a more real personage and will longer exercise an influence in shaping the course of human lives and ultimate human destinies than many of the persons who are living and have actually lived. The ordinary human life, except in so far as it concerns the individual soul and affects those with which it mediately or immediately comes in contact, is void of lasting effect. As to itself, it passes away like a shadow and is remembered no more. But there have been lives whose influence will extend to remotest time and of these was the life of the subject of this memoir, Mr. George Ball.

It is doubtful if there ever was an intrinsically noble man who did not have a noble mother, and it is doubtful if any man ever accomplished much worthy of commemoration, who was not sustained and cheered by the companionship and counsel of a noble wife. Mr. Ball possessed both and few men have done more to entitle themselves to an honorable place upon the pages of the State's history.

He was born May 9th, 1817, at Gausevoort, Saratoga County, N. Y., where he resided until twelve years of age, when he went to live with his uncle, George Hoyt, at Albany, in that State. He learned the trade of silversmith and jeweler from his uncle and was indebted to him also for most excellent training in business affairs. On reaching his majority, he set out to seek a location for himself, traveling extensively through the Western and Southern States, and finally settling for a time in Shreveport, La. There he came to hear a great deal of Texas, and being influenced by favorable reports, at last decided to try his fortunes in the then infant republic. Returning to New York, he formed a copartnership with his brother Albert, and, procuring a stock of general merchandise and lumber sufficient to erect a small store house, embarked for Galveston, and arrived there in the fall of 1839, during the disastrous epidemic of yellow fever that prevailed that year. Nothing daunted by the gloomy surroundings that environed him, he landed his cargo and, leasing a lot on Tremont street, between Mechanics and Market streets, proceeded to erect his building and open his business. His brother joined him the following year, and their business proving successful, they moved to the vicinity of

Strand and Twenty-second streets, at that time much nearer to the center of trade than the first site selected. After a few years this firm was dissolved, Albert entering the clothing business and George continuing that of dry goods.

In 1854, Mr. Ball disposed of his mercantile interests and, associating himself with John H. Hutchings and John Sealy, formed the firm of Ball, Hutchings & Co., for banking and commission purposes. As senior member of this firm, Mr. Ball showed himself to be a man of good ability. Under his management it soon took rank among the first in the city and eventually became the first in the State. During the four years of the late war (from 1861 to 1865) this firm transacted an extensive business with Europe in the interests of the Confederate government through Mexico and afterwards, in 1873, tided over that year of panic and failure. Ball, Hutchings & Co., met all demands and, by integrity and business skill, have met and weathered all subsequent financial storms that have wrecked so many business concerns and are now one of the most famous banking houses that the United States can boast. From the first Mr. Ball manifested his belief in the future of Galveston and took great interest in everything pertaining to its welfare. There were very few enterprises started in the city in which he was not one of the foremost workers. To a number of corporations and scores of private undertakings, he was a staunch friend and valued contributor. He early saw the advantages that Galveston possessed as a shipping point and advocated and promoted the adoption of all measures that tended to the development of the transportation interests of the city. He took the first \$10,000.00 worth of stock in the Mallory Steamship Company on its organization. On April 19, 1843, Mr. Ball married Miss Sarah Catherine Perry, a native of Newport, R. I., and a daughter of Capt. James Perry, who settled at Galveston in 1839. Capt. Perry was connected with the Custom House in early days and was for many years a respected citizen of Galveston. Of this union six children were born, but two of whom survive: Mrs. Nellie League of Galveston and Frank Merriam Ball. Mr. Ball sought no public office, his family and business occupying all of his time and attention. He was a man of quiet tastes and retired habits, known for his great kind-

ness of heart and disposition to be helpful to others. He came to be the possessor of much wealth, which, however, he sought to use in such a manner as to accomplish the most good for himself and his fellow-men. The year preceding his death, he donated fifty thousand dollars for the erection of a building in Galveston for public school purposes, to which donation, while the building was in course of construction, he added \$20,000.00 more. This building was barely finished when his life drew to a close, at 1:15 o'clock on the morning of March 13, 1884.

The following letter of acknowledgment was addressed to him by the trustees of the city public free schools, through their secretary:—

“OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT,
“GALVESTON, TEXAS, June 9th, 1883. }

“GEORGE BALL, Esq., Galveston, Texas:

“*Dear Sir*—I have the honor to inform you that at a regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Public Free Schools of the city of Galveston, held June 7th, 1883, Col. W. B. Denson offered the following resolution, which was adopted by a unanimous vote, viz.:—

“‘Resolved, by the Board of Trustees, that we have received notification of the generous and magnificent donation of our fellow-townsmen, George Ball, in donating \$50,000.00 to be used in the erection of a public school building in the city of Galveston, and, as the representatives of the public free schools of this city, we tender him our sincere and profound gratitude and we bespeak for this broad philanthropy of Mr. Ball the commendation of a grateful people.’

“I have the honor to further inform you that at the same meeting of the Board of School Trustees, on motion of Col. Denson, the action of the City Council in leaving the construction of the building aforesaid to your direction and supervision was indorsed by the Board.

“Respectfully yours,

“FOSTER ROSE, Secy.”

His will provided funds in trust, for other charities, the chief of which was a fund of \$50,000.00 to aid the poor of the city. Mr. Ball was buried March 4th, 1884, with all the honors a grateful people could confer upon the memory of one so universally mourned.

The following is an extract from an editorial that appeared in the columns of the *Galveston Daily News* of the morning of March 15th, 1884:—

“In all the history of Galveston there has never been a more spontaneous and frevent manifestation

of sorrow at the death of a member of the community than that which was given yesterday upon the funeral of Mr. George Ball. The city wore a Sunday-like appearance and, except that the scores of flags that were at half-mast told their own story of the sorrow of the community, a comer to the city would have wondered at the quiet that prevailed. At 12 o'clock the Cotton Exchange and banks closed for the day, and between that hour and three o'clock a large number of stores closed their doors. During the day numerous tender gifts of flowers were sent to the residence, many of them elegant and elaborate. Among the handsome floral tributes each district school sent a gift, while the children of the Grammar school contributed a number of beautiful crosses, crowns and wreaths into which were wrought the initials G. B. Very handsome and artistic floral offerings were sent by Mrs. Kopperl, Mrs. Adoue, Mrs. George Sealy, Capt. Bolger, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Willis, Mrs. A. G. Mills, Miss Sorley, the Ladies Aid Society and Miss Garley. One of the tenderest tributes was brought by a little girl, who went to the door of the residence and offered a little cross, saying, ‘Please put this on the coffin; it is the best I could do.’ The little giver can rest assured that her offering of love was given a place upon the casket. The funeral services were held at three o'clock, but long before that hour citizens of high and low estate, old and young, white and black, had begun to gather at the residence. The body, inclosed in a handsome casket, rested in the drawing room, where it was viewed by hundreds. Those who knew Mr. Ball in life, could not help noting the naturalness which marked the features in death. The face wore a look of calm, placid rest, as though Mr. Ball had ‘wrapped the mantle of his couch about him and laid down to pleasant dreams.’

“The funeral services, which were held at the house, were conducted by the Reverend Mr. Scott, of the Presbyterian Church. After reading, by special request, the beautiful and impressive service of the Episcopal Church, Mr. Scott continued and said:—

“‘It needs not, dear friends, that I speak with you to-day of him who is no longer with us, nor would it be consonant with the feelings and wishes of those most dearly concerned that I should do so. The deepest and truest grief always courts silence and retirement. His life was spent in your midst; his record is before you, as a man, a citizen, a philanthropist, a benefactor, he is known to you all; and I see in this vast throng, here assembled, representing all classes and orders among us, a clear evidence that our whole

city, in all her borders, sits to-day under the shadow of a common grief. The aged and the young, the little children of our homes, whose friend he was—are gathered, not only under an impulse of sympathy with those who have been so sorely bereaved, but under a sense of personal sorrow and loss. And now, while our hearts are touched and attentive, may I not, as God's servant, entreat you to lay to heart this admonition 'in the midst of life we are in death' and ask you to receive God's tender overtures of grace and salvation, so that when your summons comes to go it may find you in perfect charity with man, at peace with God, in the enjoyment of 'a reasonable religious and holy hope' the result of a life spent with the constant intention to follow the course mapped out by the divine Savior of the world. And let us bear upon the arm of our powerful sympathy those whose grief and sorrow are to-day so great, endeavoring to draw from that great well of comfort to the bereaved, those consolations which a merciful God gives to the broken heart.'

"Mr. Scott then read sundry appropriate and consolatory scriptures, quoting in conclusion Elliott's beautiful lines:—

"My God and Father while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O, help me from my heart to say:
Thy will be done.

"Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest;
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done.

"Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that makes it hard to say
Thy will be done.

"Then when on earth I breathe no more,
That prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happy shore,
Thy Will be done.

"The casket was, upon the conclusion of the services at the residence, taken in charge by the pall-bearers—Mr. Rosenberg, Judge Ballinger, Mr. John Sealy, Mr. George Sealy, Mr. J. H. Hutchings, Mr. Waters S. Davis, Mr. A. J. Walker, Capt. A. N. Sawyer, Mr. James Sorley, Capt. Chas. Fowler, Capt. Bolger and Capt. Lufkin—and conveyed to the hearse. The procession formed with the following societies in the lead in the order named and represented by the numbers stated:—

"Screwmen's Benevolent Association, 195 men; Longshoremen's Association, 65; Longshoremen's Benevolent Union, 40; Fire Department, 70; Galveston Typographical Union, 60; Employees of the

Mallory Steamship Company, 60; Bricklayers Association, 40; G. C. P. E. B. and P. Association, 60; Franklin Assembly, K. of L., 25; Pioneer Assembly, K. of L., 35; Trades' Assembly, 32; Pressmen's Union, 10;

"Next came the employees of the bank, on foot; then the pall-bearers in carriages. The hearse followed, and after it the family and friends. There were eighty-three carriages in the procession, which extended over a mile and a quarter on Broadway.

"The procession on its way to the cemetery passed the Ball School building, which was draped in mourning. While the funeral cortege was passing through the streets the bells of St. Mary's Cathedral, Trinity Church and St. John's church were tolled. The streets were lined with people along the whole route and at the cemetery the street was crowded with old and young. The flags of the societies, all draped in mourning, were stationed in a square around the grave. The casket was lowered into its final resting-place, a feeling prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Scott, and the floral offerings were deposited in the grave, and the tributes were ended.

"While most of the children of the Grammar school were busily engaged in making the floral tributes placed by them on the casket, several of them passed resolutions of respect to the memory of Mr. Ball. After the committee had finished their work they collected all the pupils in one room, read the resolutions to them and they were unanimously adopted. They are as follows:—

"WHEREAS, God having taken from us our friend and benefactor, Mr. George Ball, we the children of the Grammar school, as the immediate recipients of his kindness, offer the following resolutions:—

"1. We heartily sympathize with the family in the act of Providence, which has deprived them of a kind husband and father and us of a true friend.

"2. We, the children to whom he has endeared himself by this, the crowning work of his life, can only regret that it was not the will of God that he should live to see its completion, and our daily efforts to show our appreciation of the benefits he has placed within our reach.

"3. That his name shall be forever cherished among us as that of one to whom it will be said: 'Well done thou good and faithful servant.'

"4. That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved family, and published in the Galveston papers.

"LEWIS SORLEY.

"(Ninth Grade) Grammar."

"Fannie A. Stephenson, Maud F. Royston,

Waters S. Davis, Jr. (Ninth Grade); Anna M. Swain, Virginia M. Sanford, Mamie Boyd (Eighth Grade); Maggie A. Maher, Marie Foeke, Sebastian Tinsley, Harry Martin (Seventh Grade).’ ”

Elsewhere in the *News* of the same issue appeared the following: “To-day all that was mortal of a man whose memory will be cherished as long as the city stands, will be consigned to the tomb to be seen no more forever in the city in which he was an important member for more than forty years. Retiring and quiet in his tastes and habits, his name was yet as familiar as that of the city itself, and the notoriety which he shunned was supplanted by the substantial respect and friendship of the people, who admired his virtues and integrity of character and felt the benefits of his designs and far-reaching public spirit and charity. In the presence of the chaste and severe simplicity of such a character the ordinary forms of praise are out of place, and only those who know perfectly—and none knew more than partially—the beneficent acts which he performed under a cold demeanor or concealed even from the beneficiaries, can realize to a fair extent the admirable equipoise of his character. As a man of business, he was as methodical and regular as a machine. In his charities, he would, if possible, have been so, but in the impossibility of discriminating in all demands upon it, he doubtless erred in being too liberal rather than too rigid. The great commercial house of which he was the senior member has doubtless given far more for religious and charitable purposes and aided more in enterprises for the public good than any other in Texas. There is probably not one among the many churches of Galveston which has not been aided by them. Hospitals and asylums for the orphan and afflicted have been equally remembered, while steamships and railroads have been greatly aided by their ample means. Mr. Ball himself was the reputed owner of about one-eighth interest in the famous New York and Galveston Line of steamships. The house of which he was a senior member was doubtless the main instrument in making the Santa Fe Railroad, what it has proved, the most important element of its kind in the prosperity of Galveston. Hotels and city railroads have received important aid at their hands, and no enterprise for the benefit of the city has asked help from the firm in vain, while the business men of the city, whether merchants or mechanics, have often been sustained and encouraged by the house. It would be hard to name a worthy object needing aid which has not received it at their hands. But, besides this, Mr. Ball’s private charities are known to have been large though even his nearest friends do not know

their extent. He studiously concealed many of them. Even the crowning gift that became public before his death was made to take effect during his life with much reluctance, because he dreaded the talk and notoriety it would cause. It is understood that he had last year or before made provision by will for the appropriation of \$100,000.00 out of his estate to provide a home for aged women, but on reflection he concluded to give half of the amount for the erection of the public school building which is now arising as a fitting monument to his fame, which is destined to rise higher after his long and useful life has ended. * * * Though a strictly business man and supposed to look mainly to profitable results, he loved a good name better than riches, and would have preferred any pecuniary loss to a tarnished reputation or any violence to his own conscience. * * * Mr. Ball’s was in every sense of the word a remarkable and admirable character. Indeed he may have been taken as the type of the ideal business man. Of a fine and impressive personal appearance, with a massive and well-shaped head and keen, yet kindly eyes, his outward appearance rightly indicated his mental and moral qualities. It has been said by good judges, themselves able business men, that, in their opinion, Mr. George Ball was the most sagacious business man in the State and, perhaps, in the South. He was possessed of an eminently conservative turn of mind, of a sharp insight into men and affairs, and, when occasion demanded it, he acted promptly and decisively. The admirable blending of these two qualities, caution and decision of character, gave him the key to that success which he invariably commanded.

“By a wise management of his affairs, Mr. Ball acquired a large estate.

“No man will ever know the amount of unostentatious beneficence that is surely credited to this self-poised but truly modest and kind-hearted man. * * * He ever and conscientiously declined election to public office. His life was wholly occupied by his business and his family, and, dying, he left no enemies, no animosities, no heart-burnings behind him. His self-reliant and yet retiring disposition shaded him, as it were, from public notoriety, but those who knew him well will not think it at all extravagant when we say that he possessed abilities that would have enabled him to fill any position in the country with distinction. And that as a symmetrical character and an upright man we do not know of his superior.”

It is a hard struggle to fight one’s way to financial independence and harder still to achieve that

independence and at the same time maintain a philanthropic interest in the welfare of others, even those who are contemporaneous, and almost impossible as regards posterity; yet, Mr. Ball was one of the few who succeeded in spite of all obstacles, and, notwithstanding the many chilling influences that every successful man must encounter, entertained a genuine love for his fellow-men and a deep interest in the future welfare of his country and his kind. He did not care for money in itself, but simply for the power it gave him for good. His benefactions were many and continuous, but perhaps the most permanently beneficial was the donation for the public school building in Galveston. In a free country where every citizen is intrusted with the privilege and invested with the duties of suffrage the question of popular education, above all others, is the most vitally important, for the reason that the sole hope of constitutional freedom and good government

must ever rest upon the intelligence of the citizen. It is almost impossible to estimate the ultimate value of this donation, equally notable for the wisdom and enlightened and noble spirit that inspired it—a donation worthy of all praise and of emulation. It is sufficient to say that it is fraught with blessings to the State. In every walk of life he was a potential factor. He left his impress deep upon the times in which he lived.

Subsequent to Mr. Ball's death, Mrs. Ball had the school building beautifully remodeled and a handsome mansard roof put on it, at an additional cost of \$40,000.00, and spent \$10,000.00 more in suitably furnishing it. She was one of the organizers of the First Presbyterian Church established in Galveston and is the only survivor of those whose names appear upon the first roll. A cultured, gracious and exceptionally talented lady, she is one of the brightest ornaments of the refined society of the Oleander City.

GEORGE SEALY, GALVESTON.

George Sealy, than whom no other man in Texas has contributed more to the development of the commerce of the State of Texas or to the development of its general resources, and than whom in this commonwealth there is none who has made a deeper impress on the times in which he lives, was born in the famous Wyoming Valley, Luzerne Co., Pa., on the 9th day of January, 1835. His parents, Robert and Mary (McCarty) Sealy, were born in Cork, Ireland. They were married and came to America in the year 1818. His father was one of eight children—four sons and four daughters. Quite a large family estate was owned in Ireland, but it was entailed and his father, being the fourth son, received only what the eldest brother was willing to concede to him. This, however, at the time of Robert Sealy's marriage, amounted to several thousand dollars, which he brought with him to America. He had also learned a trade (which was customary at that time), to fall back on if necessary. The trade that he selected was that of a locksmith. It was well that he learned a trade, for he found it useful in later life. He settled down in Pennsylvania but engaged in no active business, content, apparently, to live on his capital, instead

of endeavoring to increase it. As his capital decreased his family increased and, as time rolled on, he became the father of ten children—eight daughters and two sons. Next to the oldest child came his son John and next to the last, the subject of this memoir, George Sealy. His family having thus grown and his money gone, he applied himself, from necessity, with energy and patience to the trade he had learned in his younger days, in order to earn a support for himself, wife and children. When reduced to this condition he ceased all correspondence with his family in Ireland and his older brother, supposing him dead, and having no male offspring of his own, broke the entail, and gave the property to his nephew. This put an end to all Robert Sealy's claims to the estate.

These facts are mentioned to show that he had apparently little desire for the acquisition of wealth. He died in 1855, when sixty-six years of age. All that he left to his children was a name as an honest man and a reputation as a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. His wife was also a member of the same church and a most devout Christian woman. Her influence over the children was much more effective in mold-

ing their after lives than that of the father: Her constant prayers and advice to them was to be industrious, economical, honest, and truthful. Example and precept were all she had to give them.

Very early in life the subject of this memoir felt the necessity of caring for himself and experienced an ambition to, at some future time, become independent. He attended common schools until twelve years of age, and then undertook to take care of himself. His first earnings were gained by working for ten cents per day and his board, his employment being to sit on the end of a plow beam to hold the point of the plow in the ground whenever the plowman had to cross gravel beds. He would walk from one streak of gravel to another and mount the end of the plow beam until it was passed. He next worked on a farm for five dollars per month and board and went to school three months during the winter season, working during these three months, nights and mornings, for his board. The three following years he worked in a country store, selling goods, sweeping out and keeping books nine months in the year at five dollars per month, and the other three months attending the Wyoming Seminary, at Kingston, Pa., working mornings and evenings for his board. When eighteen years of age the Lackawana and Bloomsburg Railroad was built into the Wyoming valley — the first railroad to enter the great coal valley of the Wyoming — and he accepted the position of station agent at Kingston and held it until he was twenty-two years of age. At that time his salary had been increased to fifty dollars per month and he had saved eleven hundred dollars. In the spring of 1857 he decided to come to Texas, and, to better his chances for a position in a business house, went to Pittsburg, Pa., and took a course in a commercial college.

After graduating there he took one hundred dollars of his money to pay his expenses to Texas and left one thousand with his mother for her use in case of necessity, or for the use of his unmarried sisters. He reached Galveston in November, 1857, during the great panic of that year, with \$25 in his pocket. His ambition, as already stated, was to become financially independent, and this ambition could only be accomplished by hard work and economizing in every way. His idea was that any boy or young man, with good health and with no one but himself to care for, could save enough of his earnings to eventually become independent of others, but to thus succeed he must deprive himself of what might be considered the luxuries of tobacco, cigars and liquors of all kinds, simply, if

for no other reason, because of expense. He spent no money on these articles until late in life. His advice to all young men has been never to decline work on account of the salary offered, and never to abandon a situation unless another is offered at an increased salary. A living should be the first consideration of every poor boy or man, and if his services are valuable, his present employers will testify their appreciation of that fact by offering him proper compensation therefor, or others will discover his qualities and engage his services.

On his arrival in Galveston in November, 1857, he offered his services to Ball, Hutchings & Company, with the understanding that he would work one year and accept such salary, if any, as they might determine upon.

His duties during the first year included those of shipping clerk, opening the office, sweeping out the store and any other work at which he could make himself useful. He neglected no opportunity to gain all the knowledge he could of the business. He made it his business to volunteer to do the work of any of the clerks who were sick, or were allowed a vacation. In this way he soon became competent to fill any position in the office. To perform this extra labor he would commence work at six o'clock in the morning and often remain at his post until as late as eleven o'clock at night. His willingness to work and eagerness to make himself competent and valuable constituted the basis of his after success. "The great error," he has often said, "that young men make, is being content to perform the only duties they are paid for, and having no ambition to advance themselves through the means of extra labor for which they get no pay. As a result, they are not competent to fill higher positions and they, perforce, go through life receiving small salaries and doing as little work as they possibly can."

His salary was advanced from year to year, but without any demand on his part. During the year 1859 he was offered a partnership in a large grocery house, which was being considered by him, when Mr. George Ball heard of the offer and said to him that the firm of Ball, Hutchings & Co., would not allow him to leave their employ and that all he had to do was to name a salary that would be satisfactory and it would be cheerfully given. A satisfactory arrangement was made and the partnership in the grocery business abandoned. Mr. Sealy's first vote was cast for John C. Fremont for President of the United States in 1856. He was opposed to the extension of slavery into new territory, but recognized the constitutional

right of the then existing slave States to own negroes as property; not because he approved or was in favor of the system of slavery, but because it was the acknowledged law of the land and only by war or by purchase of the negroes by the general government could that law be rightfully abrogated. War came and slavery was abolished. The election of Mr. Lincoln as President of the United States in 1860 brought about the secession of the Southern States. The question then came up in the mind of Mr. Sealy, what was his duty to himself? He decided that, as he came to Texas to make it his home, he would obey the laws of the State of Texas and take his chances with the other people of the State, even in war, although he was opposed to secession. He continued his connection with Ball, Hutchings & Co., but it became necessary in 1862 for him to join some military organization or be subject to conscription. He accordingly enlisted as a volunteer in the independent company of cavalry organized by the late Col. H. B. Andrews as one of its original members. Mr. Sealy says he has always entertained a high opinion of the military qualities of Col. Andrews, as the Colonel's independent company was attached to perhaps eight or ten battalions or regiments during the war; the Colonel had a kind heart and was always willing to allow his company to be attached for the time being to a battalion to create the office of Major for some military friend of his deserving the position, or to be attached to a number of companies to form a regiment so as to make a Colonel of a friend of his. It, however, never reported to any Major or Colonel to complete the organization and thus saw no active service.

The company, as a matter of fact, was composed of such valuable material that the members were all detailed for the discharge of special and important duties, and the Colonel could never get his men together in time to perfect a battalion or regimental organization. The result was that the war did not last long enough to give the Colonel an opportunity to lead his men to the front for targets. They all survived the war and have been grateful for the strategy exhibited by him during the war for the purpose of securing their comfort and safety. Mr. Sealy enlisted for three years, as the law required in 1862. Being opposed to secession he was consistent in not accepting anything in the way of pay from the Confederacy for his services as a soldier and lived at his own expense. He was detailed to serve in the office of Gen. Slaughter, commanding the Western Division of Texas, at Brownsville, and in 1865 performed the last official service that was rendered the Confederacy, signing

the parole, under official authority, of the soldiers of the lost cause who surrendered at Brownsville on the Rio Grande—the last to lay down their arms. He served his full three years without pay, but not without honor, as he was repeatedly offered higher positions which he declined. The position he took, from necessity, was that of a private, and he would not do himself the injustice to accept, voluntarily, any higher position, as he had promised himself to comply simply with the existing laws of the land and this he did faithfully. During the years from 1862 to 1865 he was also representing Ball, Hutchings & Co., at Matamoros, Mexico, in receiving and shipping cotton from Texas to Liverpool and cotton-cards from Europe. Ball, Hutchings & Co. had a contract with the State of Texas to deliver 20,000 pairs of cotton cards. A part of the consideration was, that they were granted by the State the privilege of exporting a certain number of bales of cotton free from any interference on the part of the Confederate officers. The war ended in May, 1865, and, after the army at Brownsville was disbanded, Mr. Sealy signed his own parole, having been authorized so to do, took passage on a government transport and went to Galveston. The city was still under the domination of the Federal military authorities. Business was allowed to go on unimpeded and Ball, Hutchings & Company opened their office again as bankers.

This firm was established in the year 1855 and was composed at that time of Geo. Ball, John H. Hutchings and John Sealy. It is not necessary to say anything of the members individually here, as suitable biographical notices are to be found upon other pages of this volume. When the firm was established their business was that of wholesale dry goods and commission merchants. In 1860 they sold out their dry goods business and continued the cotton commission business. It was during this year, 1860, that the subject of this memoir conceived the idea of adding banking to the business of the firm on his own responsibility; demonstrated the propriety and advantage of the step, had blanks printed and distributed among the members of the local business community and, in a short time thereafter, put into successful operation a regular banking business. From that time forward the firm of Ball, Hutchings & Company became known as bankers as well as commission merchants. It can be truthfully said that the firm never solicited patronage. That which came to it came voluntarily. The firm has enjoyed from its beginning to the present time an unbroken reputation for liberality and fair dealing. In the year 1865 Mr. George Sealy became interested in the business, being

allowed a percentage of the profits, and in 1867 became a full partner and has since so remained, having active management of the banking department. Mr. Sealy has ever been a public-spirited citizen. He, and all the members of his firm, have been called upon to lead in nearly every public enterprise inaugurated in Galveston. It has frequently been said that if Ball, Hutchings & Co. declined to subscribe to any public enterprise, it would necessarily fail. Consequently, Mr. Sealy has always been expected to take an active part in and use his influence for the promotion of such movements. In 1873 the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railway Co. was chartered and in 1877 about fifty miles of road had been built, or rather, track had been laid that distance, but the company had no rolling stock, as there was no business on the road. It extended into Fort Bend County, but the company had neither money nor credit to extend the line further, and the work therefore ceased. Galveston County had contributed five hundred thousand dollars, and its citizens had contributed about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in stock of the company, and this amount (seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars) had been expended on the road. There was great depression in Galveston on account of discriminations in railroad rates, and in 1878, Mr. Sealy, seeing the great necessity of protecting the interests of Galveston merchants by further extending the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe road, by his unaided efforts organized a syndicate to purchase and extend the line into the interior. This movement was successful. The line was extended wholly by the capital and credit of Galveston people, mainly through the influence of Mr. Sealy and the other members of the firm of Ball, Hutchings & Co. By 1886 the road was built to Fort Worth, to San Angelo and to Dallas, about seven hundred miles, when Mr. Sealy, seeing the necessity of making a connection with some system through which to reach the great Northwest, entered into negotiations with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Co. to make an exchange of Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe stock on a basis satisfactory to both parties, and the result of this action upon his part was that the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Co. completed its road to Paris, Texas, to a connection with the St. Louis & San Francisco road and to Purcell, I. T., to a connection with the Atchison Company, making a total of 1058 miles of Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe road. Mr. Sealy remained president of the company until this mileage was completed and the management was transferred to the Atchison Company.

The Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe road is the only road in Texas that has not at some time been sold out to satisfy creditors or placed in the hands of receivers. Its finances were managed entirely by Mr. Sealy and his banking firm. Every contract entered into by it was carried out to the letter and the contractors promptly paid in cash all amounts due them. These facts are mentioned to show that Mr. Sealy is entitled to be considered an able manager and financier. For the sake of history, we might mention that in the contract for the transfer, or exchange of stock of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Co., to the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Co., involving about twenty-five million dollars, including stock and bonds, it was agreed by him for the stockholders of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Co. that the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe should be delivered to the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Co. free from floating indebtedness after the completion of its line of road. Owing to bad crops and consequent bad business, when the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe mileage was completed the road was not free from floating debt (debts due outside of its bonded indebtedness), and Mr. Sealy so reported to the Atchison Company. The Atchison Company, having every confidence in him, left the matter entirely in his hands for adjustment. The difference was made out by him and he submitted the accounts to the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe stockholders and asked them to pay an assessment amounting to only 3 per cent on the stock to make up the deficiency. This was freely paid by all of the honest stockholders. A few, however, refused, claiming that they could not be legally compelled to pay on the ground that the constitution of the State of Texas prohibits the consolidation with railroad companies outside of Texas. Mr. Sealy said that the debt was honestly due and, for himself, he never looked for a legal loophole to get out of an honorable business transaction. The few, however, whose names we will not mention, whom he designated in public correspondence at the time as "Colonels" did not pay their assessments and, in order to comply with the contract he had made with the Atchison Company, he proposed to pay what was due from the "Colonels" himself, but the Atchison Company declined to permit him to do so, because of this legally unsettled constitutional question. In this transaction alone, Mr. Sealy could have made a million of dollars, but he acted in good faith as president of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe, and every stockholder, large and small, received the same for their stock that he did. When he had the contract signed, in his

hands, he could have purchased the stock of the "Colonels" at a much less price than they received, but he was not made of their kind of material, and was content to deal fairly with his fellow-stockholders. The correspondence that took place at the time would be interesting reading, but we have not space to introduce it here. Mr. Sealy is president of the Texas Guarantee and Trust Company, vice-president of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Ry. Co., treasurer of the Galveston Cotton Exchange, Galveston Rope and Twine Co., Galveston Free School Board, Galveston Maritime Association, Galveston Protestant Orphans' Home and Galveston Evening Tribune Publishing Co.; a director in the Galveston Wharf Co., Galveston Gas Co., Southern Kansas & Texas Ry. Co., Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Ry. Co., Galveston Cotton & Woolen Mills Co., Galveston Cotton Exchange, Galveston Maritime Association, Texas Land & Loan Co., Rembert Roller Compress Co., Southern Cotton Compress Co., Bluefields Banana Co., Galveston Agency of the Galveston Meat Exporting Co., and the Galveston Electric Light Co. He has never had a desire for public office. Being urgently solicited, he did, however, allow his name to go before the people of Galveston in the year 1872, as a candidate for alderman and was elected to and filled that position. During his term he advocated and secured the introduction of reforms that were valuable to the city. When he entered the council, city scrip was selling at fifty cents on the dollar. This was caused largely by the fact of there being no limitation to the expenditure of money in any department of the city government. He saw the necessity of ascertaining the probable revenue for the coming year and of setting aside for the several departments of the government a certain proportion of the estimated revenues and confining expenditures to the estimated resources for that period. He also advocated the passage of an ordinance providing that the mayor should be subjected to a penalty for signing any draft on the treasurer of the city, when there was no money in the hands of the treasurer to cover it. Necessary ordinances were accordingly enacted. These salutary reforms accomplished, the credit of the city was restored, and its affairs thereafter conducted on a cash basis. These reforms have since been generally adopted in other cities in the State. Mr. Sealy realizes that politics and business do not harmonize. He has frequently been called upon to allow his name to be presented for congressman, but has always declined. Had he consented, no doubt he would have been nominated and elected. His

name has also been frequently mentioned as a business candidate for the position of Governor of Texas. He is well known to all classes, rich and poor, black and white, young and old. It has been a rule of his life to recognize manhood in the boy as well as the man, and he speaks pleasantly to all, irrespective of their position as regards color, wealth, or education. It has been reported that on one occasion, when passing through a city in Texas, a man engaged in a profitable business stopped Mr. Sealy in the street and, extending his hand, said: "You do not know me now, but I want to shake your hand. I well remember that when I was a boy in Galveston, serving as collector for a wholesale house and earning only a few dollars per month, you always spoke to me in passing and I always felt better after meeting you. It made me think better of myself, and I know that your kindly recognition had a good influence over me, as I believed that you considered me a boy of character or you would not have spoken to me."

Kindness costs nothing, and it often exercises a good and lasting influence. There is no envy in Mr. Sealy's nature. He rejoices in the success of his competitors and during times of panic and distress has frequently helped them with his means and advice to escape failure. He contributes to all classes of charities, because it is his pleasure to do so. He has acted upon the principle that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

Mr. Sealy was married to Miss Magnolia Willis, the daughter of P. J. Willis, of the great commercial house of P. J. Willis & Bros., of Galveston, in 1875. They have eight children, viz.: —

Margaret, Ella, George, Caroline, Rebecca, Mary, Robert and William.

Mr. Sealy is not fond of display or notoriety. He did, however, in order to gratify the desire of his wife and children and to show his great confidence in the future prosperity of Galveston, consent to erect an elegant residence, perhaps the most expensive in the State. It has been said that its cost amounted to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Mr. Sealy's firm, Ball, Hutchings & Co., perhaps the wealthiest banking firm in the South, have been most liberal bankers. They have been successful and could afford to sustain occasional losses. Their losses, however, have been nearly all incurred in trying to help some one to build up a business in the interest of Galveston and the State of Texas. From experience and observation Mr. Sealy has concluded that, as statistics prove but three men out of every one hundred succeed in making more than a living, it is very risky to ad-

vance money to any one who has not proved himself competent to accumulate something beyond his expenses from year to year, however small his capital may be at the outset. It has been said that "success is the only measure of merit." This truism applies not only to the making, or accumulating of property but to all professions, arts and sciences as well. Success is not a matter of chance, the few exceptions noted by common experience proving rather than militating against the rule.

Show me your man who occupies a high and useful place among his fellows and is adding to the happiness and prosperity of the community and country in which he lives and, nine times out of ten, I will show you a man who has made his own way, and that, too, against all manner of opposition, to the eminence, independence and usefulness of his present station. The life of no man who has made the world better or wiser by living, or having lived, or who has added to the comfort of his fellow-beings, or has set an example worthy of emulation, ever has been or ever can be a failure. To really fail is to fail in all these things.

There are men in Texas to-day whose lives are like salt leavening the mass; whose lives are full of wholesome lessons to the young; men whose deeds have been prolific of good to the commonwealth; men who have helped to lay broad and deep the foundations of the State's greatness. The development of natural resources and the

march of natural progress along all lines during the past thirty years is without parallel in any other period of time of thrice its length in the annals of human history. This has been particularly marked in the South since the war. She now no longer mainly boasts of her statesmen and soldiers, but that, from her best brain and purpose she has evolved a race of able financiers and city builders. Many railroads now traverse her hills and plains and valleys, rich argosies ride at anchor in her ports, furnaces glow deep red in her valleys, the whirr of ever-increasing spindles makes music in her cities and a tide of hardy, industrious immigrants is flowing into her waste places. Texas has not been behind her sister States in the march of industrial and commercial progress. A change has been wrought that the most sanguine little dreamed of in those sad days that followed after the close of the war. The men who have been leading workers in the bringing about of this wonderful increase of wealth, unfolding of resources and general development, are worthy of all praise. They have made history—some of its brightest pages. The enduring monuments that they have erected are stately cities, great transportation lines and churches, school houses and industrial enterprises.

One of the foremost of this band has been the subject of this memoir, whose financial skill, energy, liberality, patriotic purpose and constructive genius have done much for Texas.

HENRY J. LUTCHER,

ORANGE.

Henry J. Lutchcr, one of the wealthiest saw-mill operators in the United States and one of the most widely known citizens of Texas, was born in Williamsport, Pa., on the 4th of November, 1836.

His parents, Lewis and Barbara Lutchcr, natives of Germany, came to America in 1826 and located in Williamsport, where they passed the remaining years of their lives. The mother died in 1883 and the father nine days later, leaving but little property.

The subject of this memoir was early thrown upon his own resources. In 1857, he began business upon his own account as a farmer and butcher and continued in these pursuits for five years, dur-

ing which time he cleared about \$15,000.00. He then associated himself with John Waltman, under the firm name of Lutchcr & Waltman, and engaged in the lumber business at Williamsport. At the expiration of two years he induced his copartner to sell his interest to G. Bedell Moore, who has since been Mr. Lutchcr's business associate, under the firm name of Lutchcr & Moore. Mr. Lutchcr while operating the mill at Williamsport, Pa., bought a large number of cattle which he shipped to that place over the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad and sold to local butchers. His profits from this source amounted to about \$50,000.00. In 1876 he visited Texas for the purpose of prospecting for timbered

lands. He first traveled through the country lying along the banks of the Neches as far up as Bevilport. He then traveled along the west side of the Sabine to Burr's ferry, crossed the river there and came down the east bank to Orange, penetrating through the finest belt of long-leaf pine timber that he had ever seen. He and his partner at once invested largely in these lands and put up a mammoth saw-mill at Orange. In 1889 they also built at Lutchet, La., one of the largest and best appointed saw-mills in the United States. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars were expended on this mill before it paid them a dollar. The two mills cut 200,000 feet of logs a day and average an output of sixty million feet of lumber annually, which meets with a ready sale. These investments have increased in value until Mr. Lutchet is now several times a millionaire. Messrs. Lutchet & Moore maintained lumber yards for a number of years at various points throughout the State, but finally discontinued them and now do a strictly wholesale business. They ran the mill at Williamsport, Pa., until about eight years ago, since which time they have confined their attention to their Texas and Louisiana interests. Mr. Lutchet says he knows that Orange and Beaumont, Texas, and Lake Charles, La., have the best and most extensive saw-mill plants in the world. The improved methods that he has introduced in the operation of his properties have been adopted by other mill owners and have been largely influential in building up the lumber industry in Texas and Louisiana to its present enormous proportions. The mills at Orange (an attractive and thriving town of forty-five hundred people) pay out upwards of \$100,000 per month for labor, alone.

Mr. Lutchet was united in marriage to Miss Frances Ann Robinson, daughter of David Robinson, Esq., of Williamsport, Pa., January 23, 1858, and has two children, Mariam, wife of W. A. Stark, Esq., and Carrie Launa, wife of Dr. E. W. Brown; both living at Orange. He early manifested a taste for reading and although his business interests have required close attention, has found time to thoroughly familiarize himself with the works of the best writers and thinkers of Europe and America, in ancient and modern times, in the domains of science, art, philosophy, history, literature, sociology and political economy. The study of the ethnic character, political institutions and history of the various peoples who have figured on the world's great stage of action, from the dim day-dawn of the race to the present time, has been a source of deep and absorbing interest to him. Seated in his cosy library at night, when the

business cares of the day are laid aside, he has found it a pleasure to follow the rise and fall of the Grecian republics, to trace step by step the evolution of the Roman republic and its progress through days of unexampled glory to its final decay and the rise and decline of the Roman Empire built upon its ruins, to follow the growth and development of the British constitution and to study our own institutions. There are few public men in this country who have such an accurate knowledge of the events that preceded the American revolution, who are so familiar with the history of parties, who have acquired a truer insight into the Federal constitution or who better understand the purpose, scope and genius of our free institutions. Of a singularly clear and unclouded mentality, he fully comprehends and appreciates the gravity of the problems that the people will be called upon to solve in the days that are moving toward us from the unknown future — riddles propounded by the sphinx of destiny and that must be answered rightly to avoid disaster. He is neither an optimist nor pessimist, but apprehends facts as they exist and looks forward with the prevision that comes of a wide-extended knowledge of the past. Like many other of our ablest thinkers, he appreciates the necessity for reforms in many directions, the checking of the processes of corruption now at work in many departments of our national, State and municipal life, and for the rekindling of the fires of true patriotism that have lost much of the glow and warmth of earlier years. There was a time when the very existence of this, the greatest of all republics, exercised a potential influence upon the destinies of older States and acted as a beacon to guide liberty-loving men along the path to freer institutions. Then such a monument as Bartholdi's statue "Liberty Enlightening the World" would have been truly representative of the spirit and mission of our country, but can this be truly said to-day, when we begin to hear of "upper," "middle," and "lower classes," when there has been a general and wide-spread departure from the plain republican simplicity of the fathers, when the burdens of government are borne by the many and the benefits enjoyed by the very few, when we are threatened with a plutocratic aristocracy in which money and not merit is to decide the rank and standing of those within its pale, and when the press can no longer be considered the secure palladium of the people's liberties? No one man can hope to avert the evils that threaten to undermine national life, for that must be the work of many patient, toiling minds, drawing their inspiration from an unselfish love for their country and

for their fellow-men, yet each man capacitated for the task can point out the defects that he has discovered and suggest the remedies that he deems sufficient to repair them. Mr. Lutchcr has done much thinking along this line and has been solicited by the editors of several of the leading magazines of the country to prepare a series of articles for publication in their periodicals, and will probably accede to their request during the coming year. Thoroughly familiar with his subject, an elegant and trenchant writer, possessed of a mind stored with the "spoils of time," these productions will be looked for with interest and will doubtless cause something more than a ripple in the world of contemporaneous thought. Mr. Lutchcr has a large and carefully selected library and one of his greatest home-pleasures is to spend the evening hours with his books. He agrees with Ruskin, who said that it seemed strange to him that a man would fritter away his time in idle conversation, when, by going to the shelves of his book-case, he could talk with the great and good of all ages, with Plato and Socrates, with Plutarch and Marcus Aurelius — the kings and princes in the realm of letters.

He is an indefatigable worker, every hour having its appointed duties. He says that he owes much of his success in life to the aid given him by his wife

and that as they have journeyed down the stream of time she has "steered him clear of many a dangerous snag." She is thoroughly conversant with his business affairs and he consults her judgment in all matters of importance. Their palatial home covers a beautiful site of four acres on the west bank of the Sabine, overlooking that stream, and here they dispense a royal hospitality to their numerous friends in Texas and other States. Mr. Lutchcr has taken a deep interest and been a potent factor in the development of the Texas coast country. Every worthy enterprise has found in him a liberal supporter. He has been a power for good in Southern Texas. His is a strong, magnetic personality that would make itself felt in any assemblage, however distinguished, or in any field of effort. He is an ardent Democrat, but with his father was bitterly opposed to the late war. He believes that it was brought on by scheming and reckless demagogues, indifferent to the long train of miseries they heaped upon their distracted country.

In the prime of a vigorous mental and physical manhood and approaching the meridian of an unusually successful and brilliant career as a financier, and full of plans for the future, his influence will be strongly felt in the future growth and development of his adopted State.

JAMES H. RAYMOND.

AUSTIN.

The present, with all that belongs to it, is the outgrowth and summing up of the entire past. Its meaning to be comprehended must be interpreted by the past.

To the young it is the border-line that separates them from the land of promise in which they are to be the dominant factors in the fight for mastery; to the old the Pisgah height from which they gaze backward over the past through which they have journeyed, and forward to the future in which others will continue the work they have begun.

The Texas of to-day is far different from the Texas of the days of the Republic. There have been many changes and transformations since the first rifle shot of the Revolution was fired in 1835. Many men of remarkable genius have trod its soil and toiled with hand and brain and voice and pen to shape its destinies and direct the commonwealth

along the upward course which it has pursued to its present proud position among the States of the American Union.

The leaders in the work of pioneer settlement, the daring spirits who fomented and led the pre-revolutionary movements, the heroes and martyrs of the struggle for independence, the presidents and cabinet officers of the days of the Republic and the men who laid the foundation of our State institutions have nearly all passed away.

The only surviving Treasurer of the Republic of Texas is the subject of this sketch, Mr. James H. Raymond, now a resident of the city of Austin, with whose prosperity he has been identified for many years and where he has rounded out a career as a financier that, in point of success and brilliancy, is paralleled by that of few other men in the State.



James Harvey Raymond was born the 30th day of June, 1817, in Washington County, New York. He was named after Dr. Harvey, the renowned religious and metaphysical writer.

William Raymond, father of the subject of this biographical sketch, was born in Connecticut, and died in Genesee County, New York, in 1847, having located there in 1825. He was a merchant trader, and was well and favorably known in the community where he resided. He married Mary Kellogg, daughter of Justin Kellogg, one of the native farmers of Connecticut. She was an exemplary wife and mother, remarkable for all those qualities of mind and heart which shine with undimmed brilliancy around the domestic hearth, and to her is the son indebted for the practical habits of his life. The greater portion of his early life was passed in Genesee County, New York, upon a farm, where he was inured to hard labor, enjoying no other educational advantages than were afforded by the ordinary country schools, which he was only permitted to attend at intervals. In 1832, being then but fifteen years old, he abandoned his home and the State of his nativity, and came to Cincinnati, Ohio, where, and at Newport across the Ohio river in Kentucky, he was engaged in clerking until 1836. In that year he returned to New York and clerked at Batavia until 1839, when he determined to emigrate. Texas was selected as the objective point, and his plans were immediately put into execution.

He started, but on the way stopped at Natchez, Miss., where he remained a short time, proceeding from thence to Woodville, Wilkinson County, Miss. Here he passed nearly a year studying and practicing the rudiments of surveying with the intention of following that occupation on his arrival in Texas. In July, 1840, he landed in Galveston and proceeded thence to Houston, from which place he went on foot to Franklin, in Robertson County. Here he was employed as Deputy Surveyor to accompany an expedition to the upper Brazos country. However, in a few days, and after all necessary preparations were nearly completed, hostile Indians approached the locality and the contemplated expedition was abandoned, much to his chagrin. In October following he went to Austin in company with Geo. W. Hill, afterward Secretary of War under President Houston, but at that time a member of the Congress of the Republic of Texas. On his arrival at Austin he was made Journal Clerk of the House of Representatives of the Fourth Congress. In April, 1841, Gen. Lamar, who was then President of the Republic, appointed him Acting Treas-

urer, the duties of which office he discharged with fidelity and marked ability. In November, 1841, he was elected by the Fifth Congress Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives and in this office he was retained by continued annual elections until 1845, when the Republic ceased its existence and Texas became a member of the Federal Union. In 1842 he served as a soldier in the expedition organized to repel the Vasquez and Woll invasions, and in 1844 was appointed Treasurer by Gen. Houston, and discharged the duties of that office in connection with his other offices. In 1845 he was secretary of the convention that framed the first State constitution and in February, 1846, was elected chief clerk of the House of Representatives of the legislature convened after the admission of Texas into the Union as a State. He served but a few days, when he resigned and was elected State Treasurer, the first Treasurer of the State of Texas. To this office he was continually chosen by annual election until November, 1858. Two years afterward he began banking at Austin as a member of the banking house of John W. Swisher & Company, which, in 1861, changed its name to Raymond & Swisher, and in 1868 to Raymond & Whites. In June, 1876, Mr. Frank Hamilton and James R. Johnson purchased the interest of Mr. Whites, and since that time the business has been conducted under the firm name and style of James H. Raymond & Company. The State Agricultural and Mechanical College was erected under the supervision of a commission of which he was a member. As a member of this commission and in other official positions of minor importance that he has since held from time to time, he has discharged the duties intrusted to him in a most satisfactory manner.

In 1843 he was married in Washington, Texas, to Miss Margaret Johnston, then recently from Troy, Ohio.

His political connections have been those of the dominant party in the South and marked by firmness and consistency and a fearless advocacy. He has never been blind to the political wants of his section.

In developing the great resources of Texas he has performed an important part. In religion he is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has been one of the wardens of Austin Church for fifteen years.

The most attractive scenes with which nature delights the eye owe their charm to the effects of light and shade. It would be impossible even for an Angelo to give expression to the visions that flit across the horizon of his soul if he employed only

pigments that were bright. Virtue and honor and courage would be but idle names if there were no temptations to evil, no allurements to draw the unwary from the path of rectitude, and no dangers arose on the way. Human life would lose its beauty, its pathos and its purpose but for the trials that accompany it. Sad it is to note those who fall, but deep and lasting and full of usefulness are the lessons taught by the lives of those who guide their course by the pole-star of duty and perform the tasks that Providence allots them.

Mr. Raymond has lived beyond three score years and ten. He has been a moving spirit in

some of the most stirring scenes that have transpired upon the continent and the intimate associate not only of such men of an earlier day, as Houston, but of those who have succeeded them as pilots of the ship of State. It has fallen to his fortune to, in a quiet way, perform many valuable public services. He has done his duty, as he saw it, faithfully under all circumstances, and now, in the quiet evening of his life and in the enjoyment of the financial independence that has come to him as the reward of the labors of former years, he enjoys the confidence and sincere esteem of the people of Texas.

MOSES AUSTIN BRYAN,

BRENHAM.

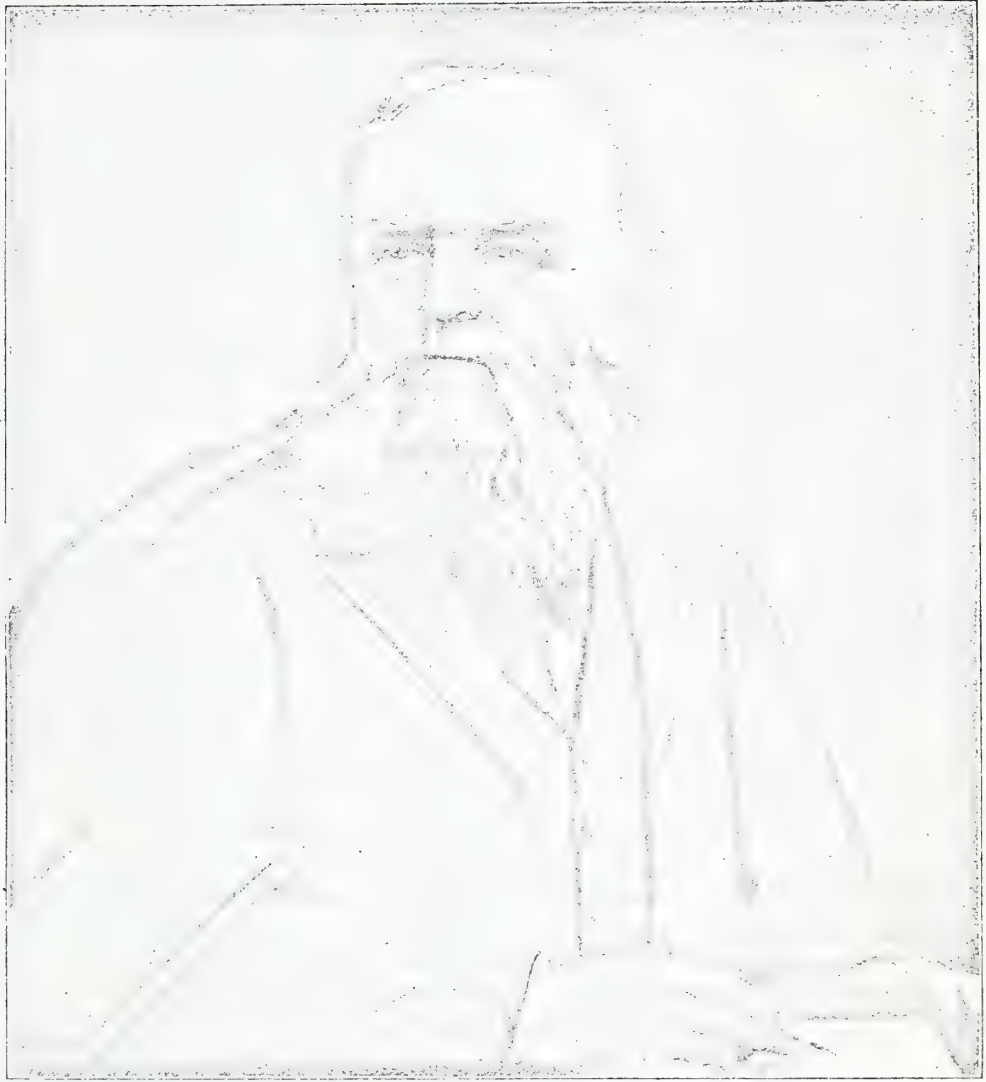
The life and labors of this well remembered patriot, honored citizen and faithful public servant, were such as to entitle his name to a place upon some of the brightest of the undying pages of his country's history. He was born at Bryan's Mines on the banks of the Hazel Run, a branch of the Tar Blue river, in St. Genevieve County, in the then territory of Missouri, on the 25th day of September, 1817.

He was the third son of James and Emily Margaret (Austin) Bryan. His father, a merchant and also a miner and smelter of lead ore at Hazel Run, died at Herculaneum, on the Mississippi river, twenty-five miles below St. Louis, in 1823.

Mrs. Bryan married in 1824 James F. Perry, a merchant at Potosi, Washington County, Mo., a town laid off by her father, Moses Austin, when the territory belonged to Spain. Young Bryan attended school at Potosi until eleven years of age and was then employed as a clerk in Perry & Hunter's store about a year when the firm determined to move to Texas. He accompanied W. W. Hunter with the goods down the Mississippi river to New Orleans, and January 3, 1831, the schooner *Maria*, upon which he was a passenger, entered the mouth of the Brazos, and three days later he put foot upon Texas soil at the town of Brazoria and proceeded with Mr. Hunter to San Felipe de Austin, reaching that place January 10, 1831. In three or four weeks Perry & Hunter's store was opened and Bryan worked in it as a clerk during 1831, selling goods to pioneers, hunters and Lipan

and Carancahua Indians. In June of that year he boarded with "Uncle Jimmy" and "Aunt Betsey" Whitesides, who were among the settlers of Stephen F. Austin's first colony. Col. Ira Randolph Lewis, with his wife and two daughters, Cora and Stella, arrived in San Felipe at this time and boarded at the same house. Cora Lewis was then an infant. In after years, when she reached lovely womanhood, she became Maj. Bryan's wife. Stephen F. Austin was absent from San Felipe when young Bryan arrived. When he returned, the latter, who had not seen him for more than ten years, called upon him at the house of Samuel M. Williams, who was Secretary of Austin's colony, and was cordially received.

Stephen F. Austin was then a member of the legislature of Coahuila and Texas and invited his nephew to accompany him, as his private secretary, to the city of Saltillo, capital of the provinces. The offer was accepted and, after an interesting journey through a country then almost entirely uninhabited, they arrived at Saltillo, reaching their destination about the first of April, 1832. In June the legislature adjourned until fall and Austin left for Matamoros to see Gen. Terran, commander of the military district including the Eastern States bordering on the Rio Grande. While leisurely prosecuting this journey he heard of the troubles occurring in Texas and that Gen. Mexia had been sent with four armed vessels and troops to the mouth of the Brazos to quell the outbreak. He therefore hastened forward with the utmost dis-



Miss Austin Bryan

patch, joined Mexico and went with him to Texas, leaving his horses, mules and traveling equipage with Mr. Bedell, expecting to return in the autumn and attend the session of the legislature. However, he found the political waters so stirred by the battles of Anahuac and Velasco between the colonists and Mexican soldiers, that he concluded to remain, and wrote to his nephew that Mr. Bedell and three or four friends would take goods to the State fair at Saltillo to be held on the 10th of September, the anniversary of the declaration of Mexican independence, and he could return with them to Matamoros, where Mr. Bedell would give him the horses, mules and baggage and furnish a trusty Mexican to pilot the way to San Felipe.

On approaching Goliad, the Mexican heard the people talk of the battles of Anahuac and Velasco and refused to proceed further. The alcalde of the town, however, furnished a guide for the remainder of the journey. On reaching his destination Bryan at once visited his mother at her home on Chocolate Bayou. In December, 1832, his stepfather moved the family to Peach Point, ten miles below Brazoria, where Mrs. Perry, Maj. Bryan's sister-in-law, now resides.

After visiting his mother, Maj. Bryan returned to San Felipe, where he re-entered Perry & Hunter's store. He clerked for them until 1833 and then clerked for Perry & Somervell. In 1835 he was a clerk in the land-office of Austin's colony and when Austin, in August, 1835, returned to Texas, after his long imprisonment in Mexico, and was made chairman of the Central Committee of Safety at San Felipe, served with Gail Borden, as Austin's secretary. In September of the same year Maj. Bryan participated in the attack upon Thompson's Mexican warship the *Carreo*. He was also among the first to respond to the call to arms that followed the battle of Gonzales (the 'Texas Lexington') between the colonists and Mexican troops, the latter led by Ugartechea, who, following instructions from Santa Anna, had demanded a cannon which had been given to the people of Gonzales and they had refused to surrender. When Austin was elected General of the patriot forces Bryan went with him to San Antonio in the capacity of private secretary, and after Austin left on a mission to the United States, remained with the army and took part in the storming and capture of San Antonio under Johnson and Milam. He was afterward more or less intimately associated with Austin as his private secretary until that remarkable man's death, which occurred on the 27th of December, 1836, at Columbia, in Brazoria County, and owned the sword that Austin wore while commander of

the Texian army. Maj. Bryan, as a spectator, and as secretary of Lieutenant-Governor and Acting Governor Robinson, was at the meeting of the plenary convention that assembled at Washington on the Brazos, in March, 1836, and was present when the committee reported a declaration of independence, and it was voted on and adopted. As a sergeant in Capt. Mosley Baker's Company, he was with Gen. Sam Houston (often acting as his interpreter) on the retreat from Gonzales to the San Jacinto river. While on this march he was ordered by Capt. Baker (who acted under instructions from headquarters) to burn the town of San Felipe. The order was the result of an erroneous report, made by scouts, that the enemy were close at hand and about to enter the place. Bryan asked to be excused, on the ground that he felt a natural repugnance to having any share in putting the torch to the first town built in the wilderness by his uncle. He was relieved from the necessity of performing this unpleasant duty and the town of San Felipe de Austin was destroyed by other hands. At last the fateful day (April 21, 1836) arrived that was to decide the future destinies of Texas. Although Maj. Bryan was almost prostrated with fever he insisted upon taking part with his company in the charge of Burleson's regiment made at ever memorable San Jacinto, and behaved with distinguished gallantry. Three holes were shot through his coat before the regiment carried the breast-works by storm. After victory had been won, he did what he could to check the indiscriminate slaughter of Mexicans that followed, but the memory of the massacres at the Alamo and Goliad was fresh in the minds of the Texas soldiers and his noble efforts were in vain. He was present when Santa Anna was brought before Gen. Houston by Col. Hockley and Maj. Ben Fort Smith, who had taken charge of the prisoner soon after he had been brought in by the scouts, Sylvester and Matthews. Col. Hockley said: "General Houston, here is Santa Anna." Bryan was perhaps the only member of the party who understood Santa Anna's reply.

Gen. Santa Anna said in Spanish: "Yo soie Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, Presidente de Mexico, comandante in jefe del exercito de operaciones y me pongo a la disposicions del valiantes General Houston guiro ser tatado como deber seren general quando es prisoners de guerra."

His speech in English was: "I am Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of Mexico, commander-in-chief of the army of operations, and I put myself at the disposition of the brave General Houston. I wish to be treated as a general should be when a prisoner of war."

At the close of this speech Gen. Houston rose up on his right arm (he was then suffering from a wound received the day before, a ball having passed through the bones of his right leg three inches above the ankle joint) and replied: "Ah! ah, indeed! General Santa Anna! Happy to see you, General. Take a seat, take a seat," moving his hand toward an old tool-chest near by.

In the subsequent interview Col. Almonte acted as-interpreter. Santa Anna made a proposition to issue an order for Gen. Filisola to leave Texas with the troops under his command. Gen. Rusk replied that, his chief being a prisoner, Filisola would not obey the order. Santa Anna replied that such was the attachment of the officers and soldiers of the army to him, they would do anything that he told them to do. Gen. Rusk then said: "Col. Almonte, tell Santa Anna to order Filisola and army to surrender as prisoners of war."

Santa Anna replied that he was but a single Mexican, but would do nothing that would be a disgrace to him or his nation and they could do with him as they would. He said that he was willing to issue an order to Filisola to leave Texas. It was finally decided that he should do so, the order was issued and a body of mounted Texans, commanded for a time by Col. Burleson and afterwards by Gen. Thomas Rusk, followed close upon Filisola's rear and saw that the mandate was promptly obeyed. Upon this service Maj. Bryan accompanied Gen. Rusk as a member of his staff, in which capacity he rendered valuable assistance as Spanish interpreter. The command reached Goliad June 1, 1836, and two days thereafter gave Christian burial to the charred remains of the men who were massacred with Fannin at that place on the 27th of the preceding March, by order of Santa Anna. Gen. Rusk, standing at the edge of the pit, began an address, but was so overcome by emotion that he could not finish it. It was a most affecting and solemn ceremony.

At this time Maj. Bryan became the bearer of dispatches from Gen. Rusk to the Spanish General, Andrada, demanding the surrender of all prisoners held by him, a demand that was promptly acceded to. A few days later a Mexican courier arrived at Gen. Rusk's headquarters with a letter from two Texas colonels, Karnes and Teel, prisoners at Matamoros, stating that the Mexicans were assembling a large army under Gen. Urrea for the purpose of invading Texas. The letter was concealed in the cane handle of the courier's quirt and was translated by Maj. Bryan. A copy was sent to President Burnett, who at once (June 23, 1836), issued a proc-

lamation calling upon the people to hold themselves in readiness to respond to a call to arms.

Santa Anna, called upon to make good his pledges, stirred up, through his friends in Mexico, a revolutionary movement that effectually prevented Urrea from carrying his plans for the invasion of Texas into execution.

In January, 1839, Maj. Bryan was appointed Secretary of the Texas legation at Washington, D. C., by President Mirabeau B. Lamar, and served as such for a number of months. Dr. Anson Jones was the Texian minister to the United States at the time.

In February, 1840, Maj. Bryan married Miss Adeline Lamothe, daughter of Polycarp Lamothe, a prominent planter of Rapides parish, Louisiana. In 1842, as first lieutenant of a company organized at Brazoria, he participated in the Rio Grande expedition commanded by Gen. Somervell, that resulted in bringing to an inglorious close the attempt made by the Mexican general, Adrian Woll, to invade and find a foothold in Texas. After passing through the thrilling experiences connected with this expedition, Maj. Bryan devoted himself to looking after his plantations in Brazoria and Washington counties. In May, 1854, Mrs. Bryan died, and in November, 1856, he married Miss Cora Lewis, daughter of Col. Ira Randolph Lewis, an eminent lawyer, who served with distinction during the trying times of the Texas revolution. In 1863, Maj. Bryan, fearing an invasion of the coast-country by the Federals, removed his family to Independence, Washington County, which place became his permanent residence.

At the beginning of the war between the States he enlisted in the Confederate army as a private soldier in the Third Regiment of Texas State troops, and was elected Major of his regiment. Upon the organization of the reserve corps he was elected Major of the First Regiment, and served as such in Texas until the close of hostilities, making an excellent record as a soldier and officer. He, with a few others, was the founder of the Texas Veterans' Association, organized in May, 1873. He was elected and served as its secretary until April, 1886, when he resigned the position and nominated as his successor his friend, Col. Stephen H. Darden, who was duly elected. Maj. Bryan was one of the Association's chief promoters and leading spirits. He devoted for several years a large share of his time to correspondence with its members, gathering a mass of valuable historical data and papers now in the hands of his son, Hon. Beauregard Bryan, of Brenham. This matter will be of great service to the future historian.

Maj. Bryan served for a time as a member of the Commissioner's Court of Brazoria County, was active in the building of the Columbia Tap Railroad and was at all times an energetic worker in the cause of higher education. He served for twenty years as trustee of Baylor University, then located at Independence, and donated largely to its support, being a warm friend of its founder, Judge Baylor. He has done much for the upbuilding of his section and the State at large, every worthy enterprise receiving his encouragement and support. He was a member of the celebrated taxpayers convention which met in Austin in 1871, representing Washington County. He was one of the committee of five who were appointed to notify Governor E. J. Davis of the acts of the convention.

In religion he was an Episcopalian and in politics always a Democrat, attending as a delegate all the State and county Democratic conventions up to the year 1880. Maj. Bryan died at the home of his son (Hon. Beauregard Bryan) in Brenham, March 16, 1895, after a brief illness. He left five children: James, Beauregard, L. R., S. J., and Austin Bryan, who were present at his bedside during his last moments. His wife had died June 9th, 1889.

As the wires conveyed the intelligence of his death to all parts of the State, the public heart was stirred as it could have been stirred by few events, for all realized that a father in Israel had passed away, that a man whose life connected the present with all that is brightest and best and most glorious in the past history of the commonwealth had journeyed "across the narrow isthmus that divides the sea of life from the ocean of eternity that lies beyond."

The Twenty-fourth legislature was then in session and, on the 19th of March, out of respect to the distinguished dead, passed by unanimous votes the following resolutions:—

Senate Resolution, offered by Senator Dickson:—

"Whereas, One of our most distinguished and honored citizens and patriotic gentlemen has been called from our midst in the death of the late Moses Austin Bryan and,

"Whereas, In his death we recognize the fact that the State of Texas has sustained a loss of one whose true and honored name has become of great pride and held in highest esteem by all citizens of Texas, therefore be it.

"Resolved, That the Senate of the Twenty-fourth legislature of Texas do hold in sacred memory his good name and patriotism, and do extend to his beloved children and relatives their heartfelt sympathies and condolence in this their hour of deepest sorrow and distress."

House Resolution, offered by Giddings and Rogers:—

"Whereas, We have learned with deep regret of the death of Moses Austin Bryan, of Brenham, on Saturday, March 16th last, and

"Whereas, In him we lose another of those grand old heroes, who by their valor, patriotism and devotion to the principles of liberty, achieved the independence of Texas and left it as a princely heritage to posterity, therefore be it

"Resolved, First. That while we realize that there is no escape from the relentless hand of Time and recognize that he had passed the allotted age of man, and had rounded out a long life of devotion to our loved State, yet it is with feelings of profound sorrow that we see him taken from our midst. Second. That we extend to his sorrowing relatives and friends our sincere sympathy for the great personal loss they have sustained."

The remains were interred in the cemetery at Independence, Washington County, Texas, and were followed to their last resting-place by the largest funeral cortege known in the history of that place. The people, without distinction, united in paying tribute to the memory of the fearless soldier, stainless citizen, and blameless patriot, who had lived among them through so many years, and been such a faithful neighbor and friend, and who, as he passed among them, had scattered all about his path of life seeds of kindness, that, sprung into life from the soil in which they fell, and filled with the incense of heaven's own flowers the tranquil evening hours of his departing day.

IRA RANDOLPH LEWIS.

The subject of this sketch, Ira Randolph Lewis, was one of the patriots, who, as an associate of Austin, Houston, Travis and their compeers, severed Texas from Mexico by the revolution of 1835-1836. He was a prominent and distinguished lawyer and political actor in those times. He was a delegate from and represented the Municipality of Matagorda in the convention of 1832, the first ever called by the people of Texas, and of which Stephen F. Austin was president and Frank W. Johnson secretary.

This convention set forth the grievances of the colonists in Texas of Anglo-American origin, in a paper of unparalleled strength, prepared by David G. Burnet, and addressed to the Mexican government. S. F. Austin, W. H. Wharton and J. B. Miller were commissioned by the convention to present this paper to the government of Mexico at the city of Mexico. Wharton and Miller refused to go and encounter the dangers incident to such a mission, but Austin undertook the necessary task. His imprisonment and sufferings in a Mexican dungeon are matters familiar to every student of Texas history.

Again, in the consultation of 1835, Matagorda sent Mr. Lewis to represent it, together with R. R. Royal. What was done by these conventions is a part of the history of Texas and the reader is referred to volume one of Brown's History of Texas, which gives in full the proceedings of both conventions.

He was again honored by being chosen a member of the General Executive Council, consisting of two members from each county, or municipality as they were then called. The object of this council was to assist the executive, Governor Smith, in conducting the affairs of the Provisional Government.

While performing his duties in the Executive Council in February, 1836, Governor Henry Smith commissioned T. J. Chambers, with rank as General, to go to the United States and enlist volunteer soldiers and raise funds to aid Texas in her struggle with Mexico. Chambers appointed Lewis on his staff with rank of Colonel and, with Chambers' indorsement and Governor Smith's written permission, he left the council in the latter part of February, 1836, and proceeded at once to the United States.

Col. Lewis, in his capacity as Commissioner for Texas, actively canvassed in rapid succession the

towns and cities most accessible to him in those days of the ox-cart, stage coach and river steamer. But for this absence he would have participated in the battle of San Jacinto.

On his return to Texas he made an official report to the President of the Republic, who was Gen. Sam Houston. The report is as follows:—

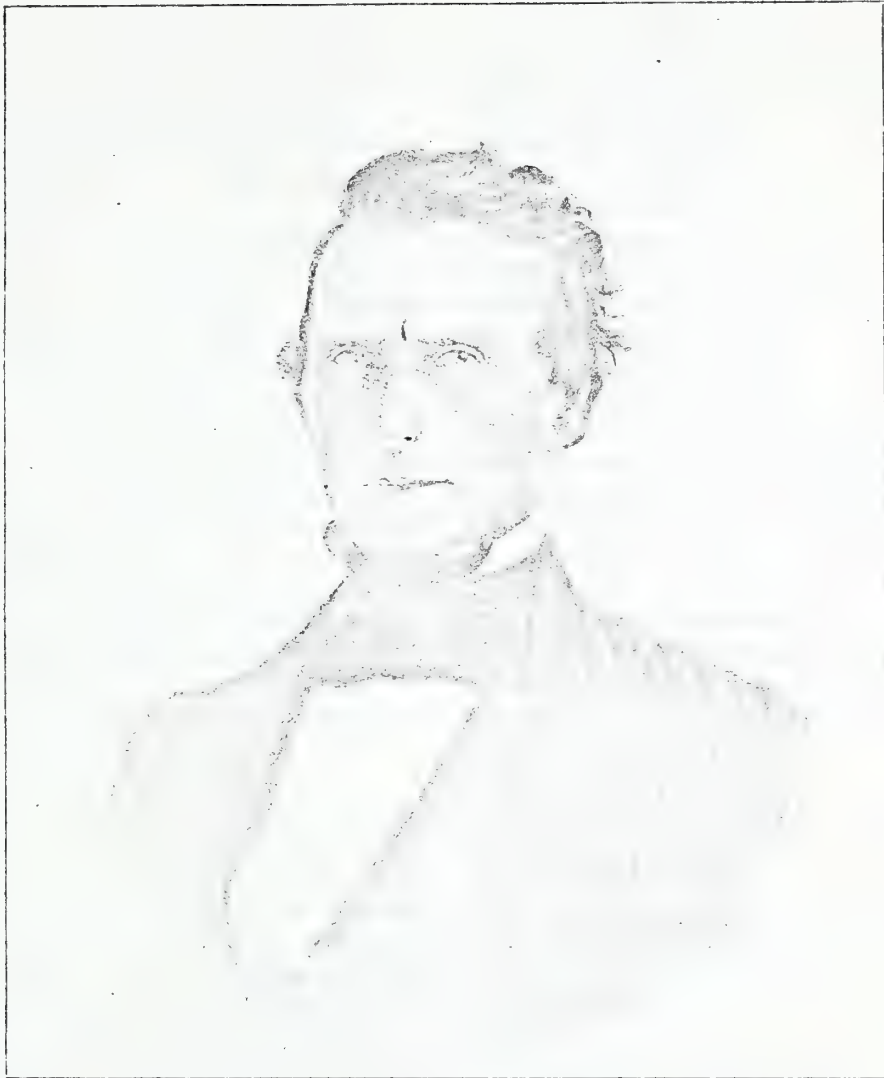
“To the President of the Republic of Texas:

“In obedience to official duty and for the further purpose of announcing to the proper authorities, for what otherwise might appear a wanton absence from the country of my adoption during her greatest difficulties, while in the United States for the last ten months, I beg leave to communicate the following information and report, which your Excellency will be pleased to receive and transmit to the officer of the proper department where it belongs.

“On the 9th day of January, of the present year, the then existing government of this Republic passed a law authorizing T. J. Chambers, Esq., to raise, arm, equip and command a division as an auxiliary army for the defense of the cause of Texas; the particulars of which will more fully appear by reference to said law, a copy of which is herewith transmitted and made a part of the report, being marked No. 1; the original is on file in the archives of this government.

“After Gen. Chambers was commissioned and instructed to go to the United States to procure men and means to constitute his division, and put it in motion and serve in Texas, he offered me an office on his staff as paymaster of said division, which I accepted and was immediately commissioned by the proper executive of this government, a copy of which commission is here attached and marked No. 2; a proper record of the original is to be found in the war office.

“At the time I received my appointment, which was in February last, and from all the information then obtained, the enemy was expected to appear in the months of May or June last, and as the corps was to be raised in the United States, I received an order from Gen. Chambers to repair forthwith with him to the United States to aid and assist in procuring the men and means necessary to place the division in Texas for service as speedily as possible; and in obedience to which order, I set out from San Felipe for the United States for the object



IRA LEWIS.

mentioned in the order, a copy of which is here attached, marked No. 3.

"On the day of leaving San Felipe the news, or rumor, from the interior, gave information that the enemy was in motion about Saltillo, and might be expected in April and sooner than had been anticipated, which prompted a more speedy action on our part, with a view of throwing aid into the country in time to be of use in the first contest, but nothing is more common than disappointment, for when we reached Natchez the news had reached there in authentic shape that Santa Anna had besieged the Alamo at San Antonio about the first of March and in a few days the melancholy news arrived that the garrison had fallen, and all its gallant defenders had been put to the sword.

"Gen. Chambers and myself immediately communicated with the most respectable and influential citizens of that place and explained the situation and unhappy condition of our country. In a short time the most enthusiastic feeling was found to prevail there -- and large meetings were held by the inhabitants to manifest this feeling, and offer aid to suffering Texas. And at that time (in the month of March last) I had the high gratification to learn from Judge Quitman and Gen. F. Huston that they would visit Texas, and enlist in her war; and men of their influence, wealth and distinction, I knew would induce much efficient aid from Mississippi. At Natchez I received further orders to proceed forthwith to the eastern country to explain the cause of the war, the situation of our country, and obtain men and means for her aid; which order is here attached in copy, marked No. 4.

"In obedience to said order, I set out on the first of April last for Louisville, where I arrived on the 12th of that month. When I made known the object of my visit, and consulted with many of the leading gentlemen of that place, as to the best course to pursue, I found the best of feeling prevailing for our cause and in a few days a mass meeting was called, which I had the honor, by invitation, to address on behalf of Texas, and had the pleasure to have the most generous responses made to the call for aid. By unremitting efforts I procured to be raised and dispatched, Col. C. L. Harrison's Louisville Battalion, the van of which, was Capt. Wiggonton's company of near one hundred men, and the balance soon followed, being aided to do so by the munificence of the generous citizens of that city. From there I proceeded to Lexington, by invitation to meet a State convention then being held in that place.

"To the convention and inhabitants of Lexington and the surrounding country, I proclaimed the

cause of Texas, their condition and want of aid, in a public address. Here I remained for two weeks making constant exertion for our cause and having many meetings upon the subject, which resulted in a display of the most generous and noble sympathy and friendship in our favor and, ultimately, the raising and dispatching of the Lexington Battalion of about three hundred men, and the money for their outfit and transportation to New Orleans, furnished by the generous donations of the high-minded and chivalrous inhabitants of that city and its vicinity. From Lexington I proceeded to Cincinnati, where I made known my objects, and, by the aid of the most influential gentlemen of that place, a very large meeting was convened, which I addressed in favor of our cause; which resulted in the raising of a fine company of about eighty men, who were furnished with an excellent outfit and means for transportation as far as New Orleans, by the donations of the well-tried friends of our cause in that great metropolis. In all of these four named places I had the good fortune to be aided by advisory committees, composed of gentlemen of different places, of the first standing and influence; and the different corps were raised and dispatched and the means procured by superintending committees for that purpose in each place, appointed by the citizens of the same, who procured the means by donations and also disbursed the same for the purpose of purchasing the supplies and outfits for the different corps and if any surplus remained, the respective committees paid over the same to the persons who took command of the different detachments.

"This course was adopted and pursued by my own request and suggestion, to secure the influence of the committees, and secure as far as possible entire satisfaction. All this was done and the most of the different corps had set out for Texas during this period, when the melancholy news was daily reaching the United States of the fall of the Alamo the massacre of Fannin, of Ward and of King, and that Santa Anna was passing triumphantly over the country, burning and devastating as he went and that he was in a short time to be looked for on the banks of the Sabine. It was not until late in May last that the news arrived in that part of the United States, in such a shape as to be believed, of the glorious battle of the San Jacinto, and the capture of the monster, Santa Anna, or as his own vanity induced him to call himself, "the Napoleon of the West." Many delays necessarily took place from the confused and distorted statements concerning this country, which frequently got into circulation there, and much time was lost and operations had

to be delayed in order to obtain counter-information to correct them, but every effort was made to get our men on as rapidly as possible, and I gave written information of all done, to Gen. Chambers at Nashville, where he was stationed, and to President Burnet, through the Texas agent in New Orleans, and as fast and in the order in which I progressed, but I am surprised to find that nothing exists in the archives of this government to show that I have done anything or communicated any information to this government.

"My own communications may have shared the fate and miscarriages of those of Messrs. Carson and Hamilton, who I am fully sensible addressed the government frequently and from different parts of the United States, for I saw their letters; but, like myself, I am told, not a word has been heard from them.

"Shortly after my effort before the public in Cincinnati, I fell sick and was confined with a fever and painful illness for near a month. During this time I received orders to proceed to Pittsburg, to purchase some cannon, and from there to Philadelphia and New York and, if practicable, to effect a loan on the credit of Texas for fifty thousand dollars to complete the outfit of the division then being raised, which order is herewith submitted in a true copy and marked No. 5.

"In obedience to the last named order, I set out from Cincinnati on the first of June, that being as soon as I could travel, or information from this country would authorize it; passing by Pittsburg but found that no cannon could be procured at that time, inasmuch as the only foundry which made them had a large contract on hand for the United States, and would not make any others before fall. From there I proceeded to Washington City on my way to the East, and for the purpose of learning the disposition of that government in relation to Texas; thinking at the same time that such information might be wanting, on my attempting the loan I wished to make, and my anticipations proved true. In Washington I found our commissioners, Messrs. Hamilton and Childress, making every possible exertion for our cause, and with happy effect, Gen. Austin, Wm. H. Wharton and Dr. Archer, the former commissioners, then being on their way home, and all as I found having produced by their able efforts impressions of the most encouraging character in favor of our cause. From there I proceeded to New York, by way of Baltimore and Philadelphia. There I made propositions for the money I wanted, and with the aid and under the auspices of S. Swartwout, Esq., and James Treat, Esq., two of the most noble and devoted

friends that Texas ever had, or ever will have, I was told that the money could be had if the government of the United States would recognize our independence, or take action upon the subject, which would be tantamount thereto, or manifest a favorable disposition; and at this point did my negotiation for a loan cease for a time. Also one other proposed loan of another commissioner, Mr. R. Hamilton, for five hundred thousand dollars, and which had been set in operation by the first commissioners with a heavy banking house of that city. During this suspension I was advised by some friends of Texas to return to Washington City, and see what was likely to be done there, which I did, and had the gratification of meeting our Secretary of State, Col. S. P. Carson, there, but in bad health, notwithstanding which he gave great aid and assistance to the cause of Texas, and much credit is due him for the successful passage of the favorable resolution in the Congress of the United States concerning Texas. From Washington, Messrs. Carson, Hamilton, Childress, and myself went up to New York, for the purpose of concluding, if possible, the two loans which had been proposed previously. In a short time after we reached there, and as everything was assuming a highly favorable aspect in relation to our business, there appeared in public prints *that famous proclamation* of his Excellency, President Burnet, denouncing, without distinction, all agents and commissioners then in the United States and announcing that Mr. T. Toby was the only Texas agent. The same mail which announced his appointment, also brought the intelligence of the failure of Messrs. Toby & Bro.; all of which was well calculated to produce what followed, namely, that state of confusion and distrust in the public mind which prevailed in the United States, after conclusion of the late administration of Burnet, and a loss to Texas at that time, of more than half a million of dollars, which aid she was on the eve of obtaining.

"Immediately on seeing the proclamation, before alluded to, we withdrew all propositions for money and made no further exertions of that nature. In a short time after this, which was about the latter part of July last, I set out for the South on my way home, and met Gen. Chambers at Cincinnati, to whom I communicated the result of my mission and who I found had sacrificed a large portion of his private fortune to advance the cause and aid the country. I found there that another famous proclamation of his Excellency President Burnet, had issued that no more volunteers were wanted from the United States, which I found had

produced great confusion and dissatisfaction in that country, particularly to those (and there were many within my knowledge) who had prepared and determined to emigrate to Texas, from "the dark and bloody ground" of our existence, and when to every rational mind it was supposed the war would be prosecuted with vigor.

"But in a short time after the proclamation, last alluded to, other threatened invasions by the Mexicans became imminent, and produced another proclamation calling on the generous and sympathizing of the world to come to the aid of suffering Texas, but then it was too late in the season, as the people of the North were afraid to come South until fall.

"General Chambers made and was still making, preparations to bring on a fine band of gallant emigrants (in addition to those already in this country), who were to start in a short time after Messrs. Wilson and Postlethwaite's return from Texas.

"I think their slanderous publications destroyed all these efforts and for a time turned the tide of feeling against Texas. On the first of September, I left Louisville on my way home, but unfortunately was taken sick on the river, and after I reached Natchez was confined for near a month. After my recovery I had some private business which detained me for a short time, and news of an unfavorable character after that was concluded, I proceeded homewards, and arrived at this place on the eighth of this month.

"The last service I did for the cause of Texas was in Natchez, when I aided the quarter-master general, at his request, in selling land scrip, and assisted in obtaining some fifty thousand dollars for the government to purchase provisions for the army; and that of refuting the pamphlet publication containing the calumnies against Texas of Messrs. Wilson and Postlethwaite. I had the pleasure of seeing before I left the United States, that the highest friendly feeling was again up for Texas and perfect confidence was displayed throughout that country, on the receipt of the news of the election of the hero of San Jacinto to the presidency, and the appointment of his able Cabinet, and the policies of the same.

"The present Congress I contracted no debt for, or on account of this government, nor made it responsible for one thing.

"The foregoing services herein related I performed at my own expense, and free of charge to the government in any manner whatever.

"By my absence I left exposed and unprotected all my property and effects on earth; also my office,

papers and books of all kinds (professional and private), which were all destroyed and thereby leaving me damaged, with others (and worse than they, for most of them saved their papers at least), to a large amount of property and effects, and worse than all, subjected to incalculable difficulties and confusion, by the loss of my books and papers.

"The foregoing is faithfully submitted to your Excellency and a candid world, to show the cause of my absence from the country at a time when I should have rejoiced to have marched with your Excellency and all my countrymen in arms, and perhaps gained some of the brilliant honors by many achieved, or died with the immortal slain. And the same is submitted to account for the delays and disappointments before explained.

"In the foregoing report I have discharged a conscientious duty, in giving a plain and candid expose, but not as full as I would have given had it been required or compatible with official obligation, and of this I shall content myself as in all other matters of my life with a quiet and approving conscience, knowing that I have faithfully and honorably discharged my duty to my country.

"I have the honor to be, with high regard,

"Your obedient and humble servant,

"I. R. LEWIS.

"Columbia, December 12th, 1836."

"P. S. For the high and generous feeling of kindness and sympathy, which I found prevailing in Kentucky for our cause, the highest credit is due our distinguished fellow-citizens, Gen. S. F. Austin and Dr. B. T. Archer, two of our first commissioners, but a short time previously had passed through that country on their way East and who, by their zealous and able efforts, had prepared the public mind in the happiest manner to respond promptly and generously to any call which might be made in behalf of Texas, and made my efforts more profitable than I could have otherwise anticipated.

"In New York I had the pleasure of meeting one of the last commissioners sent out by President Burnet, viz., our distinguished and worthy fellow-citizen, James Collinsworth, just as I was on the eve of leaving that city."

Col. Lewis also served as a volunteer in the campaign of 1842 against the invasion by Woll of Texas.

After the overthrow of Mexican rule in Texas, Col. Lewis busied himself with his profession, practicing principally in the counties of Matagorda, Brazoria, Fort Bend and Wharton, until he acquired considerable property, when he retired from the

practice to plantations purchased by him and commenced farming with negro slaves.

Though proficient in law and literature, Col. Lewis discovered that he was not cut out for a planter and, after meeting reverses, abandoned farming and returned to the practice, in which he continued until his death, which occurred at the home of his son-in-law, Maj. Moses Austin Bryan, at Independence, in August, 1867.

The antecedents and family history of this public servant and distinguished citizen are clearly traced and well known, as he left behind him all his private and public papers and correspondence, which are numerous and carefully preserved; all of which is in the possession of his descendants living in Texas, hereafter noted. These papers, if ever published, will throw much light on what are now obscure places in Texas history, during the most trying period. Col. Lewis was born in Virginia, September 25th, 1800. His mother was a Miss Randolph, of the Virginia family of that name, and his father was a physician, Doctor Jacob Lewis, who was born the 13th day of October, 1767, in Somerset County, State of New Jersey, and lived to a ripe old age, dying in 1852 in Cincinnati, Ohio, the then place of his residence.

The father of Dr. Lewis was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, serving under Washington in repelling the invasion of New Jersey and New York by the British.

While in the Continental patriot army he contracted camp fever and died.

The autobiography of Dr. Lewis, speaking of the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, relates the following incident:—

“After peace was proclaimed, the fourth day of July was appointed as a day to be set apart for thanksgiving and rejoicing. The plains where Somerville now stands, in Somerset County, New Jersey, was the place of meeting. The largest collection of people I think I ever saw was collected there to congratulate each other on the happy event of gaining our independence. A circle formed, and Gen. Frelinghuyson, on his war horse, rode in the center and gave us a truly patriotic lecture; spoke much on our ease and comfort, and that the form of our government would be that of a Republic; and further went on and explained the meaning of a Republican form of government, viz., that our legislators would be bound to act for the good of the nation, not local or sectional.”

The Lewis family are of French Huguenot descent, tracing their ancestry directly back to the flight of the Huguenots from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, A. D. 1688.

Fleeing from religious persecution in France, the ancestors of Col. Lewis settled first in Holland, then removed to Wales and then to America in about the year 1700.

The Lewis family were of that band of French Huguenots that history records as settling in little squads in the States of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and South Carolina.

In the year 1802, Dr. Lewis, the father of the subject of this sketch, removed to the then Territory of Ohio, a part of Virginia, which was created a State out of Virginia in February, 1803.

He settled in the town of Hamilton, or rather what became the city of Hamilton, Ohio. Here he practiced his profession and prospered until the war of 1812 came on with Great Britain, called the second war of independence. He enlisted in this war against the oppression of the British, as his father had done before him in the Revolution. By virtue of his profession he was appointed surgeon's mate, or assistant surgeon, in the First Regiment, Third Detachment, Ohio militia, on the 13th day of February, 1813, and served throughout the war.

Col. I. R. Lewis was educated by his father, Dr. Jacob Lewis, in the best schools of Cincinnati, Ohio, and grew up and was reared to be a highly accomplished young man. Choosing the law as his profession, he entered upon its study under the greatest advantages and auspices, being under Nicholas Longworth, the great Ohio lawyer. His father had planned for him a quiet and prosperous career, as a Cincinnati lawyer, starting as he did as a protegee of Longworth and associate and companion of Thomas Corwin, who became so famous as a lawyer and statesman.

Just after coming of age, he married, in 1822, Miss Eliza Julia Hunt. Miss Hunt was a native of Mississippi, born in Natchez; November 23d, 1802, and was left an orphan at an early age. Miss Hunt's uncle, Jesse Hunt, took her to Kentucky, where the Hunt family came from, and from there she was sent to be educated in the schools of Cincinnati and met young Lewis. As soon as married and in control of his wife's property, which consisted of large landed estates and slaves, the self-reliant and venturesome spirit of his ancestors cropped out and, to the dismay and chagrin of his father and friends, Col. Ira Lewis announced that he had quit law and would move to Mississippi and take charge of his wife's property and become a planter with slaves. Residing in and near Natchez, Col. Lewis operated his plantation, dispensing a generous and refined Southern hospitality.

After several years residence in Mississippi, he sold out and purchased a plantation near Baton

Rouge and Donaldson, La., and continued to live there until the year 1830, when he concluded to go to Austin's Colony in the then Mexican Province of Texas. He had heard of Texas from persons he had met in New Orleans when visiting that place to purchase supplies for his plantation. Visiting Texas in 1830, he satisfied himself that it was the coming empire of the Southwest and, returning to the United States, sold out his interests in Louisiana and embarked his family in a sailing vessel in May, 1831, bound out of New Orleans for Texas. Passage by sea proved stormy and disastrous, resulting in the wrecking of the vessel off the coast of Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis with their four children, all girls, were saved in the boats and, after undergoing terrible hardships for several days at sea, tossed about at the mercy of the waves, they were landed near the town of Matagorda, in Matagorda County, on the coast of Texas, then a part of Austin's Colony. Everything was lost in the wreck. All that was left was on their shivering bodies. Relics and mementoes; as well as furniture and wearing apparel, luxuries and necessities of life, were all swallowed up in the Gulf of Mexico.

With hospitality, characteristic of life in a new country, the people of Matagorda took into their arms the Lewis family and provided for them until they procured a home. This crushing blow well-nigh crazed Mrs. Lewis and she implored her husband to return to the United States, but he insisted on remaining. As soon as the means could be procured it was determined that San Felipe de Austin, the seat of government of Austin's Colony, was the proper place to settle and practice his profession of law.

A writer of the period between 1831 and 1833, speaking of the people of San Felipe de Austin, under the head of "Early Days in Texas," says: "San Felipe was established by S. F. Austin, in 1824, on the Brazos, and was named by Governor Garcia as the capital of Austin's Colony. It was the first Anglo-American town established in Texas. Stephen F. Austin, the empresario, and Samuel M. Williams, his secretary, lived here. Here was kept the land office; here met the Ayuntamiento, the colonists to designate their lands, and to receive their titles, and strangers who visited the country; here resided the prominent lawyers of the colonists of Austin, among whom were W. B. Travis, W. H. Jack, Ira R. Lewis, T. J. Chambers, Luke Leasasser, Thomas M. Duke, Hosea League, Robert M. Williamson (three-legged Willie) and others. The society of San Felipe at that day was good. The colonists were required by Austin to bring with them from their former places of residence, certifi-

cates of good character. By printed notices they were informed if they failed in this, their application to be received as colonists would be rejected. San Felipe could boast of elegant, refined and beautiful women, as well as noble and cultured men. Mrs. Ira R. Lewis, Mrs. James F. Perry (the sister of S. F. Austin), Mrs. W. H. Jack, Mrs. Nancy McKinney, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Peyton (sister of Bailey Peyton), Mrs. Parmer and others, from their personal attractions, lovely womanly character, would command attention and admiration anywhere. Here was established the first Sunday school, the first newspaper and the first Masonic Lodge in Texas. Here assembled the representative men to consult and plan for the weal of Texas, and it so continued until it was destroyed by fire on the approach of the Mexican army, under Santa Anna, in 1836. But for this destruction it would have, in all probability, have been selected as the capital of the Republic of Texas."

After practicing his profession for several years at San Felipe, Col. Lewis returned to Matagorda, which place became for many years his permanent place of residence.

Mrs. I. R. Lewis died January 11th, 1887, at the residence of her son-in-law, Maj. M. A. Bryan, and was interred in the family cemetery at Independence, Texas.

Colonel and Mrs. Lewis had four children, all girls, viz., Laura, born in 1824, at Natchez; Louisa, born near Baton Rouge, La., in December, 1825; Cora and Stella, born in Baton Rouge, La., in the years, respectively, 1828 and 1830.

Laura married at Matagorda, Texas, Dr. A. F. Axson and was the mother of three children, viz., Lewis, Clinton J. and B. Palmer, all born in New Orleans. Louisa married Hon. Geo. Hancock of Austin, Texas, and was the mother of one child, viz., Lewis, born in Austin, Texas. Cora married Moses Austin Bryan of Brazoria, November 3d, 1856, and was the mother of six children, to wit, Gum M., who died at the age of two years, in Brazoria; Stella Louisa, who died at the age of four years, at Independence; Lewis Randolph, born October 2d, 1858; Beauregard, born January 16th, 1862; Austin Y., born December 20th, 1863; Stonewall Jackson, born February 2d, 1866. Of these children the first four were born in Brazoria County, Texas, on their father's plantation on Oyster creek, called "Retire." The last two were born near Independence on their father's plantation. Stella married Maj. Hal. G. Runnels, of Harris County, Texas, an only son of Governor Hiram G. Runnels and cousin of Governor Hardin

R. Runnels, and was the mother of two children, Sue and Harry G. Stella died near Independence, Texas. Laura died in September, 1876, in New Orleans, La., the place of her residence, and was

interred in Metairie Cemetery in that city. Cora died June 9th, 1889, in Brenham, Texas, and is interred in the family cemetery at Independence, Texas.

CHARLES FOWLER,

GALVESTON.

The late lamented Capt. Charles Fowler, of Galveston, was born in Guilford, Connecticut, in 1824; went to sea at the age of fourteen, was master of a ship at twenty-one and followed that vocation until 1866, when he became agent for the Morgan line of steamers at Galveston, which position he held from that time until the time of his death, a period of twenty-five years.

He came to Galveston in 1847 as captain of the brig, *Mary*. Three years later he returned to Connecticut and was married at Stratford to Miss Mary J. Booth, daughter of Isaac Patterson Booth.

Upon the commencement of hostilities between the States he entered the naval branch of the Confederate service; at the famous engagement at Sabine Pass participated in the capture of the enemy's fleet and was subsequently made prisoner and detained until the close of the war. On returning to Galveston he was made captain of one of the Morgan ships, from which position he was transferred to the Galveston agency. Though never aspiring to political preferment, he was elected an alderman of Galveston as far back as 1873, afterwards frequently served in that capacity and at the time of his death, March 17th, 1891, was a member of the board, having served continuously since 1885. His last tenure of office began under a system of municipal reform and his discharge of duty was so acceptable to the people at large that they insisted again and again upon his standing for election. As alderman (from 1885 to 1891) he always held the position of honor as chairman of the committee on finance and positions on all other leading committees. He was, in fact, recognized as intellectually and, in a business way, the strongest man in the council, and his straightforwardness, integrity and devotion to duty easily entitled him to this position.

Though not a civil engineer by profession he was a man possessed of strong and valuable practical ideas upon matters of engineering, and in 1868,

took charge of the work of deepening the water on the inner bar, on which there was a depth of eight feet of water at high tide, all vessels being subject to a pilotage of \$3.00 per foot besides the \$4.00 per foot over the outer bar. In 1869, as president of the board of pilot commissioners, he handed in a report, showing a depth of fifteen feet over the inner bar, and recommended the abolition of pilotage over same, a recommendation that was followed forthwith. Through his long and intimate acquaintance with municipal affairs and all classes of the people, no man was better qualified to serve the people of Galveston and foster the best interests of the city. He was often urged to accept the mayoralty but declined to become a candidate for the honor. Physically he was a noble specimen of manhood. He possessed in full measure solid public and domestic virtues. His wife and three children survive him, viz., a married daughter, Mrs. A. Bornefeld; a son, Charles Fowler, Jr., and a younger daughter, Miss Louise. In reporting the fact of his death, the *Galveston News* of March 18th, 1891, contained the following: "The friends and acquaintances of Capt. Charles Fowler, and their number in Galveston is legion, have for the past two days been hourly anticipating his death. Some ten days ago he was taken to his bed with a chill to which no particular importance was attached, but as days passed his malady grew more complicated, finally developing into a serious kidney complication, resulting in a fatal case of uremic poisoning. He died last night at 8-30 o'clock, and in his death no ordinary man passed away. Few citizens have died in Galveston who were more universally respected and esteemed by all classes, or whose death will be more universally regretted. Since it has been known that death was inevitable the inquiry upon every lip upon the street has been in regard to Capt. Fowler's condition and if any evidence was wanting as to his popularity, it was clearly demonstrated by all classes of citizens over



CHARLES FOWLER.

his critical condition. Those of high and low station, rich and poor, displayed an abiding sorrow at the announcement that the life-tide of Charles Fowler was ebbing away and that his death was but a question of a few short hours. The universal sentiment expressed was that 'in the death of Charles Fowler Galveston will lose one of her best and noblest citizens,' and when the sad news came last night that all was over it fell like a pall upon the busy streets."

That paper said editorially: "The mortal remains of Capt. Charles Fowler were yesterday consigned to the earth, whence they came. In the death of Capt. Fowler this city has lost one of her best and most useful citizens. * * * Trained to the sea, with its dangers and vicissitudes, he was ever ready in emergency and always manly and brave in act. Yet how loving and kindly in all the relations of life. To the general public he discharged his full duty — to his immediate family all that mortal man could do. The tribute paid to his memory yesterday by the citizens of Galveston was worthy of his character. Among the many who accompanied his remains to their last resting-place were those of every degree and station in life — the professional man, the merchant, the civic authority and official, the laborer, the domestic. It was not an outpouring of popular curiosity, but a real tribute to worth and manhood. The man who worked for his daily wages upon the docks was as sincerely grief-stricken as the man of wealth who may have considered Capt. Fowler his more immediate companion or his coadjutor in public affairs. The tribute was beautiful in itself and pleasant to think over, because it demonstrates that human nature has a fine touch of grandeur after all in its recognition and appreciation of the manly virtues. The spotless integrity and loving kindness of Charles Fowler's nature drew from the hearts of the people of Galveston yesterday as fine a poem as ever poet penned."

At a called meeting of the city council held March 20th, 1891, Mayor R. L. Fulton submitted a message in which he pronounced an eloquent eulogium upon the deceased, and upon motion that body adopted the following resolutions:—

"Whereas, Galveston has just lost by death one of her most eminent, patriotic and distinguished citizens in the person of Capt. Charles Fowler, who

for a great number of years has been prominently identified with the city government as alderman, member of the Board of Health, chairman of the Committee on Finance and Revenue, and member of many other useful committees, where at all times he manifested the utmost zeal for the public welfare, great ability as a financier, enterprise, energy, a spirit of progress in keeping with the times, and a moral and physical courage which enabled him to stamp his convictions on his associates and thus give to the city of his love the full benefit of his wise counsels, legislative and executive ability and patriotism; and

"Whereas, He never hesitated to expend his time, energy and great abilities for the benefit of his fellow citizens; therefore, be it

"Resolved, By the city council of the city of Galveston, that on no more melancholy and regrettable an occasion was this council ever before convened.

"Resolved, Further, That on Saturday, the 21st inst., the day of his interment, as a mark of respect, all the city offices be closed; that the different branches or departments of the city government attend the funeral; that the city hall and council chamber be draped in appropriate emblems of mourning and respect for the loss of this good and useful private citizen and public officer. Be it also

"Resolved, That his chair in the municipal chamber be left unoccupied during the remainder of the municipal term, this council pledging itself to his constituents the same careful attention to their interests, and that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes and copies be furnished the members of his immediate family, and that the daily papers be requested to publish same. Be it also

"Resolved, That this council does hereby request the business houses of this city to close during the funeral to-morrow, Saturday, March 21st."

Who would not lead such a life of modest usefulness? Who would not leave such a memory behind him when he passes from the scenes of life? The cynic and the idler may well draw lessons of profit from this brief chronicle and those who seek for happiness, if not honor, in dubious ways, should lay speedily to heart the truth that: "It is only noble to be good," and that there is no happiness aside from duty.

R. W. LOUGHERY,

MARSHALL.

In this brief memoir it is the intention of the author to present an outline of the main incidents in the career of a man who, for many years, figured prominently upon the scene of action in this State, and whose memory, though his form has been consigned to earth, which at last must receive us all, is still revered by many of the older people of this State, who either knew him personally or by reputation.

His was a truly noble character. He was so slow to think evil of others and unselfish, he failed to ask for, and often refused to accept, the rewards that his services had richly earned, and that, at the time, would have been freely accorded him, but which later, when he greatly needed substantial recognition by his party, was denied him under a system of politics that leads those in power to bestow their favors not as rewards of merit, but with an eye-single to personal aggrandizement—to prefer an obscure cross-roads politician, who can command one vote in the State convention, to an old veteran, who has grown gray in the service of his country. He saved the frail barques of many politicians from disaster and built up the political fortunes of several men who have since held high positions in the councils of the nation, but sought no honors for himself, when (for instance, within a few years after the overthrow of the Military Commission at Jefferson) he could have secured any office within the gift of the people of Texas.

These traits were a part of his mental and spiritual make-up and bore fruit that, while it did not embitter (for nothing could embitter) saddened the later years of his life, until at last he sank into the welcome grave.

He was ambitious, not to secure political preferment, social position, influence or other reward, or to gratify personal vanity by parading the fact that he was patriotic, true, honorable, pious, kindly, generous and charitable; but, ambitious alone to possess, cultivate and practice those virtues. The pathetic appealed to him as it does to few men. He wept with those who mourned and rejoiced with those who rejoiced. He was above all petty jealousy. He not only saw but applauded the merits of others, and cheered them on in efforts that led to distinction. He never permitted a case of suffering to go unrelieved, that it was in his power to relieve, and he never turned a tramp or

other beggar from his door. When the world cried, "Crucify!" he was ever found on the side of mercy. He never deserted his friends, but was quick to fly to their defense when they appealed to him, or when he saw that they needed his aid, and as a result, there are thousands who remember him and sincerely mourn his loss. He never failed to inspire the respect even of his political enemies. He had the rare faculty of doing the right thing at the right time, and was a consummate master of the higher tactics of political warfare. He was an indomitable and trusted defender of right, and never failed to be the first to throw himself squarely into the breach in time of public danger. He was physically and morally intrepid. He was quick to espouse every worthy cause, and advocate it with might and main. He was not only kind and benevolent to men and women, both great and small, rich and poor, black and white; but, to God's creatures, the lower animals, not one of whom he ever injured, or permitted to be injured in his presence, without reproof. He turned, instinctively, to the defense of the weak and defenseless. He never did an intentional wrong, and never committed a wrong unintentionally through error arising from mistake of judgment or misrepresentation of facts that he did not sorely repent, and immediately seek to atone for. He never sacrificed principle to expediency.

It may be said truthfully of him that he was the "Father of Texas Democracy." When he established his newspaper at Marshall in 1849 (three years after Texas was admitted to the Union) the two great parties in the United States (Whigs and Democrats) had no representative local organizations in Texas. Seeing the confusion that prevailed and deprecating the practice of conducting campaigns merely on personal and local issues, he, for six years, zealously taught, through the columns of his paper, the tenets of Democratic faith, as to which there were many misconceptions (men running for office who claimed to be Democrats, and who did not understand or believe in the first principles of Democracy) and sought to bring about party alignments, which he at last succeeded in doing, as the State convention of 1855 was the result of his labors and the labor of those who aided him in the work. While he believed in that concerted action in political matters, which can

alone be secured through perfect party organizations, he was of too manly and independent a spirit and too clear-headed and wise a man to erect party into a fetich, to be bowed down before and worshipped. He did not hesitate to criticise platforms, candidates and officials—from the highest to the lowest—when he deemed such criticism necessary to the good of the country or party. He believed in the great cardinal principles upon which rests the school of political economy that claimed his allegiance. If party leaders violated those principles he sought, as far as his influence extended, to whip them back into line. If his views upon public questions were not accepted and enunciated in the platform utterances of his party, he did not cease to advocate their adoption, neither did he quit his party, for, with the author of Lacon, he believed "that the violation of correct principles offers no excuse for their abandonment," and was sure that the Democratic masses would in time force their leaders to adopt the correct course and retrace the false and dangerous steps that were being taken. He believed that if the principles enunciated by Mr. Jefferson, Calhoun and their associates were practically applied to the administration of our national and State affairs, we would have one of the most enduring, freest and happiest governments that it is possible for human genius to construct and human patriotism and wisdom sustain. Party, with him, was merely a necessary means to a desirable end—good government and constitutional integrity and freedom—and he combated every movement, utterance, or nomination that promised to impair its strength or usefulness.

He was devoted to the Democratic flag with a devotion akin to that of a veteran for his flag. His was a bold aggressive personality, fitted for times of storm and struggle.

Comparatively early in his career it was charged that Hon. Lewis T. Wigfall wrote the editorials for the *Texas Republican*, but this piece of malicious whispering was soon forever silenced, as he and Wigfall became engaged in a newspaper controversy, in which Wigfall was placed *hors de combat*.

He was born in Nashville, Tenn., February 2, 1820, and was educated at St. Joseph's College at Bardstown, Ky., to which place his parents, Robert and Sarah Ann Loughery (from the north of Ireland) removed during his infancy. At ten years of age he was left an orphan and not long after entered a printing office, where he learned the trade.

News of the revolution in progress in Texas—the massacres at the Alamo and Goliad and the victory won at the battle of San Jacinto—fired him

with a desire to join the patriot army and strike a blow for liberty and, although but sixteen years of age, he went to Cincinnati, Ohio, and there joined a military company and started with it for Texas. A frail, delicate lad, he was taken sick *en route* to New Orleans and was left in that city, where he remained a year and a half, and then went to Monroe, La., where he remained until 1846, part of the time conducting an influential newspaper, and then again went to New Orleans. On the 11th of February, 1841, he married, at Monroe, Miss Sarah Jane Balieu, an estimable young lady, the daughter of a leading pioneer settler in Ouachita parish. In 1847, he removed to Texas and during that year edited a paper at Jefferson. He spent 1848 in traveling over the State, often traversing solitudes of forest and prairie for days together. He said in after life that some of the most pleasant hours that he ever spent were in the wilderness in silent and solitary meditation as he rode along, far from the haunts of men.

In May, 1849, he and Judge Trenton J. Patillo established the *Texas Republican* at Marshall, one of the most famous newspapers ever published in Texas, and certainly the most widely influential and by far the ablest conducted in the State before the war. The paper was named the *Texas Republican* in honor of the party which advocated the adoption of the American constitution. Judge Patillo sold his interest to his son, Mr. Frank Patillo, in 1850, and in 1851 Col. Loughery obtained sole control of the paper by purchase, and conducted it alone until August, 1869. The files of the *Texas Republican* were purchased a few years since by the State of Texas, and are now preserved in the archives of the State Department of Insurance, Statistics and History. Before the war this paper was the recognized organ of the Democratic party in Texas. It led the hosts in every contest. The fiery Know-Nothing campaign of 1855 gave full scope for the exercise of his varied abilities. The Know-Nothing party was a secret, oath-bound organization, hostile to Catholicism and opposed to immigrants from foreign lands acquiring right of citizenship in this country. Largely, if not mainly, through the efforts of Col. Loughery, a Democratic State Convention was called (the first in the State), assembled, nominated candidates for State offices, and drew the Democracy up in regular array to contest the State with the opposition. He was bitterly opposed to the methods and tenets of the Know-Nothing party.

The following incident is illustrative of the temper of the times. Hon. Pendleton Murrah, afterwards Governor of the State, was a candidate for Con-

gress and opened his campaign at Marshall. It was impossible to estimate the strength of the Know-Nothing party, as all its proceedings were held in secret. This strength was greatly underestimated by Murrah and his friends. They believed that the excitement was of an ephemeral character and was confined to a few individuals who hoped to secure office by playing the roles of political agitators. Mr. Murrah assailed the leaders and principles of Know-Nothingism with all the vigor and venom of which he was capable, hoping to give the American party, so far as his district was concerned, its *coup de grace*. One of the leading citizens of the county arose and declared that the gentlemen who composed the American party had been insulted, and called upon all members of the party to follow him from the court room. There was a moment of breathless expectation, succeeded by the audience arising well-nigh *en masse* and moving toward the door. Soon Mr. Murrah and two or three friends alone remained. They were dumbfounded. The scene they had witnessed was a revelation. They realized that there was no hope of Democratic success in the district and that the Know-Nothing party would sweep it. Mr. Murrah declared his intention to at once withdraw from the race. At this moment Col. Loughery stepped up to him and urged him to continue the campaign and that with increased vigor, saying, among other things: "If you retire now in the face of the enemy, your political career will end to-day. Although defeat is certain, stand up and fight, and when the Know-Nothing party is condemned by the sober second thought of the people, you will be remembered and honored." Mr. Murrah followed Col. Loughery's advice and was afterwards elected Governor. The campaign waxed hotter and hotter. The *Texas Republican's* philippics, many of them unsurpassed by any written by the author of the letters of Junius or uttered by Sheridan or Burke, fell thicker and faster and party speakers flew swiftly from point to point haranguing the multitude, sometimes alone but more often in fierce joint debate. At last came the fateful day of election, a day of doom for the Know-Nothing party (but not for its spirit, for that unfortunately is still alive) and of victory to the Democracy.

The next momentous epoch in the history of Col. Loughery was that marked by the secession movement. As to the right of revolution, it is necessarily inherent in every people. The time when it shall be exercised rests alone in their discretion. The right of secession was of an entirely different nature. It was in the nature of that right which a party claims when he withdraws from a

contract, the terms of which have been violated or the consideration for which has been withdrawn, and identical with that which nations who are parties to a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, reserve to themselves (although the compact may in its terms provide for a perpetual union) to consider the treaty annulled when its terms are departed from or the connection no longer continues to be pleasant or profitable. Withdrawal may, or may not, give offense and lead to a declaration of war. If it does lead to hostilities, the resulting struggle is one carried on by equals in which heavy artillery and big battalions will settle the fate of the quarrel. The question of moral right must be left to the decision of the public conscience of the world, or, if that conscience fails to assert itself at the time, to posterity and the impartial historians of a later period. At one time in the history of the English race, the trial by battle was a part of legal procedure by which issues, both civil and criminal, were judicially determined. But in course of time men came to see that skill, strength and courage were the sole factors that controlled the issue of such contests and that wrong was as often successful as right. As a consequence the trial by battle fell gradually into disuse and at last became extinct and is now only remembered as a curious custom incident to the evolution of our system of jurisprudence. What has been said of the trial by battle may be said with equal truth of war and the fate of war. The fact that the Southern States were defeated, consequently, has no bearing upon the question of their right to secede. The States bound themselves together to secure certain benefits and to remain so associated so long as the connection proved desirable. He believed that every essential guarantee contained in the constitution had been grossly violated and that the Southern States could no longer either expect peace or security to their rights, or any benefit whatever by continuing under the same governmental roof with the States north of Mason and Dixon's line. He was in favor of a peaceful withdrawal, if possible.

During the progress of the war Col. Loughery opposed the passage of the conscript laws and the invasion of the jurisdiction of civil authority by military commanders. With all his powers of persuasion he sought to keep up the waning hopes of the people as the months passed on into years. Knowing that many of the families of Confederate soldiers then in the field were in need, he inaugurated a movement that resulted in a mass meeting at the Court House in Marshall, Texas, at which a committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions of

money and provisions for the establishment of a depot of supplies, at which such families could obtain what they needed. He continued to publish his paper throughout the war, never missing an issue. The final result of the struggle did not unnerve him as it did many other public men, some of whom, among the number the brilliant and lamented Pendleton Murrah, fled the country to find graves in alien lands. Those were dark days that followed the surrender, and the establishment of military rule. Some of those who boasted that they would submit to no indignities, not only tamely submitted but went entirely over to the Radicals, accepted office under them and seemed to delight in oppressing a defenseless people. This class found no mercy at his hands. His course was characterized by eminent good sense and was remarkable for its fearlessness. Owing to the stand that he took the iniquities that were perpetrated fell far short in atrocity to what they would otherwise have done, as he unhesitatingly not only ventilated, but denounced what was going on and his papers found their way to Washington.

In April, 1867, he started the *Jefferson Times* (daily and weekly) and ran it in connection with his paper at Marshall.

At this time a complete system of oppression and tyranny prevailed. An army of thieves were sent into the country, ostensibly to protect the negroes and to hunt up Confederate cotton and other alleged Confederate property. The Freedman's Bureau had its agents in every county. The jails were full of respectable people, charged with disloyalty or alleged crimes, on the complaints of mean whites or depraved negroes. Five military despotisms prevailed in the South. Governors were deposed; legislatures dispersed at the point of the bayonet and citizens disfranchised. The press was silenced and men were afraid to talk, but in many places they became bolder, until they did not see actual danger.

Such was the case in Jefferson, in 1869, when a number of outraged citizens broke into the jail and shot to death a man named Smith (who had often threatened to have the town burned) and three negroes. These killings inflamed the Radicals. They cared nothing about Smith, whose conduct was about as offensive to them as to the people, but they seemed to rejoice at the opportunity this incident afforded to oppress a people that they hated. Col. Loughery, with both papers, attacked the military organization and the military commission appointed to try these men and others incarcerated at Jefferson, charged with alleged crimes. The commission prevailed for over six months, and

with it a reign of terror. Men talked in bated whispers. A large number of men left the country to escape persecution. A stockade was erected on the west side of town, in which were imprisoned over fifty persons. Martial law prevailed, the writ of habeas corpus was suspended, and men were tried by army officers in time of profound peace, in plain, open violation of the constitution. His position during this period was one of great peril, as he reported the proceedings of, and boldly assailed, the commission and its acts from day to day.

Col. Loughery's able and intrepid course resulted in the downfall of the commission, prevented the arrest of many persons, and the perpetration of many outrageous acts that otherwise would have been committed, and preserved the lives and liberties of many of those confined in the stockade. With him at the head of the *Times*, the military authorities were compelled to restrain themselves, and think well before they acted. They ordered him several times to cease his strictures, but in each instance he sent back a bold defiance, and the following morning the *Times* appeared with editorials in keeping with those of former issues. He had three newspaper plants and all of his files destroyed by fire in Jefferson, but notwithstanding these great losses and heavy expense attendant upon the publication of a daily newspaper in those days, he conducted the *Times* until —, after which time he published and edited papers at Galveston and Jefferson, Texas, and Shreveport, La., and from 1877 until 1880, edited the *Marshall Herald*, at Marshall, Texas, published by Mr. Howard Hamments. Some of the best work that he ever did was on the *Herald*. There was scarcely a paper in the State that did not quote from the *Herald's* editorial columns, and the editors of the State, as if by common consent, united in referring to him on all occasions as the "Nestor of the Texas Press."

From a very early period Col. Loughery strongly advocated the building of a trans-continental railway through Texas to the Pacific ocean, and while in New Orleans on one occasion was employed by Col. Faulk, the original projector of what is now the Texas and Pacific Railway, to write a series of articles for the *Picayune* in defense of the corporation which Col. Faulk had then recently formed. Later he became one of the stockholders and directors of the corporation. Throughout his life he felt an interest in the fortunes of the Texas and Pacific, and remained an earnest advocate of railway construction. Every worthy enterprise found in him a staunch and zealous supporter.

In 1887 he was appointed by President Cleveland

Consul for the United States at Acapulco, Mexico, and held the office until December 1st, 1890, making one of the best officers in the foreign service. He was often commended by the State Department, and his reports were copied by the leading commercial papers in Europe and America.

Col. Loughery was undoubtedly one of the finest writers and clearest thinkers that the South has ever produced, and deserves to rank with Ritchie, Kendall and Prentice. It has been said that journalism has greatly improved in recent years. This is true with regard to the gathering and dissemination of news, but not true in any other particular.

He was married to Miss Elizabeth M. Bowers near Nebo, Ky., November 23, 1853. His widow and four children, Robert W., Jr. (born of his first marriage), Augusta M., E. H., and Fannie L., survive him. He died at his home in Marshall, Texas, April 26, 1894, and was interred in the cemetery at that place.

Mrs. E. M. Loughery was born in Christian County, Kentucky, is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bowers, is descended from two of the oldest and most distinguished families of the "Blue Grass State," was partly educated at Oakland Institute, Jackson, Miss., came to Texas with her uncle, Judge Dudley S. Jennings, and remained some time afterward with her uncle, Gen. Thomas J. Jennings, well remembered as a lawyer, Attorney-general of Texas and citizen of Nacogdoches, San Augustine and Fort Worth. Mrs. Loughery is a lady of superior culture and attainments, and as a writer little inferior to her talented husband. During the days of the military commission at Jefferson, when Col. Loughery was threatened with incarceration in the stockade, it was understood that in case of his arrest, she was to assume editorial control of the *Times*, and continue its strictures on the despotism that prevailed, a work, that had it become necessary, she would have been fully competent to perform. She has recently written and published in pamphlet form a memoir of the life, character and services of Col. Loughery that possesses superior literary merits and has met with favorable comment in the leading newspapers in the State.

R. W. Loughery, Jr., was a soldier in the Confederate Army during the four years of the war, carried the last dispatches into Arkansas Post, fought through the Tennessee and Georgia campaigns, was mentioned at the head of his regiment for conspicuous gallantry at Chickamauga and followed the flag until it was finally furled in North Carolina. He was a printer on the old Dallas

Herald, and later on its successor, the *Dallas News*, until recently, and is still living in Dallas.

Miss Augusta M. Loughery is one of the most accomplished ladies in Texas. E. H. Loughery edited newspapers at Jefferson, Texas, Shreveport, La., Paris, Texas, Abilene, Texas, and Marshall, Texas, during the years from 1879 to 1891; edited Daniell's *Personnel of the Texas State Government* (published in 1892), Col. John Henry Brown's two-volume history of Texas, and the present volume (*Indian Wars and Pioneers of Texas*); has gotten out numerous special newspaper editions in Texas, and has done various writing at sessions of the Texas State legislature during the past eleven or twelve years. Miss Fannie L. Loughery is an excellent writer, and a poetess of great promise.

The following are three of the hundreds of notices that appeared in Texas papers concerning him:—

"It is now definitely known that our townsman, Col. R. W. Loughery, the Nestor of the Texas press, has been appointed American Consul at Acapulco, Mexico. Col. Loughery's reputation as an able and fearless editor, as an honest and faithful Democrat, is beyond question, and nothing we might write could possibly add to his well-earned and well-deserved reputation. If Col. Loughery had done nothing more, his heroic, but perilous fight with the military in the days of reconstruction, when there was at Jefferson a military inquisition, and the man who opposed it imperiled both life and liberty, he would deserve the highest praise. As a staunch, tried and true Democrat of the Jeffersonian school, Col. Loughery is the peer of any and deserves liberal recognition from the party. Texas owes him a large debt of gratitude and liberal material recognition for the work he has done in shaping her political fortunes when it cost much in peril and sacrifice to defend her rights and autonomy against the combined power of Federal authority and hireling satraps. As a writer Col. Loughery is clear, incisive, strong, and few men are better posted in the political history of our national and Southern State politics, and few, if any, are better able to defend a Democratic administration. As a consular representative of our country in Acapulco, Mexico, he will bring to his duties a mind well cultivated and a large experience in the duties of American citizenship and an accurate knowledge of the history of our government. The Colonel will wield a pen able and ready for any emergency in peace or war—a Damascus blade that has never yet been sheathed in the presence of an enemy."—*Marshall Messenger*.

"In May, 1872, Col. Loughery was commissioned consul at Acapulco, Mexico, and at once assumed the duties of his office. In that city he found a strong prejudice existing against Americans and particularly against Texas, the heritage of a bloody war and his predecessors in office. His geniality and kind, courteous and business-like manner soon swept this away, and he succeeded in supplanting the strong anti-American sentiment with admiration and respect for America and Americans as strong. By untiring efforts he succeeded in giving his government far more information than it had ever before been able to obtain from this portion of the Mexican republic. In fact, when he was recalled at the expiration of President Cleveland's first term the relations between the United States and this important port and coaling station were in every way pleasant and the business of the consulate was in better condition than ever before."

"The death of Col. Loughery at Marshall, April 26th, 1894, was received here with deep regret and profound sorrow, and a pall of gloom hangs over his old home and around the scenes of his glorious works and accomplishments during the dark days of reconstruction. During those trying times he stood as a champion of civil liberty, and boldly defended the rights of the people against usurpation of the powers that were imposing a tyranny and rule that was abhorred by the civilized world. The military commission organized in a time of profound peace, and its inhuman practices, is a stigma upon the dominant party and a disgrace to the power that authorized and sanctioned its outrages. Every means to degrade and oppress the people were organized and run in conflict and opposition to the law and order that the best element here was anxious to prevail. A reign of terror was imposed, and our innocent people were incarcerated in a Bastille, and tried by a mock tribunal for crimes they never committed, to gratify a petty tyranny born and nurtured in partisan spirit and sectional hatred. At the beginning of this stormy period Col. Loughery came to the rescue and nobly and gallantly wielded the pen and fought for principles and justice and boldly enunciated a law and rule to restore common rights and liberty, that the existing martial law had stultified and sat upon with impunity. The desired effect was at last attained, and the commission was dissolved, and the civil law was permitted to assume its rightful functions and acknowledged superior to the military. The gratitude of our people for his efforts along this perilous line is a silent but eloquent tribute

to the memory of Col. Loughery. He has gone to his reward, and we join the craft in sincere sorrow, and mourn in common with the family of our esteemed old friend." — *Jefferson Jimplicute*.

The following poem was written by Col. Loughery's youngest daughter, Miss Fannie L. Loughery:—

SALEM ALEIKUM.

Peace be to thy sacred dust,
Cares of earth are ended!
Through life's long and weary day
Grief and joy were blended.

Blessed is that perfect rest,
Free from pain and sorrow,
Death's dark night alone can bring
Sleep with no sad morrow.

Memory's holy censer yields
Fragrance sweet, forever.
Home holds ties, to loving hearts,
Parting can not sever.

Kindly words and noble deeds
Give thy life its beauty.
Brave and patient to the last,
Faithful to each duty.

True as steel to every trust,
Thy aims were selfish never.
Good deeds live when thou art gone,
Thy light shines brighter ever.

Good fight fought, and life work o'er,
Friends and loved ones round thee,
Garnered like the full ripe ear,
Length of days had crowned thee.

Slowly faded like a leaf,
Natural is thy slumber.
Thou livest yet in many hearts,
Thy friends no one can number.

Good night, father, last farewell,
Never we'll behold thee.
May the sod rest light on thee,
Gently earth enfold thee.

"Pax vobiscum" (solemn words),
Sadly death bereft us.
Lonely is the hearth and home,
Father, since you left us.

Sheaves of love and peace are thine,
No wrong thou did'st to any.
May thy life's pure earnest zeal
Strength impart to many.

O. C. HARTLEY,

GALVESTON.

Oliver Cromwell Hartley was born in Bedford County, Penn., March 31st, 1823, where his ancestors, who emigrated from England, settled soon after the American Revolution; was educated at Franklin and Marshall College, from which he was graduated and honored with the valedictory of his class in 1841; studied law in the office of Samuel M. Barclay, an eminent lawyer of Bedford, and at the age of twenty-one was admitted to the bar and began the practice of his profession. In 1845 he married Miss Susan C. Davis, of Bedford, and in 1846 moved to Texas and located at Galveston. The Mexican war was then in progress, and, a call being made for volunteers to rescue the army of Gen. Taylor from its perilous position on the Rio Grande, Mr. Hartley volunteered as a private, and hastened with his company to the seat of hostilities which he reached soon after the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had been fought, victories for the American arms which enabled Gen. Taylor to assume the offensive and obviated any immediate need for the services of the reinforcements which were at hand.

On the organization of Col. Johnson's Regiment, Mr. Hartley was elected a Lieutenant in the company from Galveston, which, being disbanded during the summer, he returned to the Island City and resumed the practice of law. The statutes of the State were at that time in much confusion as to arrangement and the members of the bar greatly felt the inconvenience occasioned by the want of a sufficient digest. Mr. Hartley prepared a synoptical index of the laws for his own use, which became the basis of his admirable "Digest of the Texas Laws." This work was begun in 1848, and in the spring of 1850 was submitted to the legislature, which authorized the Governor to subscribe for fifteen hundred copies for the use of the State. His digest fully met the wants of the profession, and was justly regarded as a work of great merit and perfection.

In 1851, he was elected to represent Galveston County in the legislature and distinguished himself as a useful and efficient member. It was said of him that "he was noted for the frankness and independence of his bearing and his refusal to enter into the intrigues and cabals by which legislation is so often controlled."

While a member of the legislature he was

appointed reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court, and held that office until his death. His skill as a reporter was recognized as eminent. His analyses are accurate and thorough and his *syllabi* present a clear and concise exposition of the law. He was especially apt and felicitous in eliminating distinctive principles and establishing legal results from complicated relations and views arising from a combination of facts, and his efforts greatly aided in the development of the peculiar system of Texas jurisprudence.

In February, 1854, he was appointed by the Governor one of the three commissioners authorized by the legislature, "to prepare a code amending, supplying, revising, digesting and arranging the laws of the State." The other members of the commission were John W. Harris and James Willie, and in their division of the labor, the preparation of a "Code of Civil Procedure" was assigned to Mr. Hartley. To this work he applied himself with great zeal, and with an ambition that the civil code of Texas should be superior to that of any other State in the Union; and as an adjunct to its value and merits he prepared a complete system of forms to be used in all civil proceedings; but the State was not prepared to adopt a new civil code, and its publication was postponed.

The assiduity with which he pursued his labors upon this work, and which was unremittedly applied to his duties as court reporter and the demands of his profession, finally undermined a naturally robust and vigorous constitution. He became a martyr to his industry and ambition, and died of apoplexy of the brain at his residence in the city of Galveston on the 13th of January, 1859.

Mr. Hartley was a thorough scholar. Possessed of a patient fondness for investigation and the acquisition of knowledge, he had from his early youth devoted his life to its pursuit, and his mind was disciplined by a thorough and systematic training, and expanded by constant intellectual nourishment. Before he left his native State he had attracted the attention of Judge Jeremiah Black, who was at that time Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, whose friendship he secured and retained. He had also won the interest and esteem of Mr. Buchanan, who gave him flattering testimonials as a *sesame* to public confidence in Texas.

As a lawyer his philosophical turn of mind led him to closely investigate the relations of things, and to study their correct association; hence his skill in analysis was acute and his powers of comparison of a high order. He was careful in the selection of his premises, and when conscious of their correctness, his conclusions were deduced in a clear and logical train. He had accustomed himself to look at both sides of a question and, perceiving the proper line of attack, he was prepared to adopt the most effectual line of defense.

Notwithstanding his devotion to his profession, and his ambition to attain a high position at the bar, Mr. Hartley took a deep interest in the political issues of his day, and sought to measure all doubtful questions by the authority of the constitution. He was a good constitutional lawyer and his patriotism was kindled by a discussion of its interpretation and the merits of its provisions. He was exemplary in his private and social life. Reared by a Christian mother, he was early guided into the walks of piety and at his death was a member of the Episcopal church. He was one of the few precocious youths whose after-lives realized the hopes of parental ambition and the promises of early years.

He possessed a high sense of honor, and his conduct was guided by an enlightened judgment and

sensitive conscience. When the legislature authorized the Governor to subscribe for his digest it prescribed that the binding should be "law calf" and when his publishers remonstrated against that kind of binding and suggested "law sheep," the usual material for such works, he insisted that it should be bound in the material designated by the legislature, though it was apparent that the requirement was the result either of ignorance or inadvertence. In his professional intercourse he was characterized by fairness and candor; a temper rarely disturbed by passion and a judgment never betrayed by impulse. The amenity of his manners and the unobtrusiveness of his character, added to a native goodness of heart, endeared him to all and to none more than his brethren at the bar.

He was greatly devoted to his family, and his home life was pure, simple and almost pathetic in its tenderness. Surviving him and residing at Galveston, Mr. Hartley left a widow and one daughter. His widow is still living, being now numbered among the old residents of that city. His daughter, Miss Jerian Black Hartley, died unmarried in 1894. His only son died in infancy, so that there are no descendants now living of this pioneer lawyer, but his works will preserve his name and memory as long as there remains an annal of Texas jurisprudence.

GEORGE CLARK,

WACO.

The history of Texas for the past quarter of a century could not be truthfully written without a *resume* of the career of Hon. George Clark. The memorable Prohibition campaign of 1887 is still fresh in the minds of the people. If a vote had been taken in the earlier part of the campaign, the pending amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture or sale of malt, spirituous or vinous liquors in this State would have been adopted and, under the provisions of that amendment, laws would have been passed violative of the dearest and most sacred liberties of the people, domiciliary visits inaugurated, and a system of espionage, spying and perjury established out of touch with this age and its civilization, necessarily tending to breed animosities that it would have required years to allay, and which, in fact, might never have been

allayed. The indications were that the Prohibitionists would carry the State by storm. Politicians are never in finer feather than when they can parade themselves as fearless and unselfish leaders; but, as a matter of fact, the majority of them are the most subservient of followers, sail-trimmers whose greatest anxiety is to catch favorable popular breezes with which to waft themselves into office and keep themselves there. They regard such a thing as personal sacrifice in the defense of opinions very much as a majority of men do suicide—as an act of insanity. This truth was never more vividly illustrated than during the progress of the exciting contest referred to. One public man of prominence after another, thinking that the amendment would be adopted, published open letters favoring it, although by doing

so they abandoned the position they had previously held. The larger number of leaders who had not taken this step sulked in their tents, or remained discreetly silent, waiting for the outcome. At this critical moment Judge Clark threw himself into the breach, organized the anti-prohibition forces and in a short time had the opposition on the run and begging quarter and, when the sun set upon the day of election, he had led the way to one of the most remarkable, signal and brilliant political victories ever won in any State of the American Union. The question was thoroughly argued and was decided upon its merits. He was the hero of the hour — the foremost and most distinguished figure in the political arena in Texas, the idol of the people. If he had desired office, he could have gotten anything within the gift of the people, but he desired none. It was sufficient to him to enjoy the calm consciousness of having done his duty, without the expectation or desire of receiving any reward whatever. Nor did he thereafter consent to become a candidate until, as the champion of principles upon whose triumph he believed depended the prosperity of the country, he led the forlorn-hope in the Clark-Hogg gubernatorial campaign of 1892 and conducted a campaign, which led to more temperate action upon the part of those in power than could otherwise have been expected. He is now the recognized leader in Texas in another great contest, that is being made in the interest of what he believes to be the maintenance of a sound financial system by the United States. His purity of purpose and his learning as a lawyer and exceptional ability as a statesman are generally recognized throughout Texas and throughout the country.

He was born in Eutaw, Alabama, July 18, 1841. His father was James Blair Clark, a native of Pennsylvania, who was partially reared at Chillicothe, Ohio, when it was the capital of the State, and in the State of Kentucky by his uncle, Alexander Blair. His mother's maiden name was Mary Erwin. She was a native of Virginia and was reared and educated at Mount Sterling, Ky. James B. Clark and Mary Erwin were married at Mount Sterling in 1825, and at once emigrated to the State of Alabama, where the former rose to eminence at the bar and was for many years Chancellor of the Middle Division of that State. He died in 1873 and his wife in 1863. Nine children were born to them, seven sons and two daughters. George was the seventh son. He was educated in the private schools of his native place and entered the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa in 1857. At the beginning of the war between the States in 1861 he left college

and joined the Eleventh Alabama Regiment of Infantry as a lieutenant and went with his command to Virginia; in July of that year joined Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Winchester; was with the army in its march across the mountains to a junction with Beauregard but arrived too late to participate in the first battle of Manassas; was with the army in its advance toward Washington in the autumn of 1861; went with his command to Yorktown in the spring of 1862; participated in the battles of Seven Pines, Gaines Mill, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Hanover, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, the Mine, Reams' Station and many other hot affairs around Petersburg in 1864 and was on the retreat to Appomattox in April, 1865, but did not surrender, having joined a squad of cavalry which broke through Sheridan's line on the morning of the surrender. He was wounded at Gaines' Mill on June 27th, 1862, on the third day at Gettysburg, in Pickett's charge, and again at Reams' Station on August 25th, 1864.

After the close of the war he returned home and began the study of law under his father; was admitted to the bar in October, 1866; removed to Texas in January, 1867, and located at Weatherford, in Parker County; removed to Waco, his present home, in December, 1868; was a member of the State Democratic Committee in 1872; was appointed Secretary of State in January, 1874; served as Attorney-General of the State from 1874 to 1876; served as one of the commissioners appointed to revise and codify the laws of Texas from 1877 to 1879, and was one of the judges of the Court of Appeals in the years 1879 and 1880, since which time he has held no public office, but has devoted his attention to the practice of his profession at Waco.

During his term as Attorney-General, apart from any criminal cases in which he represented the State on appeal, and which may be found in the Texas Reports, vols. 40 to 45 inclusive, he represented the State successfully in many civil causes, among others in *Bledsoe v. The International Railway Co.* (40 Tex. 537),

Keuchler v. Wright, 40 Tex. 600,

The Treasurer v. Wygall, 46 Tex. 447,

all involving great interests. His opinions on the bench may be found in the 7th, 8th and 9th Court of Appeals Reports, among the more important of which are:—

Rothschild v. State, 7 Ct. of App. 519;

Jennings v. State, 7 Ct. of App. 350;

Hull v. State, 7 Ct. of App. 593;

Alford v. State, 8 Ct. of App. 545;



GEORGE CLARK.

Kendall v. State, 8 Ct. of App. 569;

Guffee v. State, 8 Ct. of App. 187;

Albrecht v. State, 8 Ct. of App. 216.

As a lawyer he represents important railway and commercial interests, and in a recent controversy between the United States and the State of Texas, in the Supreme Court, involving the title to Greer County, Texas, was of counsel for the State and participated in the argument. Few lawyers in the State enjoy as large and lucrative a law practice. He has long ranked among the ablest counselors in the United States. His services in connection with the codification of the statutes of the State were invaluable. It was the first work of the kind that was undertaken. The result of the labors of the commission were the Revised Statutes of 1879. The work was so thoroughly done, that, when the legislature provided a few years since for a revision of the laws of the State, the commissioners were instructed not to change the general arrangement, nor even the verbiage used by the former codifiers, where such action was not rendered imperative by later amendments to old, or the enactment of new, laws. No greater compliment could have been

paid to Judge Clark and his colleagues. As Attorney-General and as one of the judges of the Court of Appeals he fully sustained the high reputation with which he came to those positions. Before those important public offices were conferred upon him he had become well known to the people of Texas. In the dark days that followed the war between the States, he was an earnest worker for the re-establishment of honest, constitutional government, and took a prominent part in the great popular struggle that resulted in the overthrow of the Davis *regime* and the restoration of the control of the State to the citizens of Texas. As a soldier, public servant, lawyer and citizen, he has come fully up to every responsibility, and has responded to every duty. As a member of an honorable profession, he has pursued it with zeal and has devoted to it the full strength of his mind. The people of Texas fully appreciate his high character and important services. They have a very warm spot in their heart of hearts for George Clark and will not forget what he has done until they grow to be grateful only for services they expect to receive.

CHARLES S. WEST,

AUSTIN.

The State of South Carolina, in proportion to her limits and population, has contributed as much, if not more, towards developing and making the State of Texas what she is to-day, as any of her sister States.

To the judiciary she has sent James Collinsworth, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court under the Republic; Hon. Thomas J. Rusk, first Chief Justice of the Appellate Court under the State government and for so long a while her distinguished United States Senator; Hon. John Hemphill, who later filled the same position (from 1846 to 1858) and who, like his predecessor, Gen. Rusk, represented his State in the United State Senate; then there was Hon. A. S. Lipscomb, also the venerable and esteemed O. M. Roberts and Hon. Charles S. West, the subject of this sketch, all conspicuous examples of gallant sons of the "Palmetto State" who have adorned the bench of their adopted State of Texas.

The father of Judge West, John Charles West,

was a native of North Carolina, who at an early age emigrated to Camden, South Carolina, where he was teller in the old Camden Bank and for two terms sheriff of Kershaw district (now county). He was universally esteemed and respected. On his mother's side Judge West was connected with the Thorntons, Eccles, Copers, Clarks and other old South Carolina families. His mother, Nancy Clark Eccles, was a woman of more than ordinary culture and education and possessed literary ability of the higher order.

In the fall of 1846 young West left Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, and became a student of South Carolina College, then presided over by the celebrated orator, Hon. W. C. Preston. He graduated therefrom in 1848. During the years 1849-50 he was in very needy circumstances and for a living taught a small school for the Boykin family at their Pleasant Hill home, near Camden; at the same time studied law under Hon. James Chestnut, afterwards a United States senator from South

Carolina, who became young West's personal and valued friend. Judge West received his license to practice law in South Carolina on the law and equity sides of the docket, respectively, the former May 13th, 1851, and the latter May 12th, 1852, and began the practice at Camden, but with very moderate success. About the last of November, 1852, he left his native State and came to Texas, reaching the State November 2, of that year, and located at Austin, which was ever after his home. He reached Austin with but \$7.50 in his pocket and that was borrowed money. In 1854 he formed a law-partnership with Col. H. P. Brewster. He was in 1855, when twenty-six years of age, elected to the legislature from the Austin district, and took a prominent part in the discussion of the issues of those days. In 1856 Hon. John Hancock and Judge West formed what was afterwards the well-known law firm of Hancock & West and did a large law business, handling heavy land litigation, railroad and other corporation cases. The firm continued up to and during the period of the late war and until 1882, when Judge West became an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. He was comparatively little in public life, eschewed politics and confined himself closely to his profession. He was for a short while Secretary of State, under Governor F. R. Lubbock. In the constitutional convention of 1875 he represented Travis and a number of adjoining counties, comprising one district, and served on important committees. Under the act approved July 28th, 1876, Governor Coke appointed Judge West as one of the five commissioners to revise the laws of the State and he was chosen chairman of the body. During the late war he served with distinction in the Adjutant-General's department, with the rank of Captain on the staff of Gen. P. O. Hebert and, later, on the staff of Gen. Magruder at the battle of

Galveston and received special official mention for gallant conduct. During the latter years of the war he served on the staff of Gen. E. Kirby Smith and was with him at Jenkin's Ferry on the Sabine river in Arkansas and with Gen. Wm. R. Scurry when that commander was killed in this battle. For gallantry in this battle, Capt. West was promoted to the rank of Major and was assigned to duty in the Trans-Mississippi department as Judge Advocate-General, which position he ably filled until the downfall of the Confederacy. He then returned to his law practice at Austin and in 1874 was admitted to the bar of the United States Supreme Court and argued before that body some very heavy and important cases. In 1859 Judge West married Miss Florence R. Duval, daughter of Judge Thomas H. Duval, for many years United States District Judge for the Western District of Texas.

Her grandfather was Hon. W. P. Duval, first Governor of Florida and the "Ralph Ringwood" of his friend Washington Irving's tales of Bracebridge Hall.

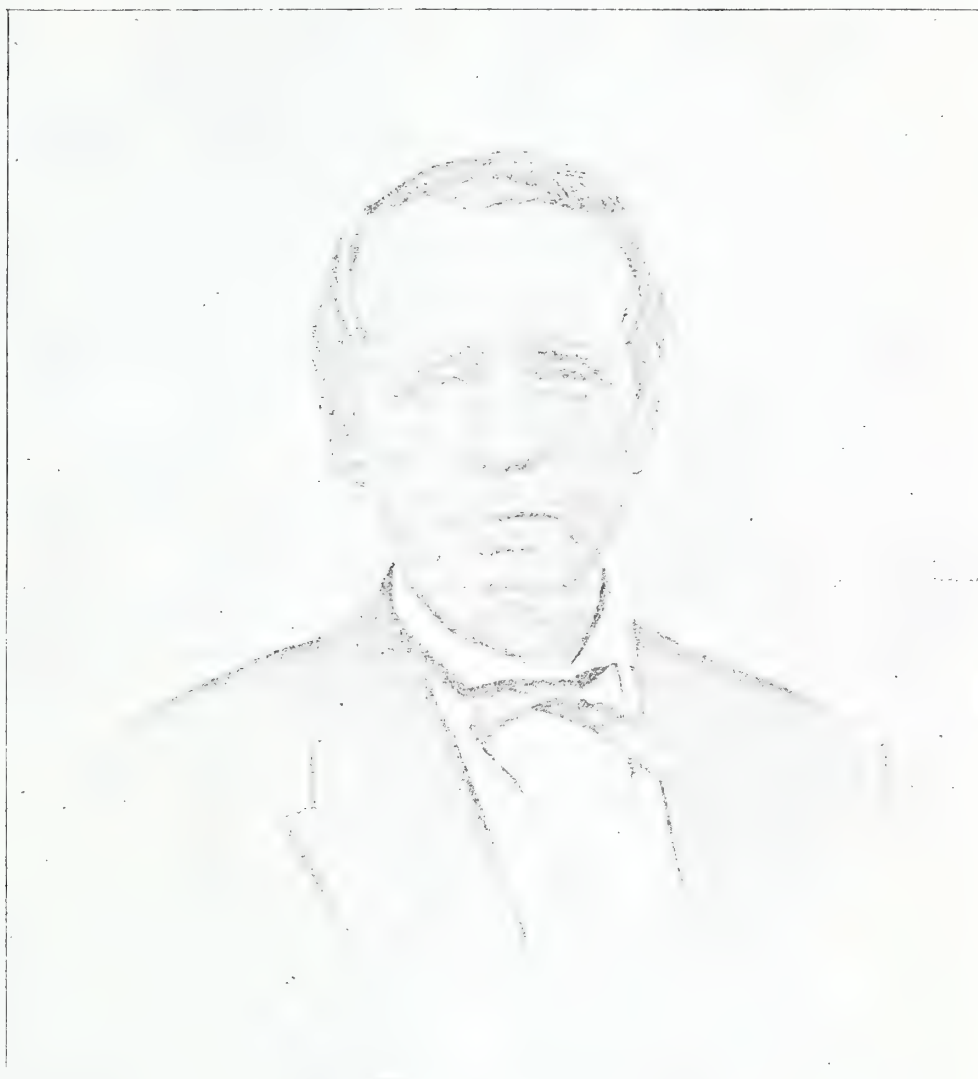
Mrs. West was an accomplished woman, a charming vocalist and an ornament to society. Judge West was not a member of any religious sect or order, but was a regular attendant of the Protestant Episcopal Church and filled before the late war the office of vestryman of St. David's Church at Austin, Texas. He was a generous and kind-hearted gentleman and a just judge. Owing to ill health he resigned his seat on the bench, September 24th, 1885. He died at his home in Austin, October 22, 1885. Mrs. West died November 19th, 1881. They left three sons: Robt. G. West, an able lawyer of the Austin and Texas bar and member of the firm of Cochran & West; Duval West, at present Assistant United States District Attorney for the Western District of Texas; and William.

WILLARD RICHARDSON,

GALVESTON.

Willard Richardson was a native of Massachusetts, born in that State, June 24th, 1802. His father was Zacharia Richardson, a retired capitalist of Taunton, Mass. When fourteen years of age the subject of this memoir and a brother ran away from home in a spirit of boyish adventure, went

South and landed at Charleston, S. C., in the midst of a yellow fever epidemic to which his brother speedily succumbed. Young Richardson shortly thereafter left the plague-stricken city and went to Newberry district, where he taught school in the hope of earning sufficient money to complete his



WILLARD RICHARDSON.

education. His manly struggle to attain this worthy end attracted the attention and won for him the friendship of Judge O'Neill, who supplied him the means to complete his course in the State college at Columbia.

He then accompanied Prof. Stafford to Tuscaloosa, Ala., as an assistant teacher, and devoted his first earnings to the reimbursement of his friend, Judge O'Neill, for whom he ever afterward cherished sentiments of the warmest gratitude and esteem. Emigrating to Texas, in 1837, he proceeded to the West and employed himself in locating and surveying lands. He afterwards went to Houston and established a school for young men. Some time there after, Dr. Francis Moore, editor of *The Telegraph*, who was regarded as one of the most finished newspaper writers then in the State, wished to spend a summer in the North and induced Mr. Richardson to assume editorial control of the paper. The versatility, force and literary excellence of his writings immediately attracted attention, and probably the expression of public appreciation of his efforts had much to do with inducing him to adopt journalism as a profession.

He bent every energy to the upbuilding of the paper and, prudent, cool and persevering, never lost faith in the future of the city and in the country nor in the ultimate success of his own efforts. He was not content to keep abreast of the times but sought to anticipate the general march of progress and development, and move in advance of others. As a result the *News* almost immediately became a power in the land, a position that it has ever since maintained. He took an active part both with his pen and by liberal contributions from his private means, in aiding all worthy public enterprises from old times down to the era that inaugurated railroad building in Texas. He made a powerful effort through the columns of the *News*, devoting whole numbers and large extra editions of the paper to that purpose to induce the adoption by the State of Texas of what was known as the "Galveston Plan," under which the State was asked to patronize a system of roads to diverge from the navigable waters of Galveston Bay into Eastern, Western and Central Texas.

The plan was simple, comprehensive and practicable, but was not adopted by the legislature and the State has since struggled on without a system and under many difficulties and distractions in the construction of roads by private companies with State aid and complications have resulted that threaten protracted and vexatious litigation and hot civil convulsions in the future. Driven from Galveston in the year of 1861-2 by the Federal forces

he moved his extensive and valuable newspaper plant to Houston, where it was a short time thereafter entirely destroyed by fire. The establishment was then, as now, by far the most valuable in the State. It was wholly uninsured and there was no chance to replace it in full owing to the blockade; but he met the heavy loss—probably \$50,000 in the original outlay—with entire equanimity and immediately set to work to collect such material as was available; resumed the publication of the paper and kept it up throughout the war, not returning to Galveston until 1866, after the fall of the Confederacy. During the war the *News* was eminently conservative and outspoken, though devoted to the Southern cause. He did not hesitate to denounce the establishment and enforcement of so-called martial law under pleas of military necessity, under which so many private rights were outraged and lawless acts perpetrated on both sides of the contest by those claiming to exercise military authority. It contained well-written and trenchant articles protesting against the arbitrary acts of both the Confederate congress and the military authorities at a time when one, whose devotion to the Southern cause was not so well established as that of Mr. Richardson, would not have dared to speak so freely. Nor did he feel bound, like so many editors of the day, to give only such news as was favorable to the South and represented her as triumphant, when in fact the clouds of adverse fortune were lowering upon her banners.

He did nothing, however, to discourage any just hopes of his friends. The course that he pursued was to publish the facts as he received them. When the final collapse of the Confederacy came he was prepared for it and ready to render all the aid possible toward the political and material rehabilitation of the country. He neither yielded himself nor desired to see others yield to apathy and despair; but, both by precept and example, taught that the duty of the hour was to make a vigorous and united effort to repair the ravages of war by the development of the agricultural resources of the State, increasing transportation facilities, cultivating commercial relations with the other States of the Union and stimulating immigration.

During his long connection with the *News*, commencing as editor in 1813, and afterwards as sole proprietor or partner, Mr. Richardson presented a model of persistent application to business. Without any ambition to figure in politics, caring nothing for ordinary amusements, he found sufficient entertainment in the active pursuits of life and the literary labors his vocation involved. He was a hard worker, but he loved his work and for the

most part was cheered by the successful results of his enterprise and foresight. Whenever he took a stand on any great public question he did so after mature deliberation and adhered to his views with consistency and firmness, apparently as little disturbed by adverse prospects as elated with success. His temperament and mental organization were not such as characterize the partisan or popular politician. He was not capable of viewing a question wholly from one standpoint, but naturally considered it in all its bearings, and if he had prejudices and prepossessions that warped his judgment and influenced his conclusions, they never appeared in anything that he said or wrote. He never indulged in the crimination and recrimination so common to the press in times of political excitement, nor showed prejudice against a person or cause on personal grounds. Neither did he deal in vague generalities or exhibitions of feeling or sentiment. Palpable facts and the most direct and logical conclusions from them constituted the means which he employed to influence public opinion. Raised in the political school of Calhoun and deeply imbued with its principles, he held with constancy to the fixed political opinions of his younger years, firm in the belief that they were well founded and must be ultimately vindicated or the government lose the vital elements of liberty. In his manner toward and intercourse with others Mr. Richardson was singularly modest and unobtrusive. With an abiding faith in the future of Galveston and Texas, he invested the proceeds of his business in property that grew in value with the development of the country and spent his money with a liberal hand in the erection of elegant and costly buildings. The first four-story brick building put up in Galveston was erected by him before the war for the office of the *News*. The opera house and stores connected with it, extending to and adjoining the office of the *News*, followed, involving investments which but few men would have ventured to make at that time, but which were all made with the cool calculation of the man of business, as well as the laudable pride of a man who had identified himself with the building up of the city and was willing to stand or fall with it. He also made other valuable improvements in other parts of Galveston and contributed to almost every enterprise for the improvement of the city and its connection with the commerce of the interior.

In former years he sometimes served as alderman and was once elected and served as mayor of Galveston, although he had not announced himself as a candidate. He declined to run for re-election.

He frequently expressed repugnance to office holding. He had no ambition to occupy a conspicuous position in the public eye, either living or dead, and placed little value upon ostentatious display, preferring the solid and useful to that which is ornate and showy. With the increase of years and the pressure of business he gradually relaxed his editorial labors, having for some years prior to his death retired from any active management of the *News*. Though he found time afterwards to contribute to its columns, he had ceased to do so regularly for a long time and held no position in the division of the labors of the establishment.

He took an active interest in the benevolent order of Odd Fellows, of which he was a life-long member and for which he exercised his pen even after he had ceased to labor on the columns of the *News*. At the session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, held in April, 1874, it was resolved that the history of the order should be written and an appeal was made to members throughout the country for aid in the work. In accordance with a resolution then adopted by the Grand Lodge, Mr. Richardson received the following appointment through the Grand Master of Texas: —

“ OFFICE OF R. W. GRAND MASTER, }
“ R. W. GRAND LODGE I. O. O. F. OF THE }
“ STATE OF TEXAS. ”

“ WACO, TEXAS, April 24th, 1874.

“ By virtue of the authority in me vested, and in compliance with the spirit and object of the enclosed copy of circular letter, I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint you Historiographer of our beloved order in the State of Texas. While you deservedly have the reputation of being the Nestor of journalism in this great and rapidly growing State, you are also esteemed properly by the brothers of this jurisdiction as the father of Odd Fellowship in Texas. No one in my knowledge is more imbued with the cardinal virtues, and has more interest in and zeal for our Order in Texas than yourself, and no one is better prepared to give accurately, thoroughly and attractively the rise, progress and rapid development of Odd Fellowship in Texas than yourself. Hoping that you will accept the appointment, and at once open correspondence with Brother Ridgeley, I am, fraternally yours, etc.

“ M. D. HERRING,
“ Grand Master.”

This labor of love Mr. Richardson, then seventy-two years of age, at once set out to accomplish, and the result in a short time was a handsome book

of three hundred and fifty pages, giving a complete history of the Order in Texas, from the opening of the first lodge in Houston, on the 21th of July, 1838, up to 1874, a period of thirty-six years. He held almost every office known to the Order during his long connection with it and his name appears in the list of chief officers of the Grand Encampment of the State, as M. E. G. High Priest for more than one term. For several years successively preceding his death he was Grand Representative to the National Grand Lodge, and held that position at the time of his demise and looked forward with pleasure to the period of the Grand Reunion, which he was destined to never more attend.

Time and space will not permit an examination of the printed archives of the order to trace his varied work in its behalf and he left no personal records of himself in this or in any other respect, though he spoke freely of his past life among his friends. He returned to South Carolina in 1849 and June 6th of that year was united in marriage to Miss Louisa B. Murrell, to whom he had been engaged since early manhood. Mrs. Richardson is a daughter of James and Louisa (Sumpter) Murrell, at the time of her marriage residents of Sumpter, South Carolina, where she was born in 1819. Her father was a planter. Gen. Thomas Sumpter, of revolutionary fame, was Mrs. Richard-

son's maternal grandfather. The town of Sumpter and Fort Sumpter in Charleston Harbor were named for this distinguished military officer and citizen. He also was a planter.

Mr. and Mrs. Richardson had one child, a daughter, now the wife of Dr. Henry P. Cooke, of Galveston. Dr. and Mrs. Cooke, have one son, Willard Richardson Cooke, born in Galveston, September 6th, 1888.

Mrs. Richardson lives in retirement in the beautiful Oleander City by the sea surrounded by a wide circle of friends and in the enjoyment of the companionship of her daughter's family.

Mr. Richardson died at his home in Galveston, July 26th, 1875. He was a man who had fixed plans and aims in life and, though he lived to work most of them out to successful results, it is known to his more immediate confidants that he hoped to crown the end of his career with a work that would have inured to the benefit of the people of Texas of after times and conferred enduring benefits on the city which had been the scene of his labors. His name deserves a place among those of the many illustrious men who have in this country adorned the profession of journalism. His character embraced many of the elements of true greatness. He did much for the State of Texas and deserves grateful remembrance at the hands of her people.

THE CARR FAMILY OF BRYAN,

BRYAN.

The Bryan branch of the Carr family in Texas dates back to the arrival of Allan Carr at the town of Old Washington, on the Brazos, in 1858. He came from Noxubee County, Mississippi, and brought with him a family of five children, the wife and mother having died in Mississippi. He remained at Old Washington but a short time, however, when, having purchased a farm on the river in Burleson County, about twelve miles northwest of Bryan, he settled there.

He brought with him from Mississippi one hundred slaves, which he worked on his farm until affairs, State and national, became unsettled and then, in 1860, sold them (retaining only a few house servants) to a Mr. William Brewer, of Old Inde-

pendence, in Washington County. Some of these slaves still live in and about Independence, Brenham and Bryan.

Allan Carr was a native of North Carolina and was born in 1807.

He led an active life until his death at his home in Burleson County in 1861. He is remembered by old settlers as a man of excellent impulses, strong traits of character, and a good citizen. He was a life-long planter and raised cotton and corn with great success.

His early ancestors were Scotch-Irish and his more immediate antecedents were directly traceable to the earliest colonists of old Virginia.

He married Miss Elizabeth Wooton, she being

also of North Carolina birth. Of their children, three are now living in Texas: Robert W., Jennie, and Allan B.

Robert W. is a resident of Bryan and for twelve years past treasurer of Brazos County. He was born on Tar River, Greene County, North Carolina, October 2, 1831. When about six years of age his father located with the family at West Point, Miss. In 1850 young Carr went to California and followed mining throughout the then newly developing gold-diggings. He passed through the most exciting period of those lively early days in the "Golden State." He remained in California until the breaking out of the late war, when he returned to the South, coming *via* Panama, Aspinwall and New York to St. Louis, from which place he made his way into Arkansas, where he raised an independent company of cavalry and equipped the men with the best Sharp's rifles and six-shooting revolvers. With this company he ranged through that region of country and was with "Jeff" Thompson and his command at the battle of Black River and also later at Pocahontas, Missouri.

At this point, receiving news from home of the dangerous illness of his father, he disbanded his company and returned to Texas. His father died at his Brazos valley farm, as before recited, and Capt. Carr joined Capt. Hargrove's scouting company, which became a part of Hood's Brigade. Capt. Carr soon received a commission to raise a company of cavalry, which he did and was thereupon ordered by Gen. Magruder to fight the "Yankees" in the valley of the Rio Grande, which he most cheerfully and effectually did.

The story of Capt. Carr's campaign on the Rio Grande river, properly written, would, in itself, make a fair-sized volume of more than ordinary interest.

Capt. Carr remained in the valley until the close of the war and for a time commanded the post at Brownsville, which was the base of supplies from Mexico for the Confederate States. His company fought and won the last battle of the war at Palmetto Ranch, about fifteen miles below Brownsville, which took place some time after Gen. Lee had surrendered and hostilities had ceased. It should be stated, however, that Brownsville was so far distant from the seat of war and the means of communication so impaired that the official news of the cessation of hostilities had not reached them. Upon the receipt of the news, Capt. Carr returned to Texas and commenced merchandising at Millikan and, also, pursued farming on the Brazos until 1867, when he went to Bryan and entered the cotton business, in which he has been engaged since about 1875.

Since the year 1884 he has continuously held the office of treasurer of Brazos County, having been elected from time to time with increased majorities over his opponents.

Capt. Carr married in 1867 Mrs. M. E. Farinholt, whose maiden name was Mary E. Knowles. She was born in Arkansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Carr have had four daughters, two of whom are living, viz.: Mary E., who serves as his deputy in the treasurer's office, and Lillie E., who is the wife of Mr. John Davis, of Bryan.

Jennie, the second of the family now living, is Mrs. T. C. Westbrook, of Hearne.

Allan B., the youngest living member of this generation, is a resident of Bryan, where he has lived since about 1873. He was born August 27, 1843, in Lowndes (since Clay) County, Miss., at the town of West Point, where his father was the first settler and erected the first buildings. Here young Carr spent his boyhood and youth and was about fifteen years of age when he, with his father, came to Texas. Soon after the settlement of the family on their Brazos bottom-farm, the war broke out and he promptly joined the army, in defense of the Confederate cause, as a member of the Second Texas Infantry, commanded by Col. (later Brigadier-General) John C. Moore, as a consequence of whose promotion, Col. W. P. Rogers took regimental command. Mr. Carr participated with his regiment in the well-known and bloody engagements at Shiloh, Farmington and Iuka, and was in the second battle of Corinth, where Col. Rogers fell in the heat of the struggle. Mr. Carr was at the time serving as Col. Rogers' orderly. Mr. Carr remained with the army until the final break-up and then returned to Burleson County and engaged in farming (his father having died). He also conducted a ferry across the Brazos river at the old San Antonio crossing for about two years, when he removed to Bryan, where he has since resided.

Mr. Carr married in 1866 Miss Fandora Mosely, a daughter of Augustus Mosely (deceased), a pioneer of Burleson County (1857) and an extensive Brazos-bottom planter. They have two sons, Charles O'Connor Carr, engaged in the insurance business, and Allan B. Carr, Jr., one of the most prosperous merchants at Bryan.

Mr. Carr for twenty-two years past has, without intermission, held the office of secretary of the city of Bryan.

His long continuance in office is evidence of the esteem in which he is held as a citizen and faithful official. Mr. Carr owns rural and city realty but his time is largely absorbed with his official duties.

Others of the family are deceased. Martha died

in Mississippi, the wife of Wm. McMullen; Elizabeth (or Bettie) married T. P. Mills, was the mother of two daughters and a son, and died in Houston about 1860. Titus came to Texas with his father, married and in 1870 died at Bryan, leaving four children and a widow, who again

married; and William came to Texas with the family, married, and died in the United States mail service at Fort Worth about 1885, leaving one son, Westbrook. William had held a responsible position in the United States service for upwards of twenty years.

ALEXANDER GILMER,

ORANGE.

Was born September 7, 1829, in County Armagh, Ireland. His parents were George and Jane Gilmer, both of whom died in Ireland.

He was educated in his native land, where he remained until seventeen years of age, when he came to America and located in Georgia, where he engaged in getting out shipmasts for the French government, working under his brother, John, who was the contractor. He followed this employment for three years, clearing about \$700.00. He then worked under his brother in building a schooner and steamboat, putting all his earnings in the steamboat, the *Swan*, which was to ply on the Chattahoochie river. She was sunk during the second season, leaving him but ten cents when she went down, which he gave to a negro who blacked his boots. He then helped to build a schooner, the *Altha Brooks*, on the Chattahoochie river in Alabama and came out to Texas on her, landing at Galveston, from which place he went to Orange to repair a schooner. This work completed, he took a contract with a man named Livingston to build a schooner, which they completed, and then helped to build another schooner, the *Mary Ellen*.

This done, he formed a copartnership with Smith & Merriman and his cousin, George C. Gilmer, and built the *Alex Moore*, which was run between Orange and Galveston, and was employed in the Texas coast-wise trade.

He and his cousin bought out Smith & Merriman's interest in the schooner and started a mercantile business at Orange, which they continued about fifteen years, until George C. Gilmer's death at Orange.

Mr. George C. Gilmer bequeathed half his interest in the store, valued at about \$10,000.00, to George Gilmer, a son of the subject of this notice. When twenty-seven years of age Mr. Alexander

Gilmer was united in marriage to Miss Etta Reading, of Orange. No children by this marriage.

His second marriage was to Miss C. C. Thomas, of Orange, in 1867. Nine children have been born to them, seven of whom are living, viz.: Laura, now Mrs. Dr. F. Hadra, of Orange; Mattie, now Mrs. H. S. Filson, of Orange; Effie, now Mrs. R. M. Williamson, of Waco; Eliza, Cleora, Annie, and Ollie. Two sons died in infancy.

Mr. Gilmer engaged in the saw-mill business in 1865. He sustained a number of severe losses by fire, but in each instance by good management put his financial affairs on a better basis than they were before.

One of his largest mills was built at Orange in 1894.

Just before his last loss by fire, he established lumber yards at Velasco; bought one at Beeville (which he closed in 1895), bought one at Yoakum, one at Cuero, one at Runge, one at Karnes City, one at Victoria, and established one at Brazoria, which are valued at about \$100,000.00. His mill property is valued at about \$75,000.00.

Mr. Gilmer's property interests now aggregate about \$300,000.00. He had but \$500.00 when he reached Texas.

He was on the *G. H. Bell*, commanded by Charles Fowler, when the *Morning Light* was captured in the battle of Sabine Pass, during the war between the States.

Later he ran the blockade with a schooner loaded with cotton, commanded by Capt. Whiting, and made a successful trip to Balize, Honduras; then made an equally successful trip from Columbia to the Rio Grande; sold one cargo from Galveston at Havana; was captured at Sabine Pass, by the *Hatteras*, which was sunk by the *Alabama*, the day after his boat was taken, and then chartered a brig

at Jamaica and loaded her with coffee, sugar and lumber, and took the cargo to Laredo, from which place he sent it overland to Houston; bought cotton in Laredo, for which he was offered forty cents per pound in gold, which he refused; took the cotton to Matamoros and lost money.

His partner in these ventures was Mr. M. A. Kopperl, of Galveston.

Before and after the war Mr. Gilmer owned five schooners, coasting in the lumber trade. He lost four schooners, with two of which all of the crew perished.

Mr. Gilmer is now, and has been for many years, one of the most influential citizens and leading business men of the section of the State in which he resides.

WILLIAM HARRISON WESTFALL, M. D.,

BURNET.

While there are few incidents of a sensational or even novel kind in the ordinary lives of professional men, there is yet in every successful career points of interest and an undercurrent of character well deserving of careful thought. However much men's lives may resemble one another each must differ from all others and preserve an identity truly its own. The life history of the subject of this article, while it has many phases in common with others of his profession, yet discloses an energy, tact, mental endowments and discipline, and social qualities, which acting together as a motive power have enabled him to reach and successfully maintain a position of respectability in his profession, and in the world of practical business, seldom attained by members of that profession, distinguished as it is for men of intelligence and general merit.

Dr. Westfall comes of good ancestry, not particularly noted, but respectable, strong, sturdy Virginia stock, of Prussian extraction. He was born in the town of Buchanan, in what is now Upshur County, West Virginia, December 16, 1822. He was reared in his native place, in the local schools of which he received his early mental training. Opportunities for a collegiate education were not open to him, but his energy, force of character and persistent industry helped in a great measure to neutralize this disadvantage, and, having determined on a professional career, he began preparation for it with sufficient mental equipment. He attended the medical department of the University of New York, in which institution and in the hospitals of that city he spent five years, enjoying the best advantages then open to students. He did not enter immediately on the practice of his profession after completing his edu-

cation, but laid aside his purpose for a while, being induced to this by considerations which exercised a controlling influence on the careers of many others of his age. Those were the years in which the country was swept by the great gold fever which, breaking out in the wilds of California, spread to the remotest parts of this continent, and of civilization. Young Westfall was an early victim and the spring of 1850 found him well on the overland route towards the new El Dorado. He spent several months in the gold fields, leading the desultory life of a miner and adventurer. Then in the winter of 1851 he returned to "the States," stopping in Missouri. Up to this time his fund of experience was considerably larger than his fund of cash, but he was not satisfied with either, and shortly afterward determined to try his fortunes in a speculative scheme with a bunch of cattle, which he undertook with some assistance to drive to the diggings in California. That drive, one of the earliest in the history of the country, was an undertaking, the magnitude and hazard of which the average reader of this day can have but little conception. The distance covered was over 2,000 miles and the route lay through an utterly desert and wilderness country infested by savage Indians and subject to the perils of storm, famine and flood. That it was accomplished without serious mishap is to be wondered at, but so it was, and, what is more, it turned out profitably to those who were concerned in it. Dr. Westfall remained in California on this trip till the fall of 1853 when, in a better financial condition, he returned to Missouri. He now felt that it was time for him to take up his profession and, settling at Clinton in Henry County, that State, he formed a partnership with Dr. G. Y. Salmon, a well-known

and competent physician, and, entered on his professional labors. November 20, 1853, he married Miss Mary A. Bates, of Clinton, whose parents, Asaph W. and Sarah Bates, originally from Kentucky, had settled in Henry County in pioneer days, where Mrs. Westfall had been born and reared.

After four years' residence in Missouri Dr. Westfall concluded to come to Texas, moving in 1857 to Austin, where he resumed the practice of his profession, later purchasing land in Williamson County, in the vicinity of Liberty Hill, which he improved as a ranch. When the war came on he transferred his residence from Austin to his ranch, the returns from which, supplementing the income from his profession, enabled him to support his family during the period of hostilities. He was exempt from military service by reason of his profession; but, as a physician and citizen, he rendered the cause of the Confederacy the best service in his power, giving it the weight of his personal influence and attending the families of the soldiers in the field, free of charge.

In 1872, Dr. Westfall was elected to the lower branch of the State Legislature from Williamson County and served as a member of the Thirteenth General Assembly. This was a new field for him but one in which his energy and talents enabled him to acquit himself with credit. It will be remembered that the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Legislatures were those which had so much to do with shaping the policy of the State with respect to schools, public funds and railways. Among the general laws passed by the Thirteenth Legislature to which he gave his support were those creating a public school system and setting apart one-half of the public domain for the support and maintenance of the same; the law providing for the better security of the public funds; the law regulating the assessment and collection of taxes, and the law to protect the agricultural interests of the State by providing adequate punishment for those guilty of destroying gates and fences or committing other trespasses, in which last act there was a hint of the possible conditions which actually arose ten years later and culminated in the celebrated fence-cutting troubles. The special laws passed by the Thirteenth Legislature, in which he took considerable interest, favoring some and opposing others as seemed to him proper at the time, were those incorporating railway, canal and ship channel companies, incorporating and extending the corporate powers of towns and cities, and those establishing by charter real estate, building, savings and banking concerns, private educational institutions and benevolent

associations, more than 200 acts of this character being passed by that Legislature. The Thirteenth was distinctively the Legislature which gave practical direction to the re-awakened energies of the people after the war and prepared the way for the era of prosperity which followed.

From the lower house Dr. Westfall went to the upper by election in the fall of 1873, being chosen from the senatorial district composed of Travis, Williamson, Burnet, Lampasas, San Saba, Llano and Blanco. During his term of service in the Fourteenth General Assembly he pursued the same line of conduct previously marked out, entering, if anything, more actively into the work of legislation because by that time he had become better acquainted with the necessities and wishes of the people, and more familiar with legislative methods and proceedings. There were some important amendments to the school law passed by that Legislature, which as a member of the Committee on Education, he was in a position to materially aid. But during this, as at the previous sitting, the railroads came in for most of the time of the lawmakers. It was during the second session of the Fourteenth Legislature that the act was passed giving to the International & Great Northern Railroad Company, in lieu of the \$10,000 per mile bonds theretofore granted, twenty sections of land for each mile of road constructed and exempting the lands so donated and all of the property of the original company from taxation for a period of twenty-five years. This was in the nature of a compromise and was regarded by many as a good settlement for the State as well as being just and equitable towards the railroad. At the outset Dr. Westfall opposed it, being in favor of the bond subsidy. But when it became known that such a subsidy would not meet the approval of the then Governor and believing that the best interests of the people demanded a settlement of the question he, as a member of the committee appointed to formulate a bill that would receive the Governor's approval, supported this measure in accordance with his pledge to stand by the action of a majority of the committee.

This Legislature also did itself the honor of voting increased pensions to the surviving veterans of the revolution by which Texas was separated from Mexico, including the Santa Fe and Mier prisoners, the survivors of the company of Capt. Dawson, who was massacred near San Antonio in 1842, the survivors of those who were captured at San Antonio in 1842 and imprisoned at Perote and the survivors of Deaf Smith's Spy Company. And it also made legal holidays of the second of March

(Texas Independence Day) and the twenty-first of April (San Jacinto Day), both of which patriotic measures received the Doctor's cordial support.

With the expiration of his term as senator Dr. Westfall gave up public affairs altogether and turned his attention strictly to his professional and business interests, which by that time had assumed very gratifying proportions, gradually placing him in a position where he could find wider fields for active and profitable employment. He had moved from Williamson County to Austin in 1876. From Austin he moved to Burnet in 1879, having made investments in the latter place which necessitated this step. For a year or so after going to Burnet he was interested in the mercantile and exchange business there; but, disposing of his mercantile interest later, he engaged in the banking business, associating with himself for this purpose his son-in-law, W. H. Hotchkiss, the bank, a private institution, being opened under the firm name of W. H. Westfall & Co. In 1883 it was converted into a national bank and conducted as such for ten years, at the end of which time it was denationalized and again became a private institution, and so continues under the old firm name. The denationalization was resolved on and effected purely as a matter of expedience and from a conviction that the old system was the better adapted to existing conditions, both systems having been given a fair trial. The career of the bank under the national system had been reasonably satisfactory to the stockholders and eminently so to the Federal authorities, the latter fact being evidenced both by repeated expressions from the department and by the fact, of seldom occurrence, that the Comptroller of the Currency accepted the statements of the officers of the bank as to its condition and granted the stockholders a release without the formality of an investigation. This bank with the changes here indicated is the only one the town of Burnet has ever had and it has been an important factor in the town's and county's financial and business affairs. Its treatment of its patrons has always been fair and reasonable and its liberality in this respect together with its well-known conservative course in all things has served to entrench it in the confidence and good will of the people generally. It is worthy of note that the bank voluntarily reduced its rate of interest before the Legislature took action on that question.

Dr. Westfall has invested more or less in outside enterprises and has made considerable money by his investments. He is largely interested in the South Heights addition to San Antonio and in real estate in Utah, owning fourteen houses and lots in

Salt Lake City and some irrigated properties in near-by counties. It may be added that his investments have been made entirely out of his individual means, and only when he has had means which he felt he could safely use for such purposes, his unalterable habit having been never to touch a dollar of other people's money intrusted to him.

An active man of business, with a keen perception of the commercial value of things, Dr. Westfall was among the first to direct attention to the great wealth locked up in the stone measures of Burnet County and he was a staunch advocate of the claims of that stone for building purposes long before experts had passed favorably upon it or its usefulness had been demonstrated by actual trial. When the commissioners were hunting over the State for material for the new capitol he put himself in communication with them, invited them to Burnet County to inspect its resources, and personally accompanied them in their travels, assisting them in their investigations, confident that such investigations, if fully and fairly made, would result in the adoption of Burnet County stone for the great work in hand. As is known, however, the matter of selecting material for the building was held in abeyance for some time and it was not until the value of the product of Granite Mountain had been thoroughly demonstrated and Dr. Westfall and his associates, Col. N. L. Norton and Mr. George W. Lacy, had offered to give to the State all the stone needed, that it was decided to construct the building of this material. The capitol as a building speaks for itself. It also in some measure may be considered a monument to the wisdom, liberality and public spirit of those who furnished free of cost the handsome and enduring material out of which it is constructed.

After having developed the quarries of Granite Mountain and shipped large quantities of the stone throughout the State, notably for the jetties at Galveston and the dam at Austin, the mountain was sold by its owners at a fair profit, but not until they had seen it through its entire period of probation and fixed it firmly in public favor. With the development of this enterprise began Dr. Westfall's connection with the Austin & Northwestern Railroad, the latter being in reality an outgrowth of the former. He was one of the charter members of the road and for some time its vice-president. He is still its chief surgeon. All public enterprises — whatever will stimulate industry or in any way result in good to the community — meet his cordial approbation and receive his prompt advocacy and assistance.

While Dr. Westfall has thus traveled far out of the beaten path of his profession he has never lost sight of its claims upon him nor ceased to feel an abiding interest in it. Confining his attention mainly to surgery, for which branch he has special inclination, he responds promptly to all calls for his services and follows up his duties in this connection with zeal and efficiency. He has served as president of the examining boards of the three judicial districts in which he has lived, and not only with the laity but with his medical brethren he stands among the first.

Dr. Westfall is a zealous Mason, having been

made a member of the order more than forty years ago. He belongs to Ben Hur Shrine and Colorado Commandery, both of Austin.

A wife and widowed daughter constitute his family. Not the least of the many creditable things that can be truthfully said of him is that he makes grateful acknowledgment for what he is and what he has to the good wife, who, joining her fortunes with his more than forty years ago, has shared in all his triumphs and reverses, counseling with him, applauding and encouraging his efforts, and rejoicing more than any one else in his success.

THE COLE FAMILY.

BRYAN.

The permanent settlement of the late venerable Ransom Cole in Texas dates back to the year 1850, when he established himself in Cass County, in the eastern part of the State. He had lived, however, a short time during 1849, just over the State line in Western Louisiana. He was a native of South Carolina and was born in Edgelyield district, that State, June 11, 1800. The family history, so far as traceable, seems to be one of pioneer record.

Daniel Cole, the father of Ransom Cole, was among the early settlers of Virginia and as that country became settled pushed on to the frontier of South Carolina, and later advanced with the progress of settlement into Georgia and later into Alabama. Thus it was that Ransom Cole, born and reared in a then new country, became imbued with the genuine pioneer instinct and preferred and during his active years lead a typical pioneer life. He had Texas in his mind long years before his final location in Cass County in 1850. Fifteen years prior to that date (1835) he explored the Brazos valley as far north as Waco springs and there selected lands which he purchased.

Complications arose, however, touching land titles in that vicinity, covering the tract he had selected. The trouble very likely occurred with the Indians, as the Wacos were still at that time in almost absolute possession of the upper Brazos valley and held sway for several years later and relinquished their final hold not without contest and even bloodshed.

Mr. Cole finally perfected his title to the land, but never lived thereon, preferring to remain at his Cass county home.

Daniel Cole, a younger brother of Ransom, also came to Texas and located in Cass County in 1853. He there pursued farming and lived until his death, leaving a family, some of whom still reside there.

Ransom Cole early suffered the loss of his wife, Agatha (*nee* Bostwick) Cole, December 1, 1854, in her forty-eighth year. She was born in 1806. She was the mother of nine children and of these three sons settled at Bryan in the infancy of the thrifty county seat of Brazos County, and as merchants and esteemed citizens have become conspicuous in the business development and growth of the city, standing as they do at the head of its mercantile interests. The firm name of the house, Cole Brothers, has become a household word throughout the Brazos valley region. Ransom Cole remained on his Cass County estate until, advanced in years, he relinquished the cares of business to spend the declining years of his life with his children at Bryan and vicinity and there died in the year 1887, at eighty-seven years of age. He was favorably known as a man of quiet and unpretentious manners and a kind, warm heart.

In view of the foregoing facts, space cannot be more becomingly utilized than to recite the following brief biographical facts touching the Bryan members of this pioneer family, all of whom have seen and taken an aggressive part in the growth of the richest and most promising valley country in Texas.

Mason D. Cole, the oldest of the family of nine children, was born in Pike County, Alabama, on his father's farm, February 24, 1831. His boyhood was for the most part spent in Macon County, Alabama, and he there early engaged in agriculture until the removal of the family to Louisiana and soon after to Texas in 1849. He remained in Cass County, this State, until he became identified with the commissary department of the Confederate government, in which he served during 1864 and 1865. He, in common with his fellow-countrymen, suffered severe losses in consequence of the war; but, gathering up the remnants of his estate, he embarked in merchandising at Douglassville, Texas, from 1865 to 1869, and in a measure repaired his fortunes. His two brothers preceded him to Bryan in 1867 and engaged in merchandising under the firm name of Cole, Dansby & Co. Mr. Cole came on, purchased Mr. Dansby's interest, and, with his brothers, established the firm of Cole Brothers, which dates its existence from 1869.

Mr. Cole married, in 1872, his present and third wife, Mrs. Mollie A. Covy, a widow lady, native of Georgia. Of the children born of this union, two sons survive, viz.: Houston and Jeff Cole. By a former marriage, Mr. Cole has a son, J. R. Cole, and a daughter, now Mrs. Simm Cooper, both residents of Bryan.

Mr. Cole devotes his time chiefly to the extensive dry goods interests of his firm. He has served fifteen years as trustee of the public schools and in the city council and was one of the original promoters of Bryan's public free school system.

Jasper N. Cole, general manager of the business of the firm, was born in Macon County, Alabama, January 14, 1837, and, like his elder brother, lived on his father's farm until about fifteen years of age. Upon the opening of the war between the States in 1861, he promptly enlisted as a private soldier in the Third Texas Cavalry, in Greer's Regiment, but served for the most part under the regimental command of Col. Walter P. Lane.

The record of the gallant Third Texas Cavalry, under the leadership at various times of such intrepid and relentless fighters as Gens. Ben McCul-

loch, Price, Bragg, and Joseph E. Johnston, is a part of the history of the great war waged in the interest of the Southern cause. Mr. Cole fought in the battles of Wilson Creek, Missouri; Elk Horn, or Pea Ridge, Arkansas; Corinth, Mississippi; and those incident to all the great campaigns down to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and on down into Georgia. He returned to his home in Cass County after the war and in 1867 went to Bryan and embarked in merchandising in company with a younger brother, Noah B. Cole, present junior member of the firm.

Mr. Cole married, October 21, 1869, in Brazos County, Miss Nannie Walker, daughter of James Walker, a pioneer of Brazos County. Nine children born of this marriage are living, viz.: Mattie, wife of Lemuel B. Hall, a well-known drug merchant of Bryan; May, unmarried; Ella, wife, W. S. Adams; Carl, Arrie, Alma, Nellie, Jasper, and Ransom. Two, Claud and Earl, are deceased.

Mr. Cole is known in the financial circles of Texas as the president of the Merchants and Planters Bank of Bryan since 1889. He is also president of the Bryan Cotton Seed Oil Mill.

Noah B. Cole, the director of the hardware store of the firm, was born in Alabama, August 19, 1847, the youngest of nine children, and lived on his father's farm until 1864, when, at seventeen years of age, he joined Lane's Regiment, so well known in the history of the late war as the First Texas Partisan Rangers, the services of which were confined chiefly to the Trans-Mississippi Department. He went through a lively Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri campaign of about eighteen months and at the break-up returned home in August, 1865, unscathed. He came with his elder brother, Jasper N. Cole, to Bryan, in 1867, and engaged in business, the outcome of which is three flourishing stores at that place.

He has been twice married, first in 1879, to Miss Mollie Rawles, who died December 5th, 1888, leaving one son, Robert E. Cole. Mr. Cole married, November 14, 1890, his second and present wife, Miss Lula Davies, a daughter of Dr. Wm. Davies, of Burleson County. Two children have been born to them, viz.: Noah D., and Walter R. Cole.

E. M. PEASE,

AUSTIN.

We have selected for the subject of this memoir Hon. Elisha Marshall Pease, a man who, in his day and generation, moved as a colossal figure upon the stage of action in Texas.

His career covered the most momentous epochs in the history of the State, the Texas revolution, the days of the Republic, annexation, the war between the States, and the era of reconstruction.

A sufficient period of time has now elapsed since the happening of those events for the formation of a true estimate of his character and services, and to enable the historian, by a dispassionate consideration of the circumstances that surrounded him, to obtain an insight into the motives that prompted his public acts.

He was born at Enfield, Conn., January 3, 1812, and enjoyed such educational advantages as were afforded by the schools of his native town and a short attendance at an academy at Westfield, Mass. His parents were Lorain Thompson, and Sarah (Marshall), Pease.

At the age of fourteen he was placed in a country store where he remained three years. From that time until 1834, he was a clerk at the post office at Hartford.

The greater part of the year 1834 was spent in traveling in the Northwestern States, and in the fall he went to New Orleans. In that city he met many persons from Texas, and, allured by the glowing accounts which they gave of the character and prospects of the country beyond the Sabine, determined to seek a home and fortune within its confines. Accordingly, in the month of January, 1835, he took passage on a sailing vessel, landed at the port of Velasco, and from thence made his way to the frontier settlements on the Colorado, and located at Mina, now the town of Bastrop, where he began the study of law in the office of Col. D. C. Barrett, who had but recently entered upon the practice of the profession.

The times were not such, however, that a high-spirited and mettlesome young man could sit quietly in an office and pore over the musty pages of the law and, while he applied himself with such assiduity as was possible under the circumstances, his studies were interrupted and he made little progress therein until later and less stormy days. The people of Texas were smarting under a long train of injustices and oppressions inflicted upon

them by the Mexican government and were threatened with the entire overthrow of their liberties. The affairs at Anahuac and Velasco, in 1832, which had resulted in the expulsion of Bradburn from the country, were fresh in memory and the capture of Anahuac by Travis and a few fearless followers was near at hand, conventions had been held at San Felipe in 1832 and 1833, asking for reforms in many directions and the reforms had been denied and the complaints of the petitioners treated with haughty and indignant contempt. The remnant of the once powerful Liberal party in Mexico, that in time past had responded to the clarion calls of Hidalgo and Morelos, had made its last stand for the constitution and been irretrievably defeated upon the blood-soaked plains of Guadalupe and Zacatecas by the minions of Santa Anna, whose baleful star was then rising towards its zenith. A strong central despotism, inimical to the Anglo-American settlers of Texas, was no longer a danger threatened by the future, but an accomplished fact. To the dullest ear was distinctly audible the rumblings of the approaching revolution. A crisis was upon the country. It was a time to try the stoutest hearts—for patriots to stand firm, counsel resistance, and prepare for the impending struggle, and for the timid to talk in bated whispers and prate of compromise and peace, when there could be no compromise and peace without the dishonor of virtual slavery. On the one hand was arrayed the powerful Mexican nation, numbering several millions of inhabitants and possessing an army and navy, well equipped and well officered; on the other a small band of pioneers, possessed of no resources and widely scattered over a vast expanse of hill and valley, plain and forest, and with no facilities for bringing about speedy concentration and concert of action. Such was the prospect that confronted the people of Texas. It was gloomy indeed. But there were those among the pioneers (and not a few) who had imbibed with their mother's milk detestation of injustice and tyranny in all its forms and that love of liberty and those manly sentiments that in all ages have taught the brave to count danger and death as nothing when their rights, liberties or honor were invaded and could only be maintained by a resort to the sword. Descended from a race whose sons were among the first to respond

to their country's call in 1776 and strike for the independence of the American Colonies, young Pease was among the most outspoken of those who precipitated the Texas revolution, and in a few months was elected secretary of the Committee of Safety, formed by the people of Mina, the first of its kind organized in Texas. In the following September, when couriers from Gonzales brought an appeal for armed assistance, he hurried to that place as a volunteer in the company commanded by Capt. R. M. Coleman, and had the honor to fire a shot in the first battle and to help win the first victory of the revolution. In a few weeks he was granted a furlough on account of sickness and in the latter part of November went to San Felipe, where he was elected one of the two secretaries of the first provisional government of Texas, in which position he remained until the government *ad interim* was organized, under President Burnet, March 18, 1836.

While he was not a delegate to the convention that issued the declaration of Texas independence, he was present at its sessions, was chosen and served as one of its secretaries and helped to frame the special ordinance that created the government *ad interim* and the constitution for the republic adopted by it. The latter was formulated subject to ratification or rejection by the people as soon as an election could be held for that purpose.

During the summer he served as chief clerk, first in the navy and then in the treasury department, and for a short time acted as Secretary of the Treasury upon the death of Secretary Hardeman.

In November, when Gen. Sam Houston was President, he was appointed clerk of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, and while in that position drew up most of the laws organizing the courts, creating county offices and defining the duties of county officers; also the fee-bill and criminal code.

Upon the adjournment of Congress in December he was tendered the office of Postmaster General by President Houston, but declined it and entered the office of Col. John A. Wharton at Brazoria, where he diligently applied himself to the study of law. He was admitted to the bar at the town of Washington, in April, 1837, but in June following was tendered by President Houston and accepted the office of Comptroller of Public Accounts, which he filled until December and then returned to Brazoria, where he formed a copartnership with Col. Wharton and entered actively upon the practice of his profession. In 1838, John W. Harris became associated with them and after the death of Col. Wharton, which occurred a few

months later, the firm of Harris & Pease continued for many years and became one of the most distinguished in the State. During this period Mr. Pease served as District Attorney for a short time, and, after annexation in 1846, was elected from Brazoria County to the House of Representatives of the First State Legislature and was re-elected in 1847 to the Second Legislature.

These were exceedingly important sessions, as the building of the framework for a State government had to be done from the ground up and the future prosperity of the commonwealth and happiness of its people largely depended upon the wisdom or unwisdom displayed in the enactment of statutes and the formulation of lines of public policy for later administrations to follow or reject. Both branches of the legislature contained many men of commanding talents (Texas' brightest and best, among whom Mr. Pease moved as a recognized leader) and accomplished the arduous duties that devolved upon it in a manner creditable to the members and satisfactory to the people.

During his terms of service in the House he drew up very nearly all the laws defining the jurisdiction of courts, and, as chairman of the Judiciary Committee in the Second Legislature, originated and pushed to enactment the probate laws of 1848.

In 1849 he was elected to the Senate of the Third Legislature from the district composed of the counties of Brazoria and Galveston, and at the regular session of 1850 added to the laurels he had already won and still further endeared himself to a people not insensible to the merits of those who had not only shown themselves true patriots and devoted to the common cause in the darkest hours of the country's history, but capable in time of peace of guiding the ship of State. Being absent from Texas when Governor Bell called an extra session of the Legislature at a later period in 1850, he resigned and terminated his services as a lawmaker. Thereafter until 1853 he devoted himself to his law practice, but continued a prominent figure and potent factor in public life and identified himself with all principal movements that gave promise of promoting the best interests of the country.

With other leading men he early saw the necessity of railroads as a means of developing the vast territory of the State, deprived as it was of interior navigation except in neighborhoods not far remote from the coast and at Jefferson on the extreme Northeast, and advocated the construction of a transcontinental railway to the Pacific ocean. With Thomas J. Rusk, Gen. Sam Houston and others, he earnestly favored the building of what is now the Texas & Pacific Railroad, destined, after

passing through many changes and many doubtful stages, and by the blending of many charters, to ultimate construction and completion in 1881.

Mr. Pease was not long suffered to remain in retirement. In 1853 he was elected Governor of Texas, as the successor of Governor Bell, and re-elected in 1855, Hardin R. Runnels being elected Lieutenant-Governor. That he was one of the ablest and purest Governors Texas has ever had, is the unanimous opinion of all who are conversant with the facts. His messages to the Legislature are model State papers, not only on account of the knowledge of the condition and needs of the country and the principles of civil government that they display, but for the wisdom of the recommendations that they contain and the elegance and perspicuity of their diction. During the four years that he filled the gubernatorial chair, alternate sections of land were set aside to promote the construction of railroads, and much of our earliest railroad legislation was enacted, lands were set apart for free school purposes, a nucleus for the present munificent school fund was formed, and a handsome appropriation was made for the establishment of a State university, for no man felt a deeper interest in popular education or more fully realized that the hope of constitutional freedom must ever rest upon the intelligence of the citizen; a new State capitol and other public buildings were erected, and institutions for the insane, deaf and dumb, and blind were founded, and liberal appropriations made for their support. When his official life as Governor began, the State tax was twenty cents on the one hundred dollars, and when his second term expired it was fifteen cents and the State was entirely free from debt.

In 1854, there was introduced into Texas a secret, oath-bound, political organization, which became known as the Know-Nothing or American party. It transacted its business with closed doors and in the latter year put forth a full ticket for State offices. The principles of the new party were designed to place restrictions upon foreign immigrants acquiring American citizenship, and to impose restraints and civil disabilities upon those professing the Catholic religion. Its methods, tenets and purposes were assailed by Governor Pease. A sturdy republican, he entertained an unconquerable hostility to secret political organizations, believing that, while some excuse might be offered for their formation under the despotisms of the old world, none could be advanced for their existence here. He considered them, *per se*, inimical and a menace to our free institutions. As to debarring worthy foreigners from the blessings and advan-

tages attendant upon American citizenship, the idea to him was utterly repugnant. He remembered that our ancestors themselves were *emigres* from Europe, that many men of foreign birth had fought in the Continental army and afterwards adorned the walks both of public and private life in the early days of the republic, that many such men emigrated from their distant homes to settle in the wilderness of Texas and that not a few had honorably borne arms in the struggle that won for Texas her independence, and he knew that men who would leave the land of their birth to escape tyranny and, in search of liberty, cross the stormy deep in the hope of bettering their conditions amid alien scenes and among a people to whose very language they were strangers, were made of stuff that fitted them for the patriotic discharge of the duties incident to self-government. His was not the spirit of the glutton, who, careless of the welfare of others, wishes all for himself, but that nobler spirit that led the fathers of 1776 to boast that they had established an asylum to which the oppressed of every land might turn with the assurance of safety and protection. As to religion, he believed that to be a matter of conscience that should rest between each man and his God and that should in no way be interfered with by private individuals or the State. He believed the action the Know-Nothing party contemplated taking against Catholics and foreign immigrants to be contrary to the history and traditions of our government and the genius of our institutions. So believing, he entered the campaign as the standard-bearer of the opposition, known as the Democratic party, but containing men of widely divergent views, and, after a spirited and exciting contest, was elected at the polls and entered upon his second term.

The ticket put in the field by the Know-Nothing party contained the first nominations made by a political party in Texas. In fact, prior to 1855 there were no party organizations, properly so called, in the State.

Before the close of Governor Pease's second term, the whole country was stirred from center to circumference over questions that aroused the bitterest sectional feeling. Under the terms of the Missouri Compromise of 1820 and 1821, the territories of Kansas and Nebraska when admitted would necessarily enter the Union as free States. In 1854, Senator Douglass, of Illinois, introduced in Congress what was known as the Kansas and Nebraska Bill (which became a law), in which it was declared that the Missouri Compromise — "Being inconsistent with the principles of non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the States

and Territories, as recognized by the legislation of 1850, commonly called the Compromise Measures, is hereby declared inoperative and void, it being the true intent and meaning of this act, not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the constitution of the United States."

Mr. Douglass' measure of course carried with it the right of slave-owners to settle in Kansas and Nebraska with their slaves. The Eastern portion of Kansas was regarded by many as a desirable region in which to employ slave labor and many Southern people located in it. The conflicts and bloodshed that followed are familiar matters of history. The passage of the act only served to intensify sectional hatred. Gen. Houston, Senator from Texas, voted against it for reasons which he elaborated and which met with the sanction of Governor Pease and others, who were firmly convinced that any attempt to establish slavery in that section would prove futile and only serve to widen the breach that separated the Southern and Northern States, which, if not healed, threatened armed conflict and, probable dissolution of the Union. They were for pouring oil upon the troubled waters and not for still further agitating them. Gen. Houston offered himself as a candidate for the Governorship in opposition to Hardin R. Runnels, the second nominee of the Democratic organization, and, although he made a fine canvass, was supported by Governor Pease (the first nominee of that party and then occupying the Governor's chair) and had many devoted admirers and supporters, public sentiment was such that he was defeated, Runnels receiving a majority of over ten thousand votes. Such was the condition of affairs on the 21st of December, 1857, when a change of administration took place. Two years later, Gen. Houston was elected to succeed Runnels, but a great crisis was at hand. Threats were openly made that, if Mr. Lincoln was elected, the Southern States would withdraw from the Union and form a Confederacy of their own, threats that were afterwards carried into execution. Governor Pease opposed secession, and, finding that his opposition was in vain, retired to private life.

He was a delegate from Texas to the convention of Southern loyalists that met at Philadelphia in 1866 and was elected one of the vice-presidents of that body. Later in the same year he was the candidate of the Union party for the office of Governor of Texas, but was defeated by Hon. J. W. Throckmorton. In August, 1867, he was appointed Provisional Governor of the State by Gen. Sheridan,

but resigned before the end of the year because he differed with the commanding general of the department, Gen. J. J. Reynolds, as to the course that should be pursued in the reconstruction of the State. He represented the State in the Liberal Republican Convention of 1872 that assembled in Chicago and nominated Horace Greeley for the presidency. In later days he attended various State and national Republican conventions and continued to act with the Republican party. Shortly after the war it was charged that he was an extremist, but, it is a fact well and gratefully remembered by the people of Texas that, when he saw during the administration of Governor Davis to what iniquities the extreme policy that was being pursued would lead, he opposed it and threw the great weight of his influence into the scales of conservatism.

The stormy days before, during and after the war are gone and the waves of passion and prejudice that beat so fiercely have subsided. The war was inevitable. Questions were settled by it that had long vexed the people and been a prolific source of discord and that could have been settled in no other way. Old social and commercial conditions were changed that could have been changed in no other way. Mutual confidence, respect and friendship were restored as they could have been restored in no other way, and a fraternal, and it is to be hoped, eternal, Union secured that could have been secured in no other way. Now we can enter into full sympathy with those who could see neither safety nor profit in continuing to live under a compact of Union, every essential provision of which they believed to have been violated, and who determined to seek peace in a Confederation composed of friendly States with interests in common. We can also enter into full sympathy with those who opposed the policy of secession. They thought that, if wrong had been done, it could be redressed within the Union—that the slavery and all other questions could be settled there. Governor Pease and others of undoubted patriotism looked upon the dissolution of the Union as the greatest calamity that could befall the country. Upon the continuation of that Union he believed depended the destinies and future welfare of the race, for its fall, he well knew, would seal the doom of free institutions, which in a few years would perish from the earth. "Should the blood" said men of his party "shed upon the battle fields of the Revolution of 1776, be shed in vain? Should the labors of Washington and Jefferson and their compeers prove unavailing? A thousand times no!" They were right in their prognostications of the evils that

would inevitably follow a dissolution of the Union. They were wrong in the belief that the questions that divided the people could be settled peacefully. From their standpoint they were right in opposing secession. It is fortunate, all now agree, that the attempt to secede was unsuccessful. It was, however, written in the book of fate that it should be made and fail. A stronger hand than man's controlled the course of events and brought about the beneficent results that have followed in their train. We admire the moral and physical courage that led men of both sides to brave animadversion, the loss of prestige and death itself in support of their opinions and principles that they believed to be correct. They were animated by that desire for the promotion of the general good and by that spirit of their fathers that led Pym and Hampden and Sidney to dare the block and the soldiers at Concord to fire upon the British regulars. Let us strew flowers with impartial hand upon those whom death has gathered in its cold embrace and transmit their memories to posterity, freed from reproach and with imperishable assurances of our love and veneration for them.

There was nothing of the time-serving spirit in Governor Pease's composition. He was incapable of allowing a desire for personal aggrandizement or for the promotion of any of his private interests to induce him to compromise with what he believed to be wrong. He stood for principles and, seeing that they were about to be violated, he could not remain silent and inactive. He had no superstitious reverence for majorities. He knew full well that majorities are often wrong and that the pages of history are stained and blurred all over by records of the mistakes they have made, and the crimes they have committed. The majority believed for centuries that the earth was flat and the center of the universe; in witches and wizards and necromancy; that it was impious to attempt by sanitary measures to stay the pestilence, which they considered a divine visitation upon the people for their sins, and it was in accordance with the will of majorities that Christ was condemned to a shameful death upon the cross, the fires of persecution were kept ablaze at Smithfield and Oxford, and many noble lives were sacrificed and much cruel wrong inflicted. He believed that the day had not yet come when majorities were invested with the attributes of infallibility. If the majority was right, he cheerfully went with it. If he considered it in error, he as manfully opposed it, nor could he be compelled by any consideration to cease his opposition. Even his opponents at all times freely admitted his honesty of character and purpose. He retired from office enjoying the respect of all the people.

In 1874 he was tendered the office of Collector of the Port of Galveston by Secretary of the Interior Bristow, but declined it.

In 1877 he retired from the active practice of law in which he had been engaged, except when employed in the discharge of public duties, since 1837.

In 1879 he was tendered, without solicitation upon his part, the Collectorship of the port of Galveston, and, this time, accepted it. This was his last public service.

He was vice-president of the First National Bank of Austin, at the time of his death, which occurred at Lampasas Springs, Texas, August 26, 1883, where he had gone in search of health. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Austin.

Governor Pease became a Mason in 1839, joining St. John's Lodge, No. 5, at Columbia, Texas and took all the regular degrees. He was not a member of any religious organization, but attended the services of the Episcopal Church, the church in which he was reared.

As a lawyer he had few equals in the State. His briefs were always clear, fair and logical, and, while his patient research armed him at every point in a case, he never sought undue advantage. So fixed were these traits that Chief Justice Wheeler once said that the statements of facts in his briefs were always so lucid and just he could rely upon them without reference to the record. He was frequently consulted upon important public matters having a legal bearing, even after his retirement from practice, and always rendered such services without charge.

Sincerity and candor, and an observance of the golden rule marked his intercourse with his fellow-men. Courty in manner, kindly and genial, he enjoyed the affectionate regard of the circle of friends whom he admitted to his acquaintance. He had as much influence in framing the public policies and general laws of the State as any man who ever lived in Texas. He was identified with the soil from the days antedating the revolution. It was his fortune to perform many important public services. His career covered the most momentous periods known to our history. He was the intimate friend and associate of such men as Wharton, Houston, Williamson, Rusk and Archer, and the leaders of thought of later days, and his name deserves a place beside theirs upon the pages of the State's history.

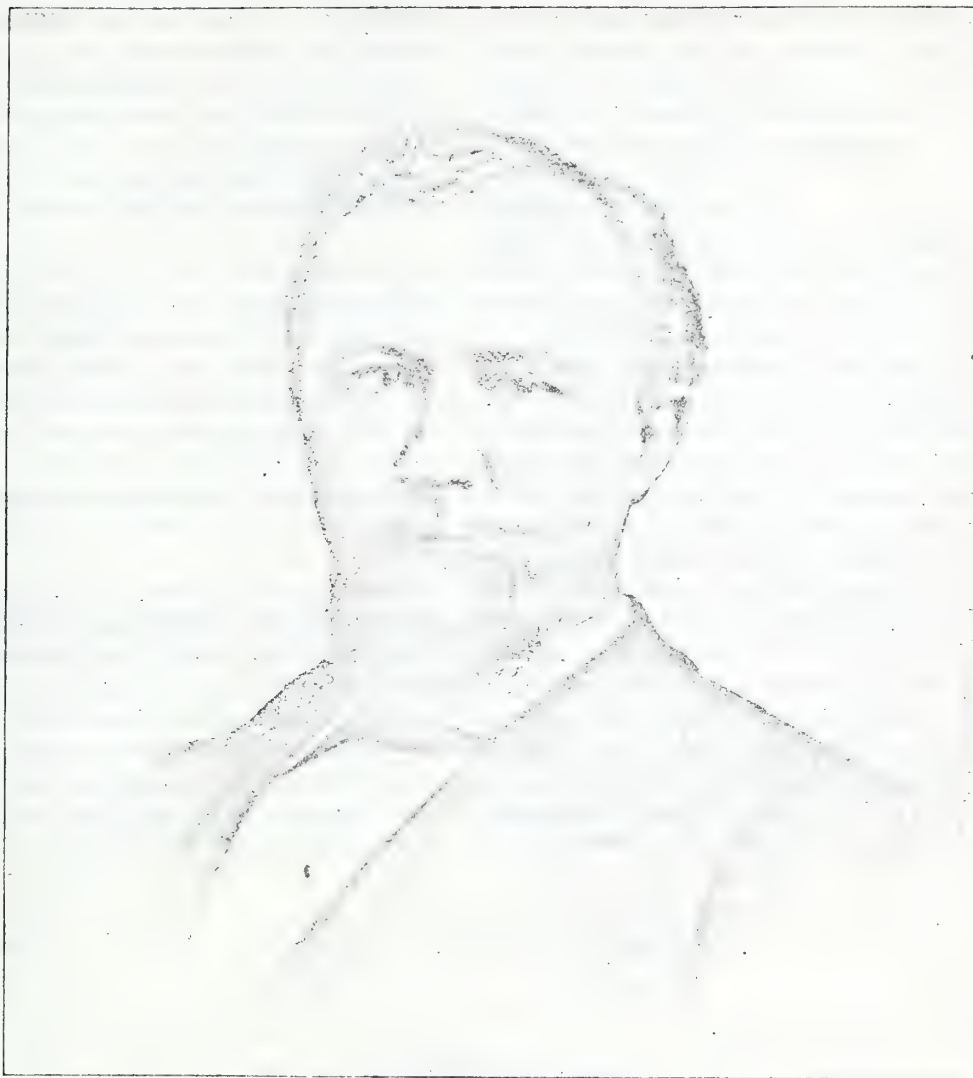
He was married in 1850 to Miss L. C. Niles, a daughter of Col. Richard Niles, of Windsor, Conn. This accomplished and most excellent lady and her only surviving daughter, live at the family seat near the city of Austin.

ISABELLA HADDON GORDON,

CLARKSVILLE,

One of Red River County's early settlers, a noble Christian woman who linked her name permanently with that of the county's history, was born August 10th, 1805, in Montgomery County, Ky., and was a daughter of Frank and Katie (Elliott) Hopkins, of Kentucky. Her paternal grandfather, Wm. Hopkins, was from one of the New England States, and her maternal grandfather, James Elliott, was from Virginia. Her maternal grandmother was Katie (Stewart) Elliott of Virginia. Her father was a leading and wealthy planter of Kentucky. He moved to Indiana the year of the battle of Tippecanoe, carrying with him all his slaves, which he lost by some legal technicality. In 1823 he moved to Texas, settling at the mouth of Mill creek, which is now in Bowie County. At that time all the white settlers lived in neighborhoods within a mile of Red river, and it was ten years before there were any white settlements on the prairie. The subject of this sketch was married, April 18th, 1824, to John Hanks, a native of Kentucky, who died in 1827. One child, Minerva, blessed this union, is still living and is the widow of Robert Graham. The subject of this notice was married the second time to James Clark, then a member of the Arkansas legislature and a son of Benjamin Clark, a native of Tennessee, who at the time lived in Arkansas, but moved soon after to Texas. To this union three children were born. The first, Frank H., born April 27th, 1830, attended law school at Lexington, boarding with Chief Justice Marshall, and had the benefit of the advice and association of that eminent jurist. This bright son and promising lawyer died in 1856. The second son, Dr. Pat Clark, is a physician and resident of Red River County. The third and youngest son of this union is Capt. James Clark, a leading and representative citizen of Red River County. In the fall of 1832, when Mr. Clark was a resident of Jonesboro, a settlement on Red river, Gen. Sam Houston crossed the river with five companions and with one of them passed his first night in Texas at the house of the subject of this sketch, his four other companions being prepared to camp out. He remained with the then Mrs. Clark awaiting guides to take him to Nacogdoches, as at that time there were no roads. The whole party were gentlemanly in dress and conduct, contrary to a statement published as a matter of history, that they were intoxicated and

disorderly; the companions of Gen. Houston were white men and not Indians, as erroneously declared in the statement alluded to. James Clark died in 1838 at the late home of his widow in Clarksville, Texas, which city is named in his honor. This husband and the second of her brothers were in the war of 1836, and fought for the independence of Texas and it was through the instrumentality of Mrs. Gordon, who at that time was Mrs. Clark, that a large number of recruits were collected and equipped at her expense and sent forward to aid in gaining the independence of the Lone Star Republic. The third husband of this lady was Dr. George Gordon, of Covington, Ky. John, their first son, died while discharging the duties of a soldier in the Confederate army. Belle was their second and Dick the third. Dr. Gordon served in the Confederate army as assistant to her son (and his step-son) Dr. Pat Clark, who was surgeon of Gen. Lane's Regiment. Prior to the time of Mrs. Gordon's arrival in Texas, the prairies were inhabited by hostile Indians, but from about 1826 to 1836 settlements were made by several tribes of friendly Indians, Kickapoos, Delawares, and Shawnees, who were really a protection to the whites. There was one Delaware chief who had lost a hand (he said in the battle of Tippecanoe), and there is a creek in the neighborhood that derives its name from him — "Cut-hand." Mrs. Gordon knew many of these Indians, as they came to trade with the white people. After the war of 1836, Texas made no provisions for these Indians, and they returned peacefully to their homes. The Shawnee chief was called "Cow-leach," and lived on a prairie four miles from Clarksville, and it still bears his name. When our subject was first married, for one year she lived within a mile of a village inhabited by friendly Choctaw Indians, and they were good neighbors. Her nearest white neighbor, a Mr. Cullum, was four miles off. The white people at an early day were in constant dread of hostile Indians. There was a settlement of Caddos on the Sabine river, about one hundred and fifty miles distant, and one of them came and told Mrs. Gordon that the friendly Indians near had planned to kill the white people. This was a favorite trick of the Indians to get the white people to leave their homes so that the redskins could pillage.



J. C. Westbrook.

On this occasion the men took the Indian and whipped him, the whipping taking place near the house of a Mr. Murphy. Just one year after a party of Caddos came, found Mr. Murphy alone with his sled to haul rails, and mending his fence. He had nothing to do with the whipping, but they killed him, took his scalp, and had a war dance over it at their village, as reported by a trader, who said it was done for revenge, which must have been the case, as they did not even take away the horse. Mrs. Murphy heard the gunshot and went to see what was the matter. The Indians were gone, but she found her husband's body. She was entirely alone and carried water to wash the body, covered it and took the horse from the sled and rode two miles to her nearest neighbor to give the alarm.

For the first year after Mrs. Gordon came to Texas, unless the vessels were brought with them, the people had none but gourds. For some years all the cloth was made from cotton, the seeds picked out with the fingers, then spun and woven. In those days there were cotton pickings, but not like those of this day. In the long winter evenings people would meet at a house and pick out seeds. Then it was ready to spin for making cloth.

The pioneers had no chairs, but made stools. Beds were made fast to the wall. For seven years Mrs. Gordon never saw a plank floor, as all floors were made of puncheons—that is, lumber hewn out of logs. For a number of years there were no wagons, and people moved in canoes. The men wore clothes made entirely of deer skins, the skins of deer and cattle being tanned in a trough. The nicest shoes were made of deer skins, and our sub-

ject was married to Mr. Clark in a pair made by a shoemaker named Huey Shaw.

The people had an abundance of food at an early date, deer and bear meat and fat wild turkeys being plentiful. The woods were full of bee trees. Bread was made by beating out the corn in a mortar. Later the people had steel mills which they turned by hand. About once a year a keel-boat would be pushed up Red river with such supplies as sugar, flour and coffee.

Mrs. Gordon still has relatives living in Kentucky and Indiana, among them the Hamiltons of Montgomery County, in the former State. Judge Elliott, who was killed at Frankfort, Ky., a few years ago, by Judge Buford, was a great-grand-nephew of her mother.

Mrs. Gordon's name is synonymous with all that is good and charitable. The wealth which a beneficent Providence entrusted to her care was judiciously used for the relief and comfort of her fellow-creatures. Her whole life was spent toward the advancement and good of her country and its population. For many years her life was not connected with any religious denomination, but her life and its example could have been followed to good purpose by many of those who claimed to have passed through the purifying fires of repentance. In 1864 she joined the Catholic Church, of which she was thereafter a devout and consistent member.

The love for this good woman is shown by the numerous namesakes she has in the States of Arkansas and Texas. She gave land, lots and houses to many poor, but deserving, people. Hundreds reverence her memory.

She died in June, 1895, and is buried at Clarksville.

T. C. WESTBROOK,

HEARNE.

Capt. T. C. Westbrook, born at West Point, Mississippi, October 1st, 1842, of well-to-do and highly respected parents, representatives of the fine old Southern aristocracy of the halcyon days before the war, had the advantage in youth of careful training and thorough education, graduating with the rank of Captain from the Military Institute, at Frankfort, Ky., when seventeen years of age, and soon after came to Texas with his step-

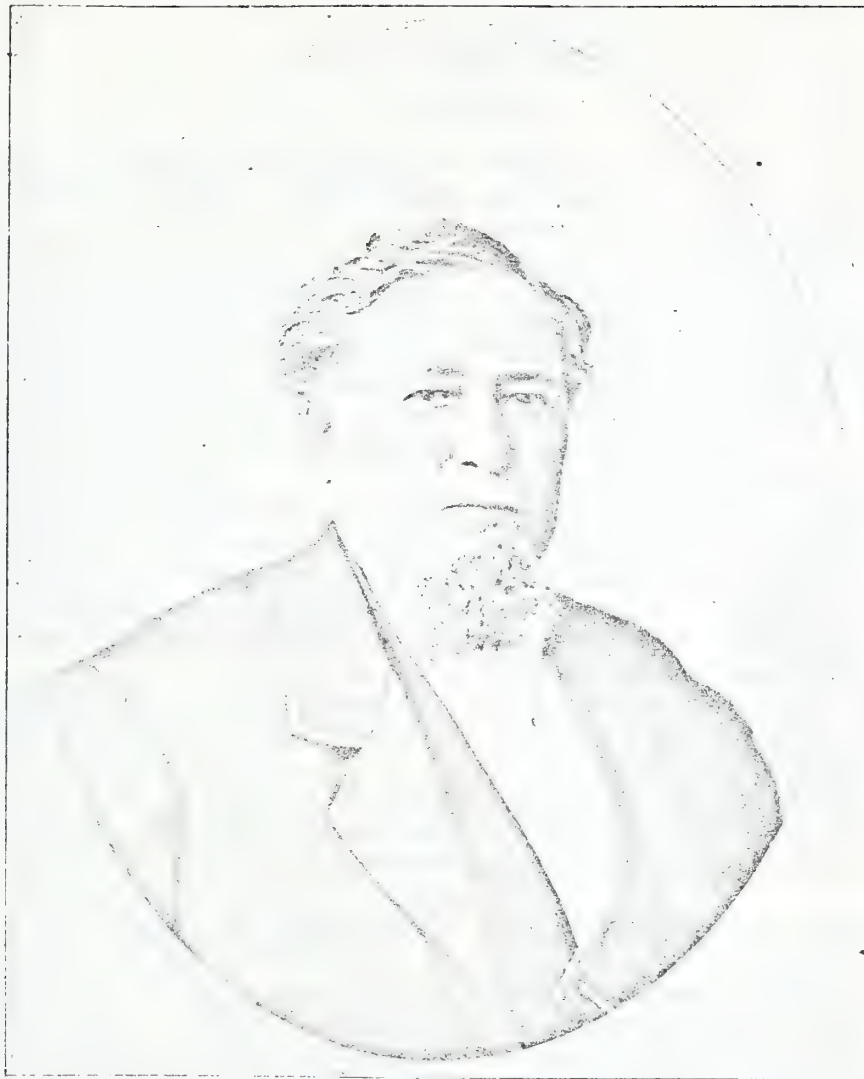
father, L. W. Carr, who located with his family on the rich alluvial lands of the Brazos river bottom near the town of Hearne, in Robertson County. Mr. Westbrook entered the Confederate army in the spring of 1862 as a soldier in Company B., enlisting for three years, or so long as the war might last, and was stationed with his command first on Galveston Island, then at Virginia Point, and then at Camp Speight, Texas, near Millican, where the

Fifteenth Texas Infantry was organized, with J. W. Speight as its Colonel, and M. D. Herring, Captain, and the subject of this memoir Lieutenant of Company B. The regiment was ordered to Arkansas, remained at Camp Daniels until 1862, reached Little Rock in October following, and did garrison duty at Camp Nelson and Camp Bayou Metre until shortly before the fall of Arkansas Post, when it was ordered to Fort Smith, and from thence through the Indian Territory, to Camp Kiamisha on Red river. In 1863 the Fifteenth, and the brigade of which it formed a part, were ordered to Louisiana to oppose, with the other troops under Gen. Taylor, the advance of Gen. Banks. The brigade was commanded by Gen. J. W. Speight, Sr., Gen. King and Gen. Polignac, in the order named, and participated in the fights at Fordash, Bayou Bourdeau, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Marks-ville, Yellow Bayou, and numerous skirmishes and smaller engagements. Capt. Westbrook was slightly wounded at the battle of Mansfield. When mustered out of the service at Houston, Texas, after the final surrender of the Confederate forces, he held the rank of Captain and was acting Adjutant of his regiment. A friend, speaking of his bearing as a soldier, says: "In camp he was modest and unobtrusive, kind and jovial; in the thickest and hottest of the raging battle, cooler than most men on dress-parade, prompt to act and utterly fearless. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of his men and brother and superior officers. Knowing him as I did, I can truthfully say that he was as a friend as true and tried as tempered Damascus steel; as a soldier and patriot, as brave and devoted as any man who wore the gray."

Returning to his home in Robertson County he engaged in farming upon his own account. His possessions increased from year to year until he took rank as one of the wealthiest planters in Texas. He was an ideal, practical farmer—one of the most successful in the State—and his large Brazos bottom plantations near Hearne, on which he continued to reside until his death, showed at all times the perfection of good management. He spared no expense in securing and enjoying the good things of life. He and his beloved wife (formerly Mrs. Jennie Randle), to whom he was married December 4th, 1878, dispensed a generous and wholesale hospitality at their palatial home to their many friends and the chance "stranger within their gates." It was his custom, assisted by his wife, to see that every one on his plantation, black or white, received each Christmas day some suitable present. He lived in the half patriarchal, half princely style of his ancestors and was a noble sur-

vival of the high-souled, warm-hearted and chivalric gentlemen of a by-gone day. While exact in his business methods, his hand dispensed liberally to others of what it gathered. He sympathized with human suffering and sorrow and sought when he could to relieve it, and few contributed so much to the support of the church. It was chiefly through his influence and exertions that the Hearne & Brazos Valley Railroad was constructed and put into successful operation. He was elected president of the company upon its organization and served in that capacity up to the time of his death, the road earning handsome dividends on the money invested, under his management.

He manifested a lively interest in and was active in support of all worthy enterprises. He was a life-long Democrat and ardent advocate of clean, wholesome measures and always interested himself in helping elect good men to office. He was a delegate to numerous county and State conventions and was more than once importuned to become a candidate for election to the legislature, but declined, having no desire for political honors and much preferring the quiet and peaceful home-life to which he was accustomed. In July, 1893, he suffered from a severe attack of *la grippe* from which he never fully recovered. He sought restoration to health by travel, sojourning for a time in Mexico, and visiting, among other places, San Antonio, Hot Springs and Wooten Wells. A month before the coming of the end he was taken to Mineral Wells and died there on the 17th of September, 1893, leaving a wife, a daughter of Mrs. Westbrook by her former marriage (Mrs. Monroe, Miller, of Austin), two brothers (C. A. Westbrook, of Lorena, McLennan County, and M. L. Westbrook of Waco), a sister (Mrs. S. C. Beckman, of Hearne), a step-father, to whom he had been as a favorite son; two nieces and a nephew and many score of devoted friends to mourn his loss. The announcement of his death cast a shade of sorrow over the community of which he had been such a prominent, useful and honored citizen. The remains were conveyed to Hearne in a special car and were followed to their last resting-place in Oakwood Cemetery by the largest funeral *cortege* known in the history of the town, many of those in attendance coming from a distance. So ended the career of a noble man. There is something peculiarly sad in the reflection that he was cut down in the full maturity of ripened manhood and when he was surrounded by all the endearments that render a continuance of life desirable. However, if ever man was ready for the summons, he was ready. To his devoted wife is left the consolation that through her example and



J. D. GIDDINGS.

influence he was led to give his heart to God and to the perfect day of a happy immortality and that a blessed reunion awaits them beyond the grave.

Mrs. Westbrook is a daughter of Allen Carr, who came to Texas in 1838 and settled in Burleson County, where he was for many years a prominent citizen and she was reared.

J. D. GIDDINGS,

BRENHAM.

Jabez Demming Giddings was one of eight sons of James Giddings, a farmer of Susquehanna County, Pa.

James Giddings was descended from George Giddings, of Saint Albans, Hertfordshire, England, a gentleman of property, who emigrated to America in 1635, settling in the town of Ipswich, Mass. James was born in Norwich, Conn., June 29th, 1780. At an early age, he entered the merchant marine, rising to a captaincy, with full charge of cargo on attaining his majority.

In consequence of a shipwreck off the Carolina coast in 1810, by which was destroyed the fruits of many years of daring adventure and successful trading, he abandoned the sea and settled on a farm in the then wilderness of Western Pennsylvania.

He was a man of great firmness and bravery and of an adventurous spirit, qualities generously transmitted to his numerous progeny.

The mother of J. D. Giddings was Susie Demming, of Connecticut, whose ancestors were early immigrants from France, and who distinguished themselves, as did the descendants of George Giddings, by their loyalty to the fortunes of the American Colonies in the Revolutionary War.

In 1835 Giles A. Giddings, an older brother of J. D. Giddings, came to Texas to select and survey a tract of land for a colony, but finding the Texans engaged in a struggle with Mexico, joined the army of Gen. Houston, just previous to the battle of San Jacinto, and died from the effects of wounds received in that engagement. The night before the battle he wrote to his parents a letter worthy of copying in full as a model of literary excellence, but from which only a few sentences will be quoted, as disclosing the patriotic courage and love of liberty which marks his family.

"It is reported Houston will attack them, [Santa Anna's army] in the morning. What will be the result or fate of Texas is hid in the bowels of

futurity. Yet I think we are engaged in the cause of justice and I hope the God of battles will protect us. * * * I was born in the land of freedom, and taught to lisp the name of liberty with my infant tongue and, rather than be driven out of the country or submit to be a slave, I will leave my bones to bleach on the plains of Texas. * * *

"Be not alarmed about my safety. I am no better, and my life no dearer, than those who gained the liberty you enjoy."

In 1838, Mr. J. D. Giddings, having completed his educational course at the Cassanova Institute, New York, came to Texas to settle the estate left by his brother and, being pleased with the country, located in Washington County. For about two years after his arrival he taught school, studying law during his leisure moments.

On a call for volunteers to avenge the raids of Vasquez and Woll and to rescue the prisoners held by the Mexicans, he promptly responded and remained with Gen. Somervell's army until it was officially disbanded, when he, with the great majority, returned home, thus escaping the slaughter at Mier.

As a means of support during the prosecution of his legal studies, he sought the office of district clerk, was elected, and served four years.

In 1844, he married Miss Ann M. Tarver, daughter of Edmund T. Tarver, a prominent farmer, who had moved to the State from Tennessee in 1841.

On the expiration of his term of office as district clerk, he was admitted to the bar, where he achieved signal success, though numbering among his competitors many of the greatest minds in the State.

Of a genial disposition and possessing a wonderfully retentive memory; warmly sympathizing with the distressed and aiding the needy with kindly generosity; charitable to the faults of others, yet controlling himself by the strictest code of moral principles, his acquaintance became extensive, and ties

of personal friendship, strong and lasting, were formed thus predisposing most juries to a favorable consideration of any cause that he might advocate. His intellectual processes were, however, distinctly logical and, though impressing his hearers with the sincerity of his own convictions by the earnestness of his manner, he yet appealed directly to their reason by a masterly marshaling of his facts and the cogency of his arguments. His energy was indomitable and patience tireless, no detail of a case being considered unworthy of attention. This completeness of preparation, combined with cautiousness in the enunciation of legal principles or judicial rulings, gave him a merited influence with the courts and the degree of confidence placed in his integrity and executive capacity is shown by the frequency of his name on the probate records as counselor or as the fiduciary agent of estates. Though thorough in the examination of all questions, he was bold and progressive in the advocacy of measures conducive to the advancement of his town, county and State.

He was thus among the first to perceive the beneficial possibilities of railroads and in 1856, in connection with his distinguished brother, Hon. D. C. Giddings, he assisted in the organization of a company for the purpose of constructing a railroad through Washington County and, to prevent the failure of the enterprise, the firm of J. D. and D. C. Giddings undertook the building of the road.

The self-abnegation, bravery and constructive energy of the pioneer settlers of America has made their history pleasant reading to all and their example has fired the hearts of many struggling for the political advancement of their race, but the promoters of the first railroads built in America are entitled to well-nigh equal admiration, for they have shown equal ability, equal energy and equal courage in grappling with difficulties and have, too, frequently sacrificed the earnings of a lifetime in their efforts to advance their own and the material welfare of the country. Though the line built by J. D. and D. C. Giddings was but a short one, yet the troublous times during which the work was completed and the faithfulness with which they complied with all their obligations to Northern creditors, not only elevated them to the highest plane of business capacity, but laid the foundation of Brenham's present prosperity.

Treasuring as a priceless jewel the liberty gained on the field of San Jacinto, Mr. Giddings took a lively interest in all political issues. His wide

acquaintance, knowledge of human nature, and executive ability made him a party leader of exceptional power, but his fondness for the pleasures of home and his aversion to the turmoil of public life restrained his political aspirations and he refused offers of office on all but one occasion.

In 1866, when the disorganization consequent upon the cessation of the war between the States was most complete, when questions of vital importance to the peace and happiness of his people were to be settled, and when many of our best men were dead or bowed down by discouragement, he accepted a seat in the legislature and served one term.

He was a religious man. His God was his friend and counsellor. His Bible was the source of daily comfort and aid.

The support of his church, her ordinances and ministers, was with him not only a duty but a positive pleasure and, though sparing of time and means for personal indulgence, neither were too valuable for the advancement of religion or the cause of charity. This religious element in his nature enabled him not only to fully appreciate the sublime beauties of the Masonic ritual, but prompted his aspirations to positions of honor in the order and, as in his church he was elected to the highest honors possible to a layman, so he held the highest offices in the three grand divisions of Masonry.

In 1878 he was thrown from his buggy and, a few days afterwards, on the 25th of June, died from internal injuries.

In 1880, the old frame church (in which as superintendent of the Sunday school he ministered for over twenty years) was torn down and a handsome modern building erected on a more beautiful spot and dedicated as the "Giddings Memorial Church."

With qualities pre-eminently fitting him for political leadership, he sought only the advancement of his friends and the good of his country. A great lawyer and skilled in all the subtleties of his profession, he was a willing friend and a chivalrous opponent of youthful attorneys.

Forgetful of self, but ever indulgent of others, a ready helper of those in need and denying advice to none in distress, welcoming all with generous hospitality, a devoted husband and father, a true friend and good citizen, he will ever be held in remembrance, by those who knew him best, as a noble specimen of God's greatest work — a Christian.

WILLIAM CROFT,

CORSICANA.

Judge William Croft, long a distinguished figure in Texas and the oldest practicing attorney of the Navarro County bar, is a native of Mobile, Alabama, born February 9th, 1827.

His parents, William and Annie Willard Croft, were natives, the father of England and the mother of Pennsylvania. His father was for a number of years a cotton commission merchant of New Orleans, where he died when the subject of this sketch was an infant. Judge William Croft, of whom we here write, was reared in New Orleans and received his earlier education in the schools of that city, finishing at Louisville, Ky. He read law under the Hon. Isaac T. Preston, of New Orleans, then Attorney-General and afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana; came to Texas in April, 1847, and was admitted to the bar on May 5th, 1848, at Richmond, Fort Bend County, before the Hon. Joseph C. Megginson, of the First Judicial District. He then entered the practice at Richmond and followed it in Fort Bend and adjoining counties until December, 1849, when he came to Navarro County and took up his residence at Corsicana. He has since been a citizen of Corsicana and has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession at that place, except while in the Confederate army, a period of two and a half years. While the war was in progress there was little or no practice in the courts. The first session of the District Court, which Judge Croft attended in Navarro County, was the spring term of 1850. The county having been organized in 1846, there had been only two or three terms held prior to that time and the machinery of the court had not yet been put in good working order. The presiding Judge was Hon. Bennett H. Martin. Judge Croft attended all the sittings of the District Court, as well as of the inferior courts, from 1850 up to the opening of the war, receiving his share of the business, both criminal and civil. He was young, vigorous, well-grounded in a knowledge of the law, skilled in the management of cases, and pursued his profession with enthusiasm. His success followed as a matter of course. For twenty-five years he never finally lost a criminal case and, considering the great number of hard cases which he defended in those years, there is good reason for believing that many of the verdicts which he secured were rather compliments to his skill and eloquence

than the result of sober reflection on the part of juries. When the war came on he responded to the call for volunteers, enlisting in Capt. B. D. McKie's Company, which was the second raised in the county, Bass's Regiment. He had been afflicted with a throat trouble for some time and the exposure, which active service in the field rendered unavoidable, brought on a bad case of bronchitis, which soon necessitated his retiring from active duty. He was honorably discharged on account of this disability. Returning home, he entered the Quarter-master's Department, where he remained until just before the surrender. After the war he attempted to resume the practice of his profession, at Corsicana; but, on account of the unsettled condition of affairs there at that time, this was impossible. He accordingly moved to Houston, where the courts had not been disorganized and some show was still made of conducting public business according to established forms and usages. He practiced there and in the courts of that locality for about two years and a half and then returned to Corsicana and took up the practice there, continuing uninterruptedly there since. Judge Croft has devoted his entire life to his profession and his efforts have been rewarded with more than ordinary success. He had accumulated considerable property when the war came on, but it was swept away and he found himself, at the close, like thousands of others, empty-handed and confronted with new conditions which it was not easy to measure in all their relations, nor master when fully understood. But he survived it all and surveys the past as serenely now as if his whole life had been one long series of triumphs, thus displaying much philosophy and good sense. It would be hard to imagine a professional life better lived than his has been.

Judge Croft has been twice married. In 1851 he married Miss Roxana Elliott, of Navarro County, who died within a few months. He married again in January, 1854, Miss Rebecca A. Lockhart, a daughter of Charles J. C. Lockhart, an early settler of the county. Two children now survive this union: Charles W., now his father's law partner, and Earnest T., still in school. Earnest T. is an accomplished musician and is said by some of the most competent judges in the county to possess musical talent of the highest order. This is already well cultivated and, with further develop-

ment in this delightful field of art, there is no telling what he might accomplish. Judge Croft has been a Mason since 1850, being one of the first members initiated in the mother lodge of Navarro County. He took his first degree in company with A. Beaton, James M. Riggs and B. L. Ham, soon after the lodge was organized, Gen. E. H. Tarrant

being the presiding officer. He is also a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church and, in accordance with his means, a liberal contributor to all worthy purposes. He has never voted any other than the Democratic ticket. He has long been a prominent figure in his section of the State and at the bar of Texas.

E. P. BECTON. M. D.,

SUPERINTENDENT STATE INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

The subject of this brief historical notice, Dr. Edwin Pinckney Becton is well known throughout the State as a pioneer Texian, leading physician and superintendent in charge of one of the State's most important eleemosynary institutions.

He was born in Gibson County, Tenn., June 27, 1834, and came to Texas in 1841 with his parents, who settled at San Augustine, where he was early placed at school and acquired the rudiments of a good literary education.

His father, Rev. John May Becton, was born in Craven County, North Carolina, January 8, 1806, and was a Presbyterian clergyman of the old school, much admired for his learning, piety and zeal.

His mother's maiden name was Eleanor Emeline Sharp. She was a daughter of James Sharp, and is now (1896) living, at eighty-six years of age, at Fort Worth with Mr. J. J. Nunnally, who married her granddaughter, Fannie.

Rev. John May Becton's parents were Frederick Edwin and Fannie (May) Becton, who moved from Craven County, North Carolina, when he was a little past twelve months of age and located in Rutherford County, Tennessee. There he was given such school advantages as the county afforded, completing his education at Pebble Hill Academy, located on Stone's river. He began life as a farmer, married Miss Eleanor Emeline Sharp, January 9, 1827, and in 1831 moved to Gibson County, Tennessee.

He was reared in the "Hard-Shell" Baptist faith; in July, 1833, professed religion at a Methodist camp-meeting; during the year joined the old school Presbyterian church, and in 1835 was licensed to preach the gospel by the latter denomination. In April, 1841, he was ordained and in November of that year came to Texas and located

at San Augustine, where he preached and taught school. In 1844 he moved to Nacogdoches County. He died at Church Hill, nine miles east of Henderson, in Rusk County, July 14, 1853. He was one of the early and most active pioneer clergymen of his church in Texas and it is believed organized more churches than any other member of the denomination in the State, among others the church at Douglass, in Nacogdoches County, in 1844; one in Henderson, in Rusk County, in 1845; one at Rusk in Cherokee County, in 1849, or 1850, and the church at Larissa, in Cherokee County, in 1849. At the same time he and the Rev. Daniel Baker organized the Palestine Presbyterian church, at Palestine, and organized alone the one at Gum Springs, Rusk County, in 1851, since known as the Danvilla church.

He organized the Presbyterian church at Church Hill in 1852, at which place he died, as above mentioned.

He is said by old people who knew him, to have been an elegant and fluent writer, and eloquent speaker and pulpit orator.

He was liberal and broad in his views, and, being a leader in church affairs in those days, drew about him a large following and a wide circle of friends and supporters. He was associated in his work with such well-known pioneer clergymen as the Rev. Dr. Baker, Rev. Hugh Wilson, Rev. Peter Fullinwider, Rev. P. M. Warrenner, and others of those who blazed the way for Presbyterianism in Texas.

At his death he left three sons and one daughter, the latter of whom, Isabella, died in 1862. One son, Joseph S. Becton, was a gallant soldier in the Confederate army during the war between the States and finally lost his life at the skirmish at Spanish Fort, near Mobile, Ala., April 9, 1865,

the day of the final surrender of the Confederate forces. He enlisted from Rusk County at seventeen years of age, and went to the front as a member of Thompson's Company, Lock's Regiment.

John A. Becton, the second son, lives at Sulphur Springs, Texas, and the third son is Dr. E. P. Becton, the subject of this sketch.

Dr. Becton was but little more than six years of age when his parents came to East Texas. He spent his boyhood in San Augustine, Nacogdoches, Cherokee and Rusk counties, attending the common schools of that day, and took a partial course of study at Austin College, at Huntsville, Texas. He then determined to adopt the practice of medicine as a profession, and accordingly, entered the office of Dr. A. R. Hamilton, at New Danville, Texas (where the family had located), and January, 1855, began a course of systematic reading and examinations preparatory to entering college. In the winter of 1855-6 he attended lectures at Nashville, Tenn., and at the close of the session went to Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he read in the office of James E. and Robert S. Wendel, physicians of prominence in that State, continuing his studies under those instructors until the opening of the next regular session of the University of Tennessee, when he entered the medical department of that institution of learning and took a full course of lectures. He graduated therefrom March 2, 1857, carrying off the honors of his class, one of the prizes in anatomy, for the highest standing in the department of anatomy. Dr. Becton commenced the practice of medicine at New Danville, Texas, the year of his graduation. Later he attended medical lectures at the University of Louisville, Kentucky, 1874; at the University of Maryland, at Baltimore, 1879-80; at Tulane University, Louisiana, 1886, and in 1891 at the Poly-clinic, in New York. He continued practice at New Danville, in Rusk County, from 1857 to April, 1862, at which time he entered the Confederate army as a private soldier in Capt. J. A. Pegue's Company, Waterhouse's Regiment. He was appointed Assistant-surgeon of Fitzhugh's Regiment. McCulloch's Brigade, Walker's Division, and was soon thereafter recommended for promotion by Chief Surgeon of Division Beall, examined by the Army Medical Board, passed to the rank of Surgeon, and assigned to duty with the Twenty-second Regiment of Texas Infantry, commanded by his warm personal friend, Col. R. B. Hubbard (since Governor of Texas and United States Minister to Japan), and attached to Walker's Division. Dr. Becton remained at his post of duty until the war was ended and then returned to Texas, and in February,

1866, located at Tarrant, in Hopkins County, and resumed the practice of his profession. In March, 1874, he moved from Tarrant to Sulphur Springs, in the same county, where he continued to reside until appointed to his present official position.

Always a close and enthusiastic student of the science and practice of medicine and surgery, he has taken only that interest in matters outside his profession that good citizenship required. Somewhat contrary to his tastes and wishes, he was, however, chosen to represent his district in the House of the Twelfth Texas Legislature. He acquitted himself in that body in a manner highly acceptable to his large and intelligent constituency and that won for him a place among the ablest and most patriotic of his colleagues.

Dr. Becton is known throughout the State as unalterably opposed to the liquor traffic and as a supporter of its suppression by constitutional and statutory prohibition. In the exciting State canvass on that issue in 1887 he took the stump in favor of the prohibitory amendment to the State constitution then pending before the people and delivered a number of ringing addresses that will be long remembered and that are destined to bear good fruit in the future when the public conscience arouses itself to the necessity for adequate action upon this vitally important question.

He is a staunch advocate of organization in medicine, is a member of the county and district societies where he resided, and of the State and national associations. As an evidence of the high regard in which he is held by his confreres in Texas, he was elected first vice-president of the Texas State Medical Association at its meeting at Belton, in 1884, and president at the subsequent meeting in the city of Houston, in April, 1885, and presided as such at the Dallas meeting the following year. That meeting marked a crisis in the life of the association. It was just before the Ninth International Medical Congress was to assemble in Washington City and the question came up on the adoption of a resolution, instructing the delegates to indorse and ratify the action of the American Medical Association at New Orleans, with reference to the exclusion of new-code men as delegates to the congress by appointment by the committee on organization.

Pending a discussion of this resolution, Dr. Becton resigned the chair to the first vice-president and, coming upon the floor, made a speech strongly endorsing the resolution and favoring instructing the delegates. The report was adopted.

His administration fell upon a stormy time in the history of medicine in this country. Sentiment

was somewhat divided in medical ranks in Texas and great care and discretion were necessary in dealing with this question, to avoid alienating certain members, and thus disrupting the cherished organization. Dr. Becton took a bold stand for ever preserving the purity and integrity of honorable, rational medicine, uncontaminated by affiliation with those who would break down all barriers and throw to the dogs the code of medical ethics, the "bulwark and palladium of the profession;" and yet the meeting was conducted to a peaceful termination and all elements were harmonized. In the course of his speech he said, among other things: "We are in the midst of the battle, and it is a grand sight to see the old regulars presenting a solid front, standing like a 'stone-wall' against those who would break our ranks. * * * Doubtless there are some good and true men who honor the American Medical Association and live up to the code, who question the expediency of the action taken by the association at its meeting in New Orleans last year; but, because of this, they are not willing to see it dismembered. With these we have no quarrel, but are willing to meet them in a fraternal spirit, with the view to an honorable and amicable adjustment of the pending difficulty. But there are those who, tired of salutary and needful restraint, seize upon this as a pretext for destroying the association and trampling under their feet the Code of Ethics, thereby removing the last barrier between themselves and medical quackery. * * * The Texas State Medical Association occupies a proud position before the medical world on this question. It has firmly planted itself upon the eternal principles of truth and justice and, strong in the consciousness of its own rectitude, fears not the consequences. It has flung its banner to the breeze, and upon its glittering folds is inscribed in letters of living light: 'The perpetuity of the American Medical Association; the honor, dignity, purity of American medicine; for these we live, for these we labor.' * * * These must and, with the blessing of God, shall be preserved. Then let us continue to stand together; let us give our hearts and hands to this great work, encircling the good and true of the profession in that chain of sympathy that binds us together as one common brotherhood. Trusting to the justness of our cause and the sanction of a just God, let us have the courage to do our whole duty.

"Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend
To mean device for sordid end.
Courage! An independent spark from heaven's bright
throne, [alone.]"
By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high,

As an orator, Dr. Becton stands deservedly high and his voice is in frequent request, both in and out of the medical meetings.

December 12, 1889, on the occasion of the burial of Jefferson Davis, when memorial services were held throughout the South, he was chosen by his fellow-citizens of Hopkins County to deliver the oration at the meeting held by them at Sulphur Springs, and this he did in a thrillingly eloquent and touching manner.

At the twenty-fourth annual session of the Texas Medical Association held at Tyler, April 26th, 27th, and 28th, 1892, he was called upon suddenly to deliver the closing address at the memorial services held in honor of deceased members. Although he had no adequate time for preparation, his oration was pronounced a masterpiece, his references to the tragic death of Dr. Reeves calling tears to every eye. Dr. Reeves had been superintendent of the State Insane Asylum at Austin and, without a moment's warning, had been shot down by an insane assassin. Dr. Becton's beloved wife had been recently removed from his side by the hand of death. In the early part of his remarks he took occasion to say: "To me this is a solemn hour; the afflictive hand of Providence has rested heavily upon me; I know what sorrow is; I know how to sympathize with those who are in trouble. One year ago four of our fellow-members were with us in the enjoyment of health, of happiness and of the privileges and pleasures that we this day enjoy. Now, they sweetly sleep beneath the shade of the trees on the other side of the river. Life's duty done, they have no more to do with the things of earth;" and then followed the address—one of the finest tributes ever paid before the association to departed worth.

As a writer Dr. Becton is polished and forcible. He has made several contributions to current medical literature.

He was united in marriage to Miss Mary Eliza Dickson, November 17th, 1857. She died in 1866 leaving three children: Mrs. L. J. Wortham, Mrs. J. J. Nunnally and Dr. Joseph Becton. In 1867 he married Mrs. Olivia L. Smith, widow of Dr. P. L. Smith. She died at Sulphur Springs in 1891, leaving three children: Mrs. Mary A. Chandler, since deceased, Mrs. Ellie Y. McDanell, of Sulphur Springs, and E. B. Becton, Jr. She left by her former marriage two children, viz.: Mrs. Kate W. Garrett, wife of Dr. Garrett, of Sulphur Springs, and Mrs. Fannie Laura Sterling, wife of Dr. Stirling, of Sulphur Springs.

Dr. Becton is a Presbyterian, a Mason and a member of the I. O. O. F.; also a K. of P. In

politics he is a staunch and unwavering Democrat.

In January, 1895, he was appointed, by Governor C. A. Culberson, superintendent of the State Institution for the Blind, at Austin, Texas, a deserved honor that met with the hearty approbation of the medical profession and people of Texas. The board of trustees of the institution, under date of November 1, 1895, in transmitting his official report to the Governor, said: "The report of the superintendent of the Institution for the Blind for the year ending November 1, 1895, is so full and accurate that we deem it unnecessary to supplement it with any suggestions or recommendations.

"The general health of the pupils has been excellent for the past year, better, perhaps, than in many years, and the general management of Dr. Becton entirely satisfactory in all departments. He entered upon the discharge of his duties, January 1, 1895, with a zeal and enthusiasm which he has steadily maintained; and the good order, fine discipline, and general progress and improvement of the institution have been such as to commend him and the institution to the continued favor of the people of Texas."

One of the first matters that claimed his attention upon taking charge of the Institution was to thoroughly systematize all the details of its management, dividing the work into departments, over which he placed competent heads, to whom he delegated sufficient power for the discharge of their duties. He sought from the beginning to impress them with a proper sense of responsibility. He has met with their hearty co-operation. As a result, everything connected with the institution moves with the well-ordered regularity of clock-work. There is no friction or waste of energy and the highest state of efficiency has been attained in every department. The children regard him with the affection that they would a kind and beloved father.

The people of Texas have much to be proud of, but of nothing more than of the enlightened statesmanship, wise foresight and tender human sympathy displayed by the founders of the commonwealth in making provision for the establishment and maintenance of such public benefactions as the State Institution for the Blind.

The absence of no other one of the senses is so keenly felt as that of sight; the deprivation of no other one, under ordinary circumstances, renders a person so helplessly and hopelessly dependent. Yet, thanks to the existence of this institution, the blind children of Texas are being taught useful trades, by means of which, when they leave its

walls, they can take their places in the great army of bread-winners. Besides, they are receiving that culture that will enable them to participate with their fellows in some of the pleasures incident to higher mental and spiritual life. The delights of music are open to them and they are also furnished with the key to the golden treasure-house of literature. Thus, while it is denied to them to view the beauties of the visible universe, to note the changes wrought by nature with the progress of the seasons—to gaze upon the witchery of hill and wood and stream—yet, in being taught the science and art of the harmony of sound, they are taught that universal language of the soul that alone can give expression to its highest longings and aspirations. They are being introduced to the thoughts of the great and good of all ages, instructed in the principles of morality and religion, and taught the mysteries of the manual trades thought to be best suited to their natural capacities. They will be sent out into the world patient, earnest, hopeful, useful men and women. It is a noble work that is being done. How deplorable would be their condition but for the existence and proper management of this institution!

No Governor of Texas, be it said to their credit, has ever been influenced by partisan motives, or by the desire for personal aggrandizement, in making appointments to the superintendency of the Institution for the Blind. Their purpose has been to select men of high standing in the medical fraternity, superior executive ability and that firmness of character, warmth of sympathy for others and purity of life that will insure the efficient discharge of the duties of the sacred trust confided to them.

Dr. Becton is no stranger to the people of Texas. They expected much of him as the official head of this institution and he has not disappointed them. On the contrary he has come up fully to the measure of their expectations.

The writer has visited many similar institutions and feels no hesitation in saying that the Texas Institution for the Blind, under the supervision of Dr. Becton, is one of the best of the kind in the country. He has, like every other worthy member of the medical profession who has been long engaged in practice, been the instrument under God for the accomplishment of much good; but, at no time in the past have his efforts been employed in a worthier cause or to better advantage than since his appointment to his present position. He has brought to the work the most earnest predilections of his nature and the best energies of his heart and

brain. What he has already succeeded in doing is a sufficient earnest of what he will yet accomplish in the interest of the unfortunates committed to his charge.

Although he is giving his whole heart and all his energies to the management of the institution he gives a large measure of the credit of its success to his teachers.

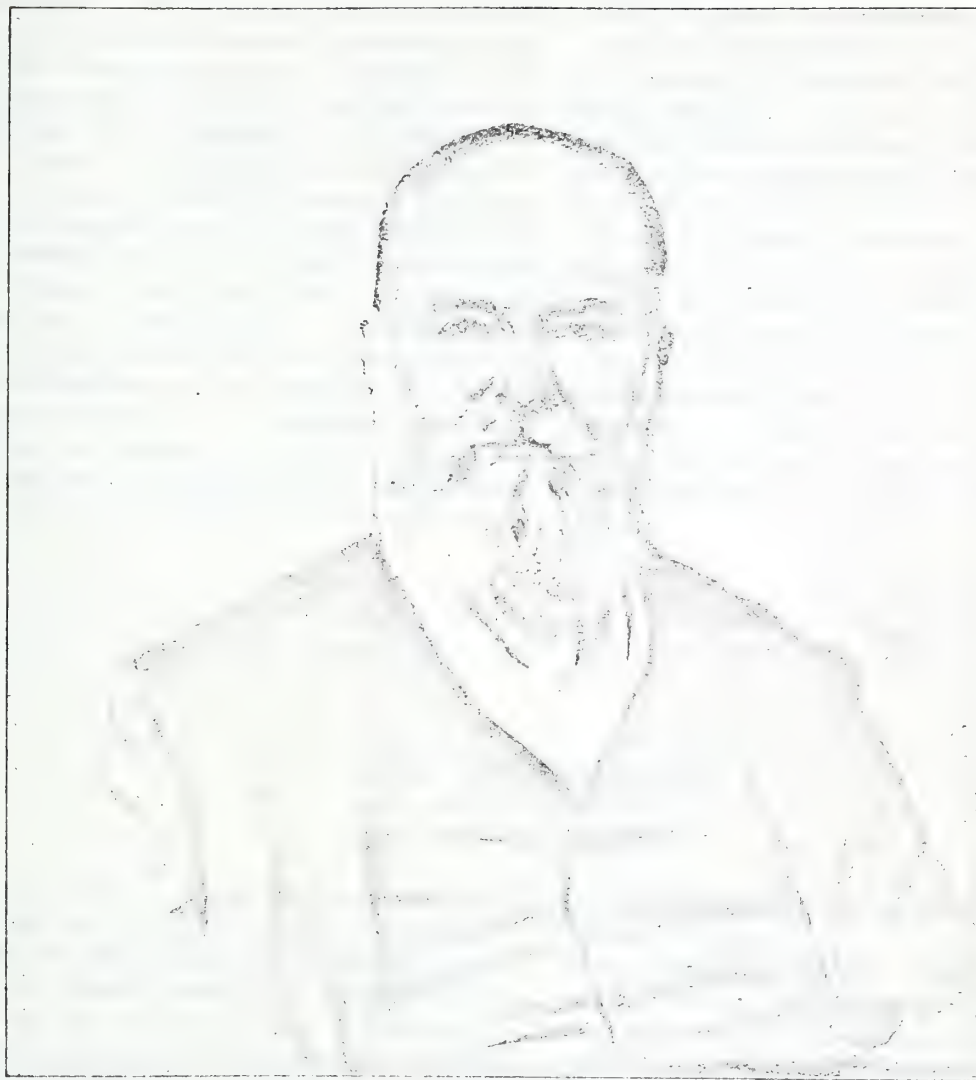
CARL HILMAR GUENTHER,

SAN ANTONIO.

As the pioneer history of Texas is being written and put into print the fact is being developed that the German Empire has contributed more of its bone, sinew, and brain to the settlement and development of the Lone Star State, than all of the other nations of the world combined. The Germans were among the very first pioneers who made their way into the region of country known as Western and Southern Texas and as a rule they were plain, honest people without means, who were accustomed to hardship and a rigid economy in all of the affairs of life and were especially adapted to pioneering in a frontier country. The now venerable Carl Hilmar Guenther, of San Antonio, is a fair type of the Texas pioneer, and a brief account of his career will, therefore, be of interest to the readers of this work.

Mr. Guenther was born in the town of Weissenfels, Prussia, March 19th, 1826. His father, Gottfried Guenther, was a successful business man of that town, who, in early life, was a merchant and later owned lands and pursued the avocation of a farmer. He was a man of property and influence. Hilmar Guenther spent his boyhood and youth on his father's farm, received a liberal schooling and learned the business of scientific milling in all of its branches, which in those days not only involved the operation of a mill, but also the arts of planing and millwright. After learning his trade he held a responsible position as manager of the largest mill in the city of Zeitz, not far from his home. Upon the breaking out of the great German revolution of 1848, not wishing to be involved therein, he embarked from Bremen for New York City on a sailing vessel and reached his destination after a tedious voyage of about nine weeks. He remained in New York about one month, where he took up and pursued the work of a carpenter. He then went to the now old town of Racine, Wis., a port town on Lake Michigan. Wisconsin was then a new and unsettled State, Racine a small trading port, and

the present great cities of Chicago and Milwaukee were but small frontier towns. At Racine Mr. Guenther was employed as a miller a portion of the time. There was not wheat enough raised in that section to keep this, a merchant mill, in operation more than three or four months in the year. He therefore worked as a carpenter and builder when not employed in his position of miller. He remained at Racine something over a year and then pushed on west to the Mississippi river and took a steamboat for New Orleans. Water in the river was low, however, and the boat stranded at Lake Providence, La. Here Mr. Guenther disembarked and took a contract for building a residence for one Mr. Green, of Green P. O., not far from Lake Providence. He completed his contract in due time, drew his money therefor and returned to New York, took out his papers of citizenship, and made a trip to the fatherland to visit his parents. He remained at his home about three months and then, with the full consent and approval of his parents, returned to the United States to make his fortune and his future home. He landed this time at New Orleans where he purchased himself a full kit of carpenter's and millwright's tools and embarked for Texas, reaching the little gulf port of Indianola in January, 1852. While he had personally not much means, he had received assurances from his father that if he found a favorable opening for business in his line, the money would be furnished him to engage therein, and from Indianola he started on a prospecting tour. He drove with an ox-team from Indianola to San Antonio. Here for a time he worked as a carpenter and, not long thereafter purchased a horse and saddle and prospected for a business location at Fredericksburg, then a considerable settlement of German colonists. His coming to Fredericksburg was welcomed by the people of the colony and his proposition to build a mill met with much encouragement and promises of support, as, up to



JOHN STONEHAM.

that time, the grinding of corn and wheat had all been done in small hand-mills at the homes of the settlers. Mr. Guenther located a water-power on Live Oak Creek about three miles from Fredericksburg. He received means from home and erected the first saw mill and grist mill ever built in that section of country.

In October, 1859, Mr. Guenther removed to San Antonio and developed two water-powers on the San Antonio river in the city. His first mill, now known as the Lower Mill, was a modest two-run mill which was propelled by an under shot water wheel. In 1866-7 he built a second mill on the San Antonio on Arsenal street and nearer to the business center of the city. This is known as the Guenther Upper Mill. As the country settled up the city grew and Mr. Guenther's business increased. The Upper Mill has been converted into a hominy mill and grist mill and the Lower Mill equipped as a full-fledged roller flouring mill. The capacity of both mills is now four hundred barrels. Mr. Guenther has ever been an enterprising business man, always up to and fully abreast of the times and alive to the growing demands of a progressive city. As he succeeded in business he invested his surplus in local business enterprises and San Antonio property. In 1870 he embarked in the manufacture of

ice on a small scale, and later organized the Southern Ice & Cold Storage Company, of which he is president, and the enterprise has developed into large proportions.

Mr. Guenther married at Fredericksburg, in 1855, Miss Dorethea Pape, a daughter of Mr. Fritz Pape, one of the first settlers of the Fredericksburg colony. She has proved a loving and faithful wife and mother, and a genuine helpmeet, sharing cheerfully in all of her husband's reverses and enjoying with him his final prosperity.

Mr. and Mrs. Guenther have seven children. Mr. Guenther has afforded his family excellent school advantages. All are married and occupy honorable positions in society and business circles. Mr. and Mrs. Guenther live at their old home on Guenther street in the quietude of declining years, enjoying the fruits of honorable, successful and well-spent lives, and in the enjoyment of the society of their children, grandchildren, and a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

Mr. Guenther never cared to enter public life or took especial interest in politics, but has been essentially a business man, only taking such interest in matters affecting the welfare of his city, country and State, as good citizenship required.

THE STONEHAMS.

OF GRIMES COUNTY.

Bryant Stoneham, now in his eighty-eighth year, is the sole surviving representative of the first generation of Stonehams that located on Grimes Prairie, in Grimes County, Texas. His grandfather, perhaps the first Stoneham that ever put foot on American soil, came over from England in colonial days, and settled in what is now Amherst County, Va. He had four sons, George, Henry, Bryant, and James, and two daughters. The oldest son, George, enlisted as a private in the war of 1812 and was never heard of afterwards. His son, Henry, at the age of fourteen, ran away from home to serve in the Revolutionary War; he served five years in this war and was wounded at the battle of Guilford's Court House. Henry afterwards married, in Amherst County, Jane Dillard, a native of Fredericksburg, Va., Bryant and James died in

Hancock County, Ga., at the ages respectively of 108 and 110 years.

Henry Stoneham and his wife Jane (Dillard) Stoneham moved from Virginia to Georgia in the year 1801. There were born to them eight sons, viz.: George, Henry, John, William, James, Bryant, Erastus, and Joseph, and seven daughters, Mary, Susan, Jane, Eliza, Martha, Sophia, and Hester. Henry Stoneham, the father of these children, died in Hancock County, Ga., in 1815. His sons, taking their widowed mother, drifted westward from Georgia, locating for a time in Alabama, but all ultimately locating in Grimes County, Texas, except Joseph, the second oldest, who died in Alabama, leaving a number of small children. The minor children of Joseph were brought to Texas by their uncle and guardian, George Stoneham.

Jane (Dillard) Stoneham, died on Grimes Prairie, June 3d, 1858, beloved and respected by all who knew her, at the extreme age of 105 years.

The Stonehams of this generation (the children of Henry and Jane Stoneham) and indeed for generations back, were an exceptionally hardy people; all owners of slaves, nevertheless hard workers themselves, the women manufacturing, by the crude means then known to Southern people, nearly all the cloth used for the household and the slaves. The men inured to much hardship, also actively participated in outdoor sports and grew to be splendid examples of physical manhood. Their powers of endurance, capacity for labor, industry, perseverance, integrity and manly deportment secured them wealth and the respect and admiration of their fellow-men, as well as accounted for their unfailing cheerfulness and abiding hopefulness of disposition, and their long and useful lives. The sterling integrity, industry, thrift, enterprise and hardiness of this generation of Stonehams may not improperly be said to have been largely inherited from their mother, for in her industry and enterprise were realized King Lemuel's description of the ways of a virtuous woman: "She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruits of her hands she planteth a vineyard."

Several of Henry and Jane (Dillard) Stoneham's children lived to a remarkable old age. Their son Henry, long to be remembered for his Christian character, his charity, his love for children and his exalted integrity, died in Grimes County at the advanced age of ninety-five years. Their daughter, Susan, never married, remarkable for her industry, respected and loved for her noble character, died in Grimes County at the age of ninety-seven years. Another daughter, Mrs. Thos. J. Shackelford, died in Jackson County, Ga., in 1895, at ninety-one years of age.

None of the sons of this generation of Stonehams are now living except Bryant, and none have left issue, to any extent, except Joseph. He married Rebecca Crowder near Milledgeville, Ga., afterward moved to Alabama, and both he and his wife died in Conecuh County in that State in 1835, leaving six sons and two daughters. The two daughters (Caroline and Martha) married in Alabama. The two youngest sons (William and Sebron) died in Alabama in boyhood. The remaining four boys, George, John, Henry, and Joe, are the minor children referred to as having been brought to Texas by their uncle and guardian, George Stoneham.

John Stoneham, a son of Joseph Stoneham, and of the second generation of Stonehams that came to Texas, was born in Conecuh County, Ala.,

December 20, 1829. When a small boy he attended school at Evergreen, Ala. His uncles being slave owners, and desirous of obtaining richer and cheaper lands than could be readily procured in Alabama, left that State in 1845 and in preceding years, taking him with them and his orphan brothers in 1845. Most of them made their way overland with wagons and teams and camp equipage enough to make the party comfortable. Those that came with the orphans arrived on Grimes Prairie in 1845. They found on Grimes Prairie and vicinity, upon their arrival there, the following well-known people: Judge Jesse Grimes, for whom Grimes County was named; Mrs. Margaret McIntyre and her two sons; Franklin J. Greenwood and family; Maj. Pierson and family; Gwyn Morrison and family; Andrew and Edley Montgomery and their families. What an inviting prospect this section of country must have presented to the energetic and enterprising Stonehams! Rich lands of marvelous productive capacity, well timbered and watered; sleek cattle on every hillside and an abundance of game were all found there. Indeed this was a land flowing with milk and honey and after over half of a century of constant tillage these lands yield bountifully to the hand of industry.

John Stoneham and his orphan brothers, under the influences of pioneer life, grew to manhood on Grimes Prairie. Here they were sent by their guardian to such schools as from time to time the people of that sparsely settled country were enabled, in that primeval day to secure. Upon John attaining to his majority, his guardian, who had judiciously managed his father's estate, placed him in possession of his portion. He at once invested in lands and began to follow farming, the vocation of his father. He was married to Evaline Greenwood, daughter of the venerable Franklin J. Greenwood, on the 20th of October, 1853. John Stoneham and his brothers George, Henry, and Joe, served in different capacities on the Southern side in the late war. Joe was killed at the battle of Mansfield in Louisiana. He left a widow and four sons, all of whom are dead. George never married; he died the 12th of July, 1874. Henry died in Milam County, Texas, leaving a family of girls and boys, most of whom are married and live in different counties of the State. Since the war John Stoneham actively engaged in farming, and, to some extent, stock-raising, and, for about ten years prior to his death, merchandised. He lived till his death in the vicinity of Grimes Prairie and during his long and useful life a large family of children grew up about him. By frugal and judicious management he acquired large bodies of valuable

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research. It also provides a brief overview of the methodology used in the study. The second part of the paper presents the results of the study and discusses the implications of the findings. The third part of the paper concludes the study and provides some suggestions for future research.

The study was conducted in a laboratory setting and involved a group of participants who were asked to perform a series of tasks. The tasks were designed to measure the participants' ability to perform a specific task under different conditions. The results of the study showed that the participants were able to perform the task under all conditions, but there were some differences in the time taken to complete the task.

The implications of the findings are that the participants were able to perform the task under all conditions, but there were some differences in the time taken to complete the task. This suggests that the participants were able to adapt to the different conditions, but there were some limitations to their performance.

The study was limited by the fact that it was conducted in a laboratory setting and involved a group of participants. This means that the results of the study may not be generalizable to other settings or groups of people.

Future research should be conducted to investigate the effects of different conditions on the performance of the task. This could be done by conducting the study in a more naturalistic setting and with a larger group of participants.

land. As a citizen he was liberal and public-spirited. Upon the building of the Gulf, Colorado, and Santa Fe Railway through Grimes County (in which he actively interested himself in a financial way, giving the project his hearty support) a station was built on lands he owned and named for him.

The life of John Stoneham was characterized by a rigid simplicity. The sincerity and honesty of his deeds and words were transparent, and felt and appreciated by all worthy people that knew him. He was a devoted member of the Methodist church and gave liberally to churches and schools. The beautiful little church at Stoneham and the school at that place stand as monuments to his zeal for

the cause of Him whose whole life was one of complete, loving self-sacrifice for the benefit of others. His unselfishness, integrity, good will for his fellow-man, his charities, and especially his loving self-sacrifice for his family, will ever cause his memory to be honored and revered and, above all, will it be sacredly enshrined in the hearts of his widow and children. He died at Stoneham, Texas, on August 3d, 1894, in his sixty-sixth year, and friends from far and near came to pay their last tribute of respect and love when he was laid to rest in the old burial grounds on Grimes Prairie. He left a widow and eight sons, who have inherited his estate. His sons are among the most thriving and respected citizens of Grimes County.

J. B. POLLEY,

FLORESVILLE.

J. B. Polley, of Floresville, Wilson County, Texas, was born in Brazoria County, Texas, in 1840. His father, J. H. Polley, and his mother, Mary (Bailey) Polley, were natives respectively of New York and North Carolina. J. H. Polley left New York in 1818, made his way to St. Louis and there joined Moses Austin and made a trip to Texas in 1819. Then, returning to St. Louis, he joined Stephen F. Austin as one of the original three hundred who came to Texas in 1821. Subsequently, he married Miss Mary Bailey, whose father, J. Britton Bailey, had settled on the Brazos river, opposite Columbia, in the year 1821. The couple lived at the edge of Bailey's Prairie until 1847 and then moved to the Cibolo, about thirty miles east of San Antonio — the husband dying in 1869 at the age of seventy-three, the wife dying in 1888 at the age of seventy-eight. Eleven children were born to them, of whom J. B. Polley was the sixth.

The subject of this sketch, J. B. Polley, graduated at the Florence Wesleyan University at Florence, Ala., in 1861, returning home just in time to

avoid the blockade of the Texas coast. Enlisting in Company F., of the Fourth Texas, he served four years in Hood's Brigade, participating in most of the important battles in which that command was engaged. Wounded in the head during the first real battle, that of Gaines' Mill, he lost his right foot in the last real battle in which his regiment participated, on the Darbytown road near Richmond, October 7, 1864.

Marrying Miss Mattie LeGette in 1866, Mr. Polley read law and was admitted to the bar in 1868, but did not begin its practice until 1876, when he moved to Floresville, the county seat of Wilson County. He was County Attorney in 1877 and 1878, served as a member of the Sixteenth Legislature in 1879, and since has been engaged in the practice of his profession.

His children are: Josephine Goldstein, the wife of E. M. Goldstein, of San Antonio, Texas; Hortense Rudisill, the wife of L. O. Rudisill, of Fort Worth, Texas; Miss Mattie Polley, Joseph H. and Jesse Polley, the latter born in 1881.

THOMAS J. DEVINE,

SAN ANTONIO.

The lamented Judge Devine was born of Irish parentage, in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 28th of February, 1820. His early opportunities for an education were liberal and in addition to his English studies he acquired considerable proficiency in the Latin and French languages, but he was in early life thrown upon his own resources, and when but fifteen years of age emigrated to Florida and was there employed as clerk and salesman in a mercantile house at Tallahassee, but his aspiring genius found little congeniality in the mental restraints and fettering routine of a life of trade. The cravings of his mind and the soaring flights of his youthful ambition impelled him to exertions to reach a more compatible sphere, and, in 1838, he began the study of law in the office of Trexton Davis, a prominent lawyer of Woodville, Miss. In 1840 he went to Lexington, Ky., where he continued his studies and attended lectures in the law department of Transylvania University, from which he graduated in 1843 and in the same year obtained his license to practice from the Supreme Court of Kentucky.

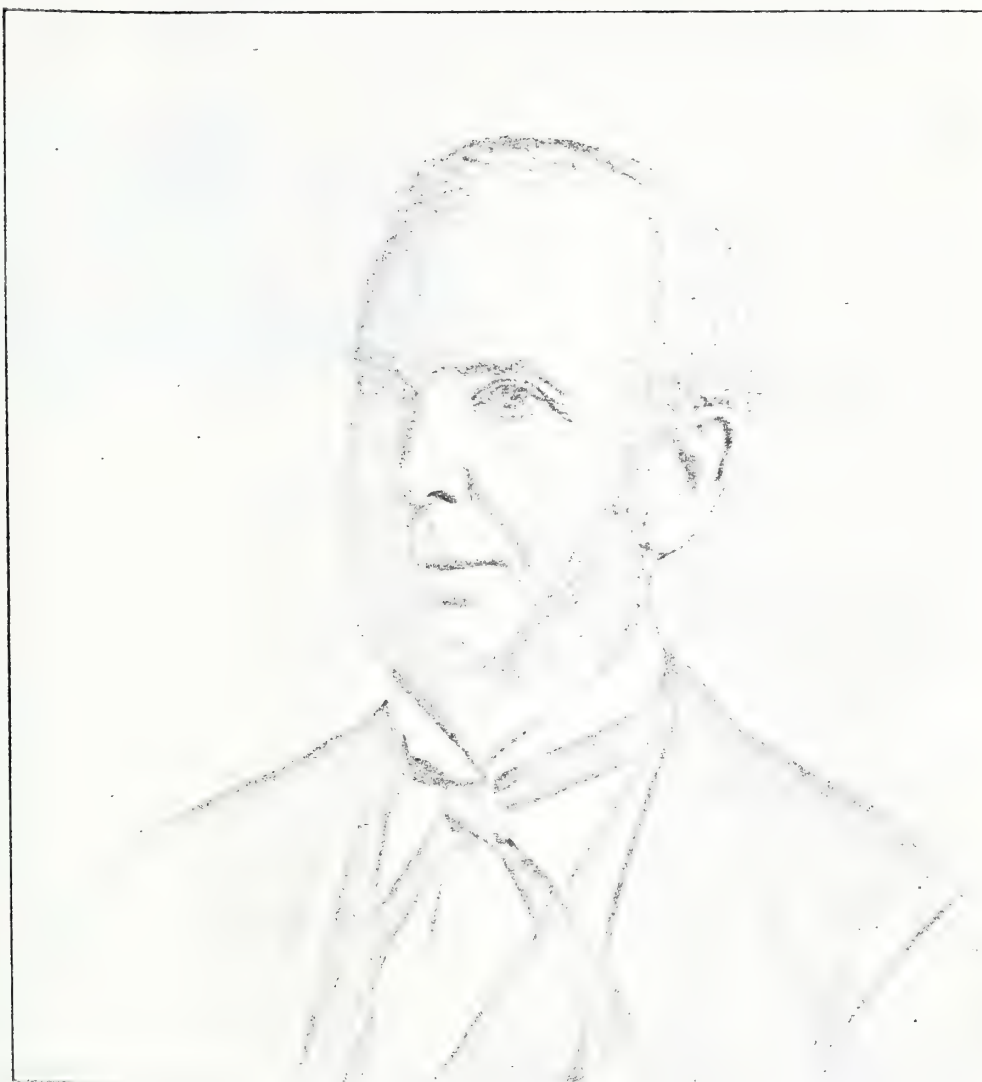
During that year he emigrated to Texas and located at La Grange, in Fayette County, and he soon thereafter removed to San Antonio, where he established himself in the practice of his profession and lived until his death in 1890.

Judge Devine acquired a high reputation as an able and thorough lawyer. In 1844 he was elected City Attorney of San Antonio and held the office by successive re-elections until 1851, when he was elected District Judge of Bexar County. He was re-elected to the bench in 1856 and held the position until the outbreak of the war between the States. He was a leading member of the Texas secession convention in 1861, and was a member of the committee of public safety, appointed to confer with Gen. Twiggs, the commander of the United States troops in Texas, and demand the surrender of all the government arms, ammunition and military stores and the immediate removal of the Federal troops from the State. This, in conjunction with two other gentlemen of the committee, he accomplished with the skill of a thorough diplomatist and received the commendation and thanks of the convention. Being an ardent devotee and supporter of the Southern cause and a lawyer of eminent ability, he

was soon afterwards appointed Confederate States Judge for the Western District of Texas. The functions of this office, though necessarily limited in extent and application during the time of war, he performed with the utmost fidelity, and with a view to the importance of putting the machinery of the new court in proper motion. In 1863 his admirable qualities of statesmanship and knowledge of international law were again called into requisition. At the request of Gen. E. Kirby Smith, he proceeded to the city of Mexico and succeeded in arranging amicably the threatened troubles between the Mexican and the Confederate States governments. In 1864 there was great dissatisfaction in Texas in consequence of the conscript law and the embargo laid by the Confederate government upon trade between Texas and Mexico, and serious troubles were threatening to arise between the government of the State and the Confederacy, but the patriotism, ability and the pacific qualities of Judge Devine arrested all evil, and, having promptly repaired to Gen. Smith's headquarters in Arkansas, he arranged the whole matter satisfactorily to all parties involved.

Thus, as a judge and peacemaker, this good man united in his person and in his official character the noblest qualities of a citizen and patriot and rendered his country the most valuable and the happiest of all services, the promotion of unity and concord and the direction of its energies against the common enemy. At the termination of the war he saw no hope for his country through the clouds that settled over it and he took up his abode in Mexico, but Texas was his home. To her he owed all that he was, or had been, and his heart was chained to her destiny. He returned to San Antonio within a few months, but his known ability, prominence and influence as a Southerner, drew about him the shafts of revenge and he was arrested by the Federal authorities and incarcerated at Fort Jackson at the mouth of the Mississippi and there confined during a period of about four months, after which he returned to San Antonio, quietly resumed the practice of his profession, placidly awaited the abatement of the storm and watched with anxious gaze the restoration of the social and political wreck which the war left in its pathway.

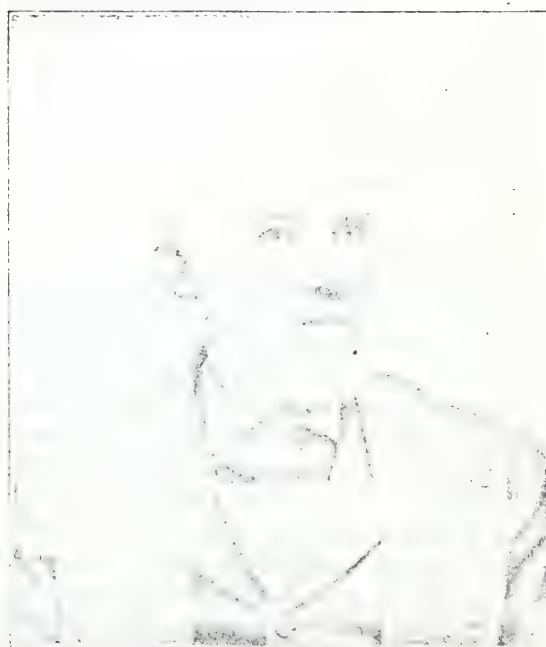
In 1873 Judge Devine was appointed by Governor Coke an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of



JUDGE T. J. DEVINE.



COL. W. B. AIKIN.



ORANGE C. CONNER.

Texas. After a short but eminent career upon the bench, he found that the duties of the bar which he had so long cultivated and cherished were congenial to his tastes as well as far more remunerative, and in 1875 he resigned and returned to his law practice at San Antonio, which, from that time until his death, he pursued with vigor and uninterrupted devotion. Judge Devine did not incline to politics or public life. Under protest from him, his friends in 1878 made him a prominent candidate for Governor of Texas and, aside from this, he never permitted his name to be used in connection with any political office. Judge Devine was regarded as one of the ablest lawyers of the Texas bar. He was a man of great intellectual vigor and superior mental endowments and, while he possessed much of the humorous vivacity and spontaneous repartee characteristic of his parentage and the race from which he sprung, candor and sincerity were the ruling traits of his character. He was patient and thorough in his investigations and an excellent legal coun-

sellor. His uniform courtesy and mild disposition and his aptness on proper occasions to adorn with good-natured jest the dull and monotonous features of legal argument, rendered him an engaging advocate and gave him great power before a jury. His oratory often rose to the highest standard of eloquence. As a judge his decisions were characterized by an independence of judgment and a freedom from the restraints of doubtful precedent that commended them to practitioners as the emanations of profound learning, thorough research and conscientious conviction.

He held the scales of justice in even balance and no feature of wrong, however speciously attired, could disturb their equipoise. His judgments were fixed upon the firm basis of law and right. In private life Judge Devine possessed the noblest qualities. He was kind, charitable and public-spirited, and always ready to respond to every meritorious demand as a friend, a neighbor and a citizen.

W. B. AIKIN,

PARIS.

Col. W. B. Aikin was born in Burke County, North Carolina, January 23, 1805. His father, John Aikin, a native of Ireland, came to America at the age of twenty-three years, was a farmer by occupation, and died in Mississippi in 1838. Col. Aikin's mother, Mrs. Anne Aikin, was a daughter of Samuel Aken, of Pennsylvania. She died February 5th, 1867. Her father lived to the mature age of one hundred and six years.

The subject of this memoir left his native State in 1823 and went to Jefferson County, Ala., where he resided until 1831. He moved to Noxubee County, Miss., in that year, and in 1847 to Cass County, Texas, where he resided until 1860, and then moved to Red River County. In 1872 he made his home in Paris, Lamar County, Texas, and, until the time of his death, was prominently identified with the commercial and social interests of that thriving little city. He was always largely engaged in agricultural pursuits and left a landed estate of about fifteen thousand acres of land situated in Lamar and Red River counties. Prior to his death he was vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Paris, a director of the First National Bank

of Jefferson, Texas, and president of the Lamar Ware House Company, of Paris. He was a consistent member of the M. E. Church, South, over fifty years, and took a great interest in church work.

In March, 1827, he married Miss Araminta Flanagan, of North Carolina. Four children were born of this union. Only two of these lived to maturity, Mrs. O. C. Connor, now living in Paris, Texas, and Mrs. W. B. Ward, who died in 1882, at Jefferson, Texas.

In 1881 Col. Aikin founded what is now known as Aikin Institute, an educational institution that has since been given to the city. In 1892 he built and gave to the city of Paris the Aikin Charity Hospital at a cost of \$12,000. He was a liberal contributor to churches and charitable purposes, and in every way, to the full extent of his means and personal influence, sought to promote the best interests of the community and country. He died at Paris, Texas, June 2, 1893, and was buried in Evergreen cemetery. One of the finest granite monuments ever erected in Texas now marks his grave; a tribute to his memory prompted by the love of Mrs. O. C. Connor.

J. J. GROOS, NEW BRAUNSFELS.

The late Capt. Johann Jacob Groos, a man of fine intelligence and great strength of character, was well known throughout the State of Texas as one of her most respected and influential pioneers. He was a native of Germany, born at Offenbach, March 6, 1824; received good schooling and learned civil engineering. He came to America with a young wife and landed at Indianola as a member of the German Emigration Company's party, who were the pioneers of their day, and who did so much to open and develop the portion of the State of Texas in which they settled. He brought little with him to this country besides a stout heart, a strong constitution, a large stock of enterprise and grit, and a willing and ready helpmeet. He early took up surveying and had much to do with the location and surveying of lands in Comal, Bexar, Kendall and adjoining counties. He lived many years at New Braunfels where he held the office of county surveyor of Comal County. In the meantime he also engaged in farming. During the late war he served as Captain of Confederate militia, and in that capacity aided in checking Indian depredations on the frontier. From 1869 to 1872 he kept the Guadalupe Hotel at New Braunfels and was a popular host. He was then

elected Commissioner of the General Land Office of the State of Texas, in which position he served the people until his death, which occurred at Austin in 1878 in his fifty-fourth year. His wife died two years earlier, in 1876, at fifty-two years of age. Mr. and Mrs. Groos left seven children, all born in Texas. Otto, forty-eight years of age, the oldest living, is a banker, farmer and successful business man at Kyle, Texas. Herman is a farmer near Kyle. Emma is the wife of Mr. George Schnabel, and resides with her husband at Burnet. August, forty-two years of age, holds a position in the office of the State Comptroller of Public Accounts. William, forty years of age, is a farmer and stock-raiser at Munroe, Oregon. Martin E., thirty-five years of age, is chief clerk in the General Land Office of the State of Texas. Annie is the wife of Mr. Joseph Mayer, a well-known broker at San Antonio.

During his entire career, Mr. Groos was noted for his excellent abilities, strict integrity, loyalty to his friends, and constancy, and was in every way a most exemplary citizen. He transmitted these excellent characteristics to his sons, all of whom have assumed places of honor and trust and have sustained the family name.

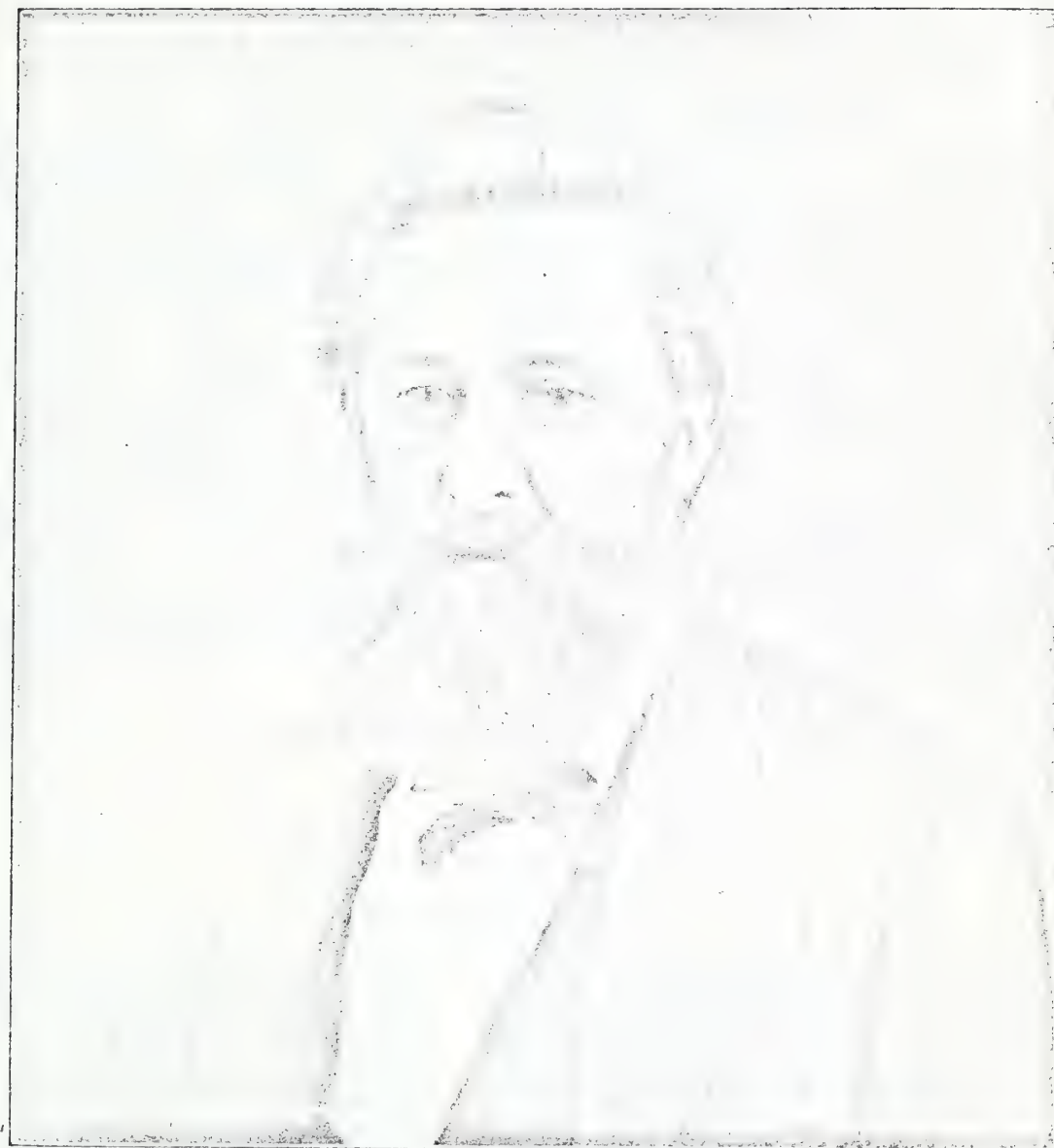
ORANGE C. CONNOR,

PARIS.

Capt. O. C. Connor was born at Somerville, Tennessee, September 6th, 1829, attended the common schools of the country until nineteen years of age, and completed his education by a course at the Somerville Baptist College. His parents were Orange and Judith Connor, the former of whom died in Morris County, Texas, in 1859, and the latter at the old family home in that county in 1879. After the suppression of the Irish rebellion of 1792 by fire and sword the crown of England issued a proclamation to the effect that all persons who had held commissions in the Irish patriot army should be hanged without trial. The grandfathers of both

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Connor had held such commissions, but succeeded in avoiding the vigilance of the military commanders of the British army of occupation and effected their escape to America, and here their descendants have since resided and many of them risen to positions of prominence in the various walks of life.

In 1849, Mr. Orange Connor moved to Texas with his family. He traveled overland by ox and mule teams, bringing about twenty-five slaves with him, and settled in Morris County, where he opened a farm and in time became one of the wealthiest farmers in the county. On the arrival of the family,



J. J. GROSS.

in Texas, the subject of this memoir secured a clerkship in a store at Daingerfield and remained in that place for nearly three years. In 1852 he married Miss Mary A. Aikin, daughter of Col. W. B. Aikin, then a resident of Cass County, Texas. After marrying he moved to and engaged in farming in Cass County, in which pursuit he continued until the beginning of the war between the States in 1861. He then enlisted in Company G., 19th Texas Infantry, and was elected First Lieutenant of the company. He served with fidelity and courage throughout the struggle, a struggle that has no counterpart in the annals of human history. Among other engagements he participated in those at Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Jenkins' Ferry, Perkins' Landing, Millican's Bend and the smaller fights in Louisiana incidental to the defeat of Banks' army and its being driven back to the lower part of that State. In 1864, he was assigned to the Quartermaster's department, in which he remained until the final surrender of the Confederate forces.

When he returned home after the war he owned but little property, nevertheless he possessed enough to establish himself, in a small way as a merchant and farmer in Red River County, where he remained until 1870. In January of that year he moved to Paris, Texas, and followed merchandising there until 1877, when his stock, upon which he carried no insurance, was burned in the fire of

that year that almost destroyed the town. After sustaining this serious loss he devoted his attention for a time exclusively to the management of his various farms, but later acquired a considerable interest in the Farmers & Merchants Bank of Paris, and was elected president of that institution for two terms; but, owing to failing health, retired from that position, and is now vice-president of the bank. Capt. Connor is one of the largest landholders in his section of the State. He is a member of the M. E. Church, South, of thirty-three years standing. He has six children: W. A., now a farmer in Red River County; E. S., a prominent lawyer at Paris; O. C., Jr., a cotton merchant and farmer at Paris; Pearl, wife of John T. Dickson, a leading merchant of Paris; Daisy, wife of P. J. Pierce, a cotton merchant of Paris; and Erminia, wife of E. F. Bray, a representative of the Brown Shoe Company, of St. Louis, resident at Paris.

Since the war Capt. Connor has been uninterruptedly engaged in farming and has had as much as three thousand acres under cultivation at one time.

He is in every respect a representative man and citizen, has been an active promoter of every enterprise inaugurated for the benefit of his section, and enjoys the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens, among whom he has spent the best years of an active and useful life.

CELESTIN JAGOU,

BROWNSVILLE.

The subject of this brief memoir is one of the well-known and successful pioneers of the lower Rio Grande Valley and probably has done as much if not more, than any living pioneer to develop its resources. He is a native of France, born at Lassube, in the department of Basses Pyrénées. His father, John Jagou, was a respected citizen and property owner of that department. Young Jagou received a partial education in the school of the Christian Brotherhood in his native town and at about the age of twelve years, his services being needed at home, left school.

Two years later he entered a liquor distilling establishment and learned the business. He was restless and ambitious to accomplish something in the world and, upon hearing the glowing reports

current of the opportunities offered young men in the United States, embarked from his native land in 1859, for New Orleans. There he remained until 1862, and then made his way to Bagdad, Mexico, and very soon thereafter went to Matamoros, Mexico. Matamoros was at that time the best business point on the gulf coast, the depot for all the cotton shipments of the Southern States, and a city of about 100,000 people, which prosperous state of affairs continued during the Civil War only. At Matamoros, young Jagou was engaged in the cotton-pressing business. When the war was ended, all lines of business at Matamoros declined and the people disappeared like the melting of the snow.

In 1863, Mr. Jagou opened a store in Browns-

ville, Texas, where he sold fancy groceries and liquors and did a profitable business. In 1865, Brownsville was raided by Federal colored troops, who entered his premises and carried off his merchandise by wagon-loads. His loss was later partially made good by the United States Government. He also sustained heavy losses by the historic tornado of 1867, which demolished nearly one-half of the city of Brownsville, including Fort Brown. With his accustomed energy and undaunted determination, he continued in trade and, despite all misadventures, finally succeeded in laying the foundation for a competency. In 1868, Mr. Jagou married Miss Adolphine Mailhe, a lady of New Orleans of French descent.

Four children were born to them, viz.: Christine and Adolphe, who reside at home with their parents; Michael, who lives near San Jose, California,

and Albert, who had charge of Mr. Jagou's branch store at Laredo, Texas. Mrs. Jagou died in 1880 and in 1881 Mr. Jagou married Miss Agathe Bourdet, of France.

Mr. Jagou is an enterprising, pushing business man of tireless industry. Besides his large wholesale and retail store in Brownsville, he has, as previously stated, a branch store in Laredo. In 1879, he purchased the Esperanza ranch, on which he has the finest improvements and has demonstrated more than any other man what Texas soil and water, in the section in which he resides, will produce in the line of tropical and sub-tropical fruits. He had over 50,000 banana plants under the highest state of cultivation. He believes that with irrigation nearly all the tropical fruits can be profitably grown in the lower Rio Grande valley. Mr. Jagou's success in life is due entirely to his personal efforts.

ALBERT MOYE,

SAN ANTONIO.

Came to the Republic of Texas in 1845. He was born in Germany in the city of Kassel, September 19th, 1820. He was reared to farming, which as an occupation he pursued up to the time of his embarkation for Texas as a member of the historic colony of Germans who came to the New World under the leadership of Prince Solms. Upon landing at Galveston, he, with others of the colony, proceeded to Indianola, where they were, for want of transportation facilities, detained for about six months. He finally made his way to San Antonio during that year (1845), where he opened the first saddler's shop established there. San Antonio was then a town of about six hundred people. Not a tradesman, he was, nevertheless, of a mechanical turn of mind, handy with tools, and engaged in this business, because he was quick to perceive that such an establishment was needed and would pay. His shop was located on what is now Commerce street. He finally disposed of the business to advantage, located in the suburbs near the city and engaged in raising vegetables. For seven years prior to 1861 he held the office of justice of the peace. That year he entered the Confederate army as Lieutenant of Company B., Third Texas Infantry, commanded by Capt. Kampman, and upon the promotion of Capt. Kampman to a higher rank, succeeded him as Captain of the company. He re-

mained in the army two years. Returning home, he engaged first in the lumber business; later served as superintendent and architect for Maj. Kampman, who did an extensive business as a contractor and builder for many years; filled this position for three or four years; in 1866 engaged in the fire and life insurance business, which he followed until 1893 and then retired from active business pursuits. He married in Germany and was the father of nine children, four of whom are living: Otto, Wilhelmina, Emilie, and Edward. Otto, the oldest, was born in Germany, March 5, 1843; Wilhelmina, wife of Max Krakauer, was born in San Antonio, September 8, 1847, and has three sons and two daughters; Emilie, wife of Julius Piper, born November 14, 1852, has four sons and three daughters, and Edward the youngest was born January 16, 1855, and has one son and one daughter. All the children live in San Antonio.

Otto Moye, the eldest, received a good common school education and for eighteen years was identified, as salesman, with one of San Antonio's wholesale hardware houses. Edward married, October 31, 1882, Miss Lillie, daughter of Louis Zork, who was the pioneer dry goods merchant of San Antonio. Mr. Edward Moye is a member of the well-known mercantile firm of Krakauer, Zork & Moye, of San Antonio.

HON. JOHN CALDWELL,

BASTROP.

The Anglo-American settlement of Texas, the revolution that followed and the establishment of a separate republic and its merger into the sisterhood of States that compose the Union, offered unexampled opportunities for the exercise of the purest patriotism, the most intrepid bravery and the highest mental endowments in the line of statecraft. Nor were the men wanting to fill the various roles required to meet the necessities of those stormy and trying days.

Few States, formed in either ancient or modern times, can boast a galaxy of greater names, in the same period of time, than those which adorn the pages of the early history of Texas.

The subject of this memoir, Hon. John Caldwell, moved among the leading spirits of his day.

He came to Texas from North Alabama in 1831, as a member of a considerable company of people who came at the same time from the same locality.

He brought with him a young wife, whose maiden name was Lucinda Haynie, and settled on the Navidad, where he developed a farm and resided until 1834 when he removed to Bastrop County, ever after his home. He was born at Frankfort, Ky., December 10, 1802, was the oldest of six children and was sixteen years of age at the time of the death of his father, Mr. Adam Caldwell, which occurred at Nashville, Tenn., July 12, 1819. The support of the family and the education of the younger children thereupon devolved upon him, and he met the responsibilities of the situation with that firmness and devotion to duty that were among his distinguishing characteristics in maturer years.

The family after Mr. Adam Caldwell's death located and lived at Nashville, Tenn., for a number of years.

Adam Caldwell was a professional man and his son doubtless inherited from him a love for books and study, for he applied himself with great diligence to the study of law while supporting the family and was admitted to the bar at Nashville, when twenty-one years of age. Subsequently the family moved from Tennessee to North Alabama and located at Tusculum. There John Caldwell lived and practiced his profession with marked success until 1831, the year that he came to Texas. He brought five slaves with him, one of whom, Melinda Pryor, is now living in Austin, Texas, at an advanced age.

He at one time owned a large number of slaves. These he treated with uniform kindness, never selling one of them to any other master or inflicting upon them undue discipline. Upon coming to Texas he relinquished the practice of law and devoted himself thereafter to agricultural pursuits.

His home in Bastrop County was located on the Colorado river, about twelve miles from the present town of Bastrop (then known as Mina) where he engaged extensively in farming, developed a handsome estate and reared his family.

The Caldwell mansion was known throughout Central and Western Texas as the "White House" and the home of one of Texas' most intelligent, courtly and chivalric gentlemen. Spacious in size and with hospitable doors always open, it was a popular stopping-place for men prominent in military and civil affairs. Here Houston, Henderson, Rusk, Williamson, Wharton, Archer, Burnett and their compeers delighted to tarry over night when traveling through the country, and discuss issues pending before the people and consult the cool and reliable judgment of their esteemed host and friend.

The present Caldwell family of four sons and two daughters were all born here and as they advanced in years the "White House" was made the scene of many delightful social events.

Col. Caldwell enjoyed the unbounded and uniform confidence of the people of his locality and, as he became known, of the entire Republic and State as well. He was an active and prominent participant in the events that led up to the Texas revolution, was one of the first to respond to the call to arms that followed the affair at Gonzales, and was one of the most ardent of those who advocated the issuance of a declaration of independence. From the beginning he deprecated the policy of fighting for the restoration of the Mexican constitution of 1824, which Santa Anna had trampled in blood and dust and bayoneted to death on the plains of Zacatecas. He clearly perceived that the Anglo-Americans of Texas had nothing to expect from the Mexican government or people under any circumstances and that, even if with the co-operation of the Liberal party in Mexico Santa Anna could be overthrown, the Federal constitution of 1824 restored and Texas allowed a separate State government, the battle

for independence would ultimately have to be fought. As matters stood, he knew that the Liberal party had been, or would be, crushed in Mexico, that Texas could look for no aid from that quarter, that volunteers from the United States would be slow to join the Texian standard, if the fight was to be made merely for the rights of Texas as a Mexican State, and that the part of wisdom was to make a fight against Mexico like their heroic forefathers made against Great Britain—for absolute independence; for liberty or for death. Some great men were opposed to the step, but the party to which he, Governor Smith, Wharton, Archer and others belonged prevailed, the declaration was issued, the battle of San Jacinto fought, and the independence of Texas secured.

While with the army on its retreat he was detailed by Gen. Houston to ride through the country and give warning to the settlers of the approach of the three Mexican columns that were sweeping eastward under Santa Anna. Having placed his family in safety at Mina (Bastrop), where they remained until 1838, the Indians committing so many depredations after the war as to render it perilous to live outside the limits of the town, he set about the performance of the duty assigned him and, having accomplished it, hurried forward to join the army under Gen. Houston and reached it the day after the battle of San Jacinto. It was always a source of regret to him that he was prevented by circumstances, over which he had no control, from taking part in that great and glorious engagement.

In September, 1838, he was elected to represent his district in the House of the Third Texas Congress (the first under Lamar's administration) and acquitted himself in a manner that fully sustained the high reputation he enjoyed, and added fresh laurels to those he had already won.

The Congress assembled at Houston on the 15th of November.

In the Senate were Harvey Kendrick, of Matagorda; Edward Burleson, of Bastrop; William H. Wharton, of Brazoria; and in the House such men as John W. Bunton, Greenleaf Fisk (Col. Caldwell's associate from Bastrop), Jose Antonio Navarro, Cornelius Van Ness, John A. Wharton, Wm. Menefee, Holland Coffee, Moseley Baker, Isaac Parker, David S. Kaufman, John M. Hansford and John J. Lynn.

It was a very important session. Laws were to be enacted to provide for a change from the civil to the common law (in compliance with an amendment to the constitution previously adopted), a stable currency was to be provided, steps were to

be taken to lay the foundation for a free school system and to effectually check the hostile Indian tribes in East Texas and elsewhere and suppress Mexican brigandage on the southwestern border. All this and more was accomplished by that body or placed in process of accomplishment. A ranger force for frontier protection was created, a law passed for the permanent location of the seat of government, steps were taken to provide a more efficient navy, fifty leagues of land were set aside for a university and lands to each county for free school purposes; the land, judiciary and probate laws were improved, land grants were extended to encourage immigration and a score or more of other much needed and salutary laws enacted.

The law providing for the permanent location of the seat of government was passed in January, 1839. It was a question of deep interest and excited more or less sectional feeling. The whole West and upper frontier wished it located as far in the interior as practicable in order that it might become the focus of frontier protection. Col. John Caldwell, of Bastrop, William Menefee, of Colorado, James Kerr, of Jackson, and Cornelius Van Ness, of Bexar, were the especial champions of the measure and Col. Caldwell is said to have afterwards pointed out to the commissioners, appointed under the law, the site on the Colorado selected by them, for the beautiful capital city of Austin.

The next session of the Congress convened at the new capital in November, 1839. This he also attended. He took an active part in all the important debates and legislation of the session and in shaping the general lines of State policy that were then developed, many of which, notably those inaugurating the policy of free popular education and of erecting and maintaining eleemosynary institutions, have since been very closely followed.

Returning home, he was called upon more than once to help chastise hostile Indians and responded with that alacrity that was characteristic of the pioneers of that day. The Indian outrages in 1837 and 1838 and in 1839 and 1840, incited by promises of help from Mexico, were appalling. The frontier was bleeding from savage fury, from San Antonio to Red river.

On the 5th of August, 1840, a band of a thousand, composed of Comanches and Kiowas, but including also many lawless Mexicans and Indians from some of the more civilized tribes, passed down the country to Victoria. They committed many murders along the way, massacred several persons in sight of Victoria and, after making a feint on that town, proceeded to the village of Linnville, on

Matagorda Bay, which they looted and then burned to the ground, massacring those of the inhabitants who failed to make good their escape in boats moored along the shore. The raiders then took up the line of march on their return. The news spread like wildfire and pursuing parties were organized, one of which was led by Col. Caldwell. A short distance from Victoria, twenty-five volunteers came up with the Indians and had a skirmish; but, with this exception, they managed to make their way unmolested to Plum creek, where, three miles southwest of the present town of Lockhart, they were attacked on the 12th of August by a force of about one hundred and eighty men, commanded by Gen. Felix Huston, Col. Ed. Burleson, Capts. Ward, Bird and others, and defeated with considerable slaughter. This was one of the last of a series of bloody conflicts in Southern Texas, and was such a chastisement of the Comanches, that they remained comparatively quiet for a number of years thereafter.

After the capture of San Antonio by the Mexicans under Gen. Adrian Woll, in 1842, Col. Caldwell hastily organized a regiment, composed of the companies of Capt. Childress, of Bastrop, and Capt. Cooke, of Austin, and hurried to the appointed rendezvous at the front where he joined the force (about 2,000 men) commanded by Col. Ed. Burleson. In a few days Brig.-Gen. Somervell arrived on the ground and assumed command. Scouts soon brought in information that the enemy, after holding San Antonio a few days, had rapidly retreated. Col. Caldwell remained with the troops as long as they were kept in the field. Later, he participated in the Somervell expedition, designed for a retaliatory invasion of Mexico, and, after the regular disbandment of Somervell's force on the Rio Grande, returned home.

The extra session of the Ninth Congress that met at Washington on the Brazos on the 16th of June, 1845, gave its consent to the joint resolution of the Congress of the United States, providing for the annexation of Texas and to the convention of sixty-one delegates called by President Anson Jones, to meet at Austin, on the 4th of July and speak the voice of Texas on the main issue. Col. Caldwell was elected a delegate to this convention. It met at Austin on the day appointed and adjourned on the 27th of August, after ratifying the terms of annexation and framing a constitution for the proposed State, which was duly ratified by a vote of the people. The constitution of 1845 was one of the best that Texas has ever had.

Col. Caldwell's knowledge of the philosophy and practice of law and the principles that underlie free

government and his natural breadth of mind and philanthropic spirit, enabled him to render invaluable service in this body, and to leave the impress of his labors upon the organic law that it framed and submitted to the people.

His next public service was as a member of the Texas Senate in 1857-8. Here he was intimately associated with George M. Paschal, Lewis T. Wigfall, Jesse Grimes, Bob Taylor, Henry McCulloch, John M. Borroughs, M. D. K. Taylor, Lott, Stockdale, and a host of other men of great and brilliant abilities then in the prime and hey-day of their fame and Col. Caldwell easily moved to the front among them as a man of unusual force of mind and undoubted purity of purpose. He exercised an influence second to none in the committee rooms and on the floor of the Senate and played a prominent part in the important legislation enacted at that session.

From this period the gathering clouds of sectional hatred, that shortly after the foundation of the government first began to rise above the horizon of the American Union, rapidly overcast the entire political sky and threatened a storm that would destroy the grand fabric that the fathers of 1776 reared with the hope that it would endure to afford an asylum for the oppressed, serve as a model for patriots in other lands to aspire to, and bless mankind through all coming ages. The South was an agricultural country. It considered that under the tariff laws in force it was being bled to enrich New England manufacturers. The Democratic party brought about the Louisiana and Florida purchases, forced the annexation of Texas and supported the Mexican war and carried it to a successful issue. One of the opponents of that war went so far as to say he hoped the soldiers of Santa Anna would welcome our army "with bloody hands, and hospitable graves." Thus the Democratic party had extended the territory of the Union from ocean to ocean. The South was solidly Democratic and contended that its citizens should have the right to go into any of the territories of the United States with their slaves, which were recognized as property at the formation of and by the compact of Union. Then the fugitive slave laws were trampled under foot and men who went in pursuit of their slaves mobbed. Conflicts in Kansas, the John Brown raid, and other events, tended to intensify public excitement on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line. Threats of secession grew louder and deeper and, when the news of the election of Mr. Lincoln swept over the country, it was attempted and both sides prepared for war — the North determined to prevent the extension of slavery, preserve the



Union at all hazards and trample what it considered the heresy of secession to death; the South to retire from what it no longer considered a fraternal Union and seek that peace and security under a separate government denied it within its limits.

Col. Caldwell was present, as a spectator, at the meeting of the Secession Convention at Austin and used all of his great personal influence to prevent the framing of the ordinance providing for the withdrawal of Texas from the Union. He coincided with his friends, Gen. Sam Houston and Hon. James W. Throckmorton, on the want of necessity for and unwisdom of such a step. He saw nothing but disaster in store for the people, whether they lost or won in the coming struggle. He thought the South had suffered many wrongs, but his idea was to redress them within the Union. A greater than any human power, however, had decided the settlement of the questions involved (which could have been settled in no other way) by the fiery ordeal of war. The ordinance was passed and soon there rang out the call to arms. Deeply grieved at the woes which he saw that his beloved country must suffer, Col. Caldwell, too feeble for active service himself, sent four of his gallant sons to the front to fight and, if need be, die, for the Confederate States.

He also loaned the State or Texas a quarter of a million of dollars in gold to carry on the government, when the treasury was empty, and received bonds therefor. These bonds, owing to the downfall of the Confederacy, became worthless and he never received a cent in return.

It is unpleasant to dwell upon the war period and the period of reconstruction that followed it. Both passed.

During the latter period, in 1866, when it was attempted to rehabilitate the State under the plan proposed by President Johnson, a Democratic convention assembled for the purpose of nominating candidates for State offices and a caucus-committee, of which Hon. James W. Throckmorton was a member, called upon Col. Caldwell and formally requested him to accept the nomination for Governor, stating that he was considered the proper man to lead the way to the re-establishment of honest government in the State. Thanking them for the honor conferred, he declined to accede to their request and urged the nomination of his friend and associate in the Senate in 1857-8, Mr. Throckmorton. In accordance with this advice, Throckmorton was given the nomination and subsequently elected, only to be removed in a short time as an impediment to reconstruction, by Gen. Sheridan, military commander of the district, acting under

authority of the illiberal reconstruction laws passed by Congress in opposition to Johnson's policy.

Col. Caldwell retired to his home near Bastrop, where he spent in quietude the four remaining years of his life. There he peacefully breathed his last on the 22d day of October, 1870, surrounded by his sorrowing family.

Death never gathered to its cold embrace a more devoted patriot or stilled the pulsations of a truer or more manly heart. His memory deserves ever to be revered by the people of Texas, whom he served in so many and such various capacities, and his name deserves a place on the pages of the State's history beside those of her bravest, and brightest and best, from the days that preceded the revolution down to those that witnessed the close of his useful and illustrious career.

His beloved wife survived him for many years, dying December 30th, 1895, in the city of Austin, where she removed in the spring of 1871 to live with her children. She was born in Knoxville, Tenn., December 8th, 1809. She was a noble Christian lady, distinguished for every grace that endears to us the names of wife and mother. She was a daughter of Rev. John Haynie, one of the most famous and best remembered of the pioneer preachers of the M. E. Church, who made their way into the wilderness of Texas and blazed the way for other and later Christian workers.

Rev. John Haynie was born in Botetourt County, Va., April 7, 1786, and married Elizabeth Brooks, May 23d, 1805. While he was young his family moved to East Tennessee, and located near Knoxville. In his twentieth year he married Elizabeth Brooks. In 1815 or 1816 he settled in the then village of Knoxville, where he carried on a successful mercantile business and labored for the establishment of Methodism. He spent about fifteen years at Knoxville and then removed to North Alabama, where he labored in the ministry until 1839, when he came to the Republic of Texas. He was admitted to the West Texas conference in 1840 and assigned to Austin. This was his first year in the itineracy, although he had received license to preach as early as 1811. The Austin circuit, to which he was appointed, included the new capital city and the counties of Bastrop and Travis. Shortly after his arrival at Austin he was elected Chaplain of the Texas Congress, a position that he several times subsequently held. In 1846, Rev. Mr. Haynie was assigned to Corpus Christi and started for his field of labor, leaving his family at their home in Ruttersville, Fayette County. At Goliad he was informed that it would be unsafe for him to proceed without a guard and Capt.

Price, commanding a company of rangers, furnished him one. Corpus Christi was an army station and crowded with a floating population. It was difficult for him to find board, lodging or a place to preach. He finally found a place to get his meals and, after considerable effort, he obtained permission to sleep in a store house on bags of shelled corn. Next he procured one of the theaters to preach in on Sunday, but at night there were theatrical performances held in the same room. Owing to the breaking out of the Mexican war and

the removal of the army, the town was nearly depopulated and Mr. Haynie returned to his home. He died at Rutersville, August 20, 1860. His wife, Elizabeth B., died October 14, 1863, at John Caldwell's, Bastrop County.

Mrs. Caldwell was mother of eight children, viz.: Margaretta, deceased; John Adam, deceased; Mary, now Mrs. John H. Pope; Charles G.; Walter H.; Lucinda P., widow of the late R. T. Hill; Oliver B., and Orlando, all occupying honorable positions in life.

MIFFLIN KENEDY,

CORPUS CHRISTI.

Capt. Mifflin Kenedy was born in Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., June 8, 1818. His parents were John Kenedy and Sarah (Starr) Kenedy, members of the Society of Friends.

The ancestors of Capt. Kenedy's father emigrated from Ireland to Maryland as members of Lord Baltimore's colony. They were Catholics, but in the course of the next century some of them embraced Protestantism. Capt. Kenedy's ancestry, on his mother's side, is traced back to a very remote period and boasts a long line of distinguished men; among the number, mitred prelates and paladins of chivalry, and last, those quiet heroes of peace, the Quakers, who dared and suffered all things for conscience sake.

The branch from which he is descended appear in France, as Huguenots, early in the fifteenth century, and were compelled to worship in fear and seclusion in the forests and in the fastnesses and gorges of the Pyrenees. At some time between the massacre upon Saint Bartholomew's Day, in 1572, and the promulgation of the Edict of Nantes by Henry of Navarre, in 1598, they escaped to England. After a residence of some time in Great Britain, they became Friends or Quakers, but they had not yet found an asylum, where they could worship the true God after the manner dictated by their own consciences. Here they were made the victims of hostile legislation, derided by a fanatical populace and imprisoned in filthy dungeons, until they looked toward the shores of America for relief. In 1683, Mrs. Kenedy's progenitors, George and Alice Maris, with their six children, sailed as members of William Penn's first colony.

They settled at Springfield, twenty miles from Philadelphia, in what is now called Delaware County, Pa., and there many of their descendants yet reside. The old homestead, originally purchased from William Penn by George Maris, still remains in undivided succession in the Maris family.

Capt. Kenedy's childhood was spent in the quietude of a Quaker home. He attended the common schools of the country, acquired the elements of an English education, and was then, for three months, in 1833, a pupil at the boarding school of Jonathan Gause, a famous Quaker educator of the time. He taught school during the winter of 1833-4, after leaving the institution of Jonathan Gause, and in the spring of 1834 (April 4) sailed on board the ship *Star*, at Philadelphia, as a boy before the mast. The vessel was bound for Calcutta and on the outward voyage touched at the Madeira Islands, Island of Ceylon, at Madras and other points of interest. When homeward bound, the vessel encountered a typhoon, or hurricane, in the Bay of Bengal, sprung a leak, and, after safely weathering the storm, put into the Isle of France, where she underwent necessary repairs. While on the Isle of France, Kenedy visited what are shown as the tombs of Paul and Virginia, at a little hamlet called Pamplemouses, high up on the side of the mountain, and also the port-hole in the rock, where it was Paul's custom to sit watching for the ship that would bring back Virginia. This pathetic story is familiar to nearly every one who is acquainted with French, English or Spanish literature.

The *Star* soon resumed her voyage and, touching

at St. Helena for water, arrived at her wharf in Philadelphia during the month of January, 1836.

The voyage to Calcutta thoroughly cured him of his penchant for the sea. He returned to his home and for three months taught school at Coatsville, Chester County, Pa. While thus engaged he met an old friend of his family and a resident of that place, who had been out West and who told him that steamboating on the Ohio river offered fine opportunities for young men to get on in the world and promised to give him a letter of recommendation to a friend residing in Pittsburg, Pa., and largely interested in steamboats. Kenedy determined to take the advice proffered him, surrendered his school, procured the letter of recommendation and made his way to Pittsburg.

Arriving at his destination in June, 1836, he delivered the letter and met with a kind reception and was told that an effort would be made to secure for him the first vacancy that occurred. In the meantime he realized that he must secure employment by which he could earn funds sufficient to defray current expenses, and, accordingly, worked in a brick-yard until October 1, 1836, when he was notified that the position of clerk on a steamer had been secured for him.

From that time until 1842 he ran on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers as clerk—sometimes acting as captain.

In 1842 he went to Alabama and during one season on the Alabama river served as clerk of the *Champion*, a boat running from Mobile to Montgomery. The *Champion* then proceeded to Apalachicola, Florida, and ran on the Apalachie and Chattahoochie rivers until 1846. He retained his position as clerk during these years and, in the absence of the captain, acted as commander. While thus engaged in Florida, he met Capt. Richard King, then a river pilot and in after years his partner in steamboat operations on the Rio Grande and ranching in Southwest Texas.

Every spring, from the year 1843 to 1846, the *Champion* was sent along the Gulf coast to New Orleans and from that point up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Pittsburg, where she was owned, to be repaired. In the early part of 1846, Capt. Kenedy was placed in charge of the boat and ordered to take her to Pittsburg, Pa., and reached his destination in April following.

Upon his arrival at Pittsburg, he met Maj. John Saunders, an engineer in the United States Army and a friend of his, who was sent there by Gen. Zachary Taylor to obtain boats for the use of the army on the Rio Grande. He employed Capt. Kenedy to assist him in this work. Maj. Saun-

ders purchased the *Corvette*, Colonel Cross, Major Brown, *Whiteville* and other boats for the service. Capt. Kenedy was made commander of the *Corvette*, and directed to proceed to New Orleans and report to Col. T. F. Hunt, of the Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A. Col. Hunt confirmed the appointment of Capt. Kenedy and he thereupon enlisted for the war, as master, and was ordered to proceed with the *Corvette* to the mouth of the Rio Grande and report to Capt. E. A. Ogden, Assistant Quartermaster, U. S. A. One of the reasons for selecting him for this work was his experience in conducting light boats over the Gulf.

He reached the station at the mouth of the Rio Grande June 17, 1846, and from that time until the close of the Mexican war transported troops and provisions to Matamoras, Reynosa, Camargo and other points on the river.

After the victory at Buena Vista and while moving on Vera Cruz, Gen. Winfield Scott stopped at the mouth of the Rio Grande, desiring to go to Camargo and consult with Gen. Worth. Capt. Kenedy's vessel, the *Corvette*, was the best in the service and he was selected to take Gen. Scott and staff up the river.

Capt. Richard King joined Capt. Kenedy in May, 1847, and acted as pilot of the *Corvette* until the close of the war, in 1848. They were thoroughly experienced steamboatmen and rendered their country good service. Capt. Kenedy during his long experience as a steamboatman never met with an accident while in charge of a boat.

At the end of the Mexican war, he and two other gentlemen (Mr. Samuel A. Belden and Capt. James Walworth) bought a large number of mules and wagons and a stock of merchandise and started for the fair at San Juan, in the State of Jalisco. They did not succeed in reaching the fair, and sold their outfit at Zacatecas and returned to Matamoras, where they divided the proceeds of the trip and dissolved partnership. Capt. Kenedy immediately purchased another stock of goods and, with his merchandise loaded on pack-mules, started for the interior of Mexico. Upon arriving at Monterey, he sold out and returned to Brownsville, reaching the latter place in the spring of 1850.

Seeing the necessity for good boats on the Rio Grande, he then formed a partnership with Capt. Richard King, Capt. James O'Donnell and Mr. Charles Stillman, under the firm name of M. Kenedy & Company. The gentlemen associated themselves together for the purpose of building boats and running them upon the Rio Grande and along the Gulf coast to Brazos Santiago. Capt. Kenedy proceeded at once to Pittsburg, Pa., and

built two boats, the Comanche and Grampus, vessels of 200 and 500 tons burden. He bought Capt. O'Donnell's interest in the business during the following two years and in 1865 the new firm of King, Kenedy & Company was formed, as Charles Stillman had retired from the firm. These two firms, during their existence, built and purchased twenty-six boats for the trade. In 1874 the firm of King, Kenedy & Company dissolved and divided assets.

Capt. Richard King established the Santa Gertrudes ranch in Nueces County, Texas, in 1852, and Capt. Kenedy bought a half interest in it December 6, 1860. They dissolved partnership in October, 1868, taking share and share alike of the cattle, horses and sheep. Capt. King, by agreement, retained Santa Gertrudes ranch.

After the war between the States large bodies of thieves, marauders and outlaws remained on the frontier and committed such depredations on stock that Capt. Kenedy and Capt. King saw that the only way to effectually protect their cattle interests was to fence and, in order that they might adopt this system, severed their business relations in this connection. Capt. Kenedy purchased and inclosed the Laurelas ranch, situated in Nueces County and consisting of 132,000 acres. Capt. King also immediately made preparations to fence and soon closed his pastures. They were the first cattle-raisers in the State to inclose large bodies of land. Capt. Kenedy remained on the Laurelas ranch until he sold it, in 1882, to Underwood, Clark & Company, of Kansas City, for \$1,100,000 cash. At the time of the sale it contained 242,000 acres of land, all fenced; 50,000 head of cattle and 5,000 head of horses, mares and mules.

Col. Uriah Lott projected the Corpus Christi, San Diego and Rio Grande narrow gauge railroad from Corpus Christi to Laredo, Texas (163 miles), in 1876. Col. Lott called Capt. Kenedy and Capt. King to his assistance and together they built the road and sold it in 1881 to the Mexican National Construction Company.

In 1884 a number of citizens of San Antonio projected the San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railway, from San Antonio to Aransas Pass on the Gulf of Mexico, organized and made arrangements with Col. Uriah Lott (whom they elected president) to prosecute the work. Construction was commenced early in 1885, but languished for want of means after a few miles were built. Col. Lott called upon his friend, Capt. Kenedy, at Corpus Christi, in June, 1885, explained to him the situation, succeeded in interesting him in the enterprise and, as president of the company, con-

tracted with him to build the road. Capt. Kenedy supplied the money and credit necessary for the construction of the line and built 700 miles of road which are now in operation. He also supplied a majority of the motive power and rolling stock for the road.

The San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railway was constructed in a remarkably short time and with very little noise. It is the most remarkable road ever built in Texas, one of the most thoroughly equipped in the South, has opened up to settlement and commerce a magnificent section and has increased values in San Antonio and the country tributary to the road fully \$100,000,000.

After the sale of the Laurelas ranch Capt. Kenedy, in 1882, established the Kenedy Pasture Company, of which he was president and treasurer, and his son, Mr. John G. Kenedy, secretary and general manager. The company's land lies in Cameron County and is thirty miles in length by twenty in breadth — truly a princely domain.

At Brownsville, Texas, April 16, 1852, Capt. Kenedy married Mrs. Petra Vela de Vidal, of Mier, Mexico. To them were born six children, of whom only two are now living: John G. and Sarah Josephine (wife of Dr. A. E. Spohn, of Corpus Christi).

Capt. Mifflin Kenedy had also an adopted daughter, Miss Carmen Morell Kenedy, a native of Monterey, Mexico.

Although Capt. Kenedy spent a large portion of his life on the Rio Grande frontier, and passed through the days when that section was infested with lawless and desperate men, he never had a serious difficulty. This was due partly to the fact that his courage was well known and recognized; partly to the probity that marked all his business dealings, and partly to his cool and even temperament.

Capt. Mifflin Kenedy and Capt. Richard King made their way to the Rio Grande at a time when Southwest Texas was infested with Indians, Mexicans and men from the States who were a law unto themselves, or rather, who were without any law except that of force, and who subsisted upon the fruits of marauding expeditions. Neither life nor property were safe and the sturdy immigrant, in search of a peaceful home, turned to more inviting regions.

From the close of the Mexican war they devoted their talents, means and much of their time to bringing about that reformation which eventuated in banishing from that part of Texas the desperadoes, thieves and predatory savages that inhabited it. They shunned no danger in the defense of their

neighbors' rights and in upholding the cause of law and order. Texas owes them no small debt of gratitude.

Capt. Kenedy died March 14, 1895, at his home

in Corpus Christi. His remains are interred at Brownsville, beside those of his beloved wife.

His name is indissolubly connected with the history and development of Texas.

MRS. P. V. KENEDY,

CORPUS CHRISTI.

Mrs. Petra V. Kenedy was born in Mier, Mexico, June 29th, 1825. Her parents were Gregorio and Josefa (Resendez) Vidal. Her first marriage was to Louis Vidal in December, 1840, by whom she had six children, Louisa, Rosa, Adrian, Guadalupe, Concepcion and Maria Vincenta. The Vidal family was originally from Athens, Greece, and removed first to Spain and thence to Mexico, where a number of its scions figured conspicuously and honorably in local history. Her uncle, Marin Resendez, was Catholic Bishop of Zacatecas, Mexico, and her father, Gregorio Vidal, was Provincial Governor under the Spanish crown of the territory lying between the Nueces and Rio Grande rivers and had charge of all the Indian tribes in his province. He was killed by mistake, by a band of Indian warriors, under the chief Castro, in 1832, or 1833, at the Alamo ranch, in Texas. He was returning from one of his ranches (Beteno) and on his way to Mier to attend to important business matters, when he was killed.

Three of his daughters, who accompanied him, were captured by the Indians. One was ransomed in San Antonio, another escaped from them about

sixty miles from the Rio Grande and made her way to friends, and the third, Paulita, was never heard from, although an uncle searched for her among the Indians for fifteen or twenty years.

The second marriage of our subject was at Brownsville, Texas, to Capt. M. Kenedy, April 16th, 1852. Six children were born of this union: Thomas, James, John G., Sarah J., William and Phoebe Ann, of whom two only are now living: John G. Kennedy and Mrs. Sarah J. Spohn.

Mrs. Petra V. Kennedy, died at Corpus Christi, March 16, 1885. Her remains were taken to Brownsville and laid in the family tomb. She was considered one of the handsomest women of her day. She was a woman of superior accomplishments and great natural intelligence and was highly respected for her womanly qualities. She possessed one characteristic for which she will ever be remembered in many a heart and home — her unbounded charity. A friend of the poor and humble, none ever left her empty-handed, and she gave for the pure and unalloyed happiness she found in giving. She was a well-fitted help-meet to her husband and was a devoted wife and loving mother.

JNO. G. KENEDY,

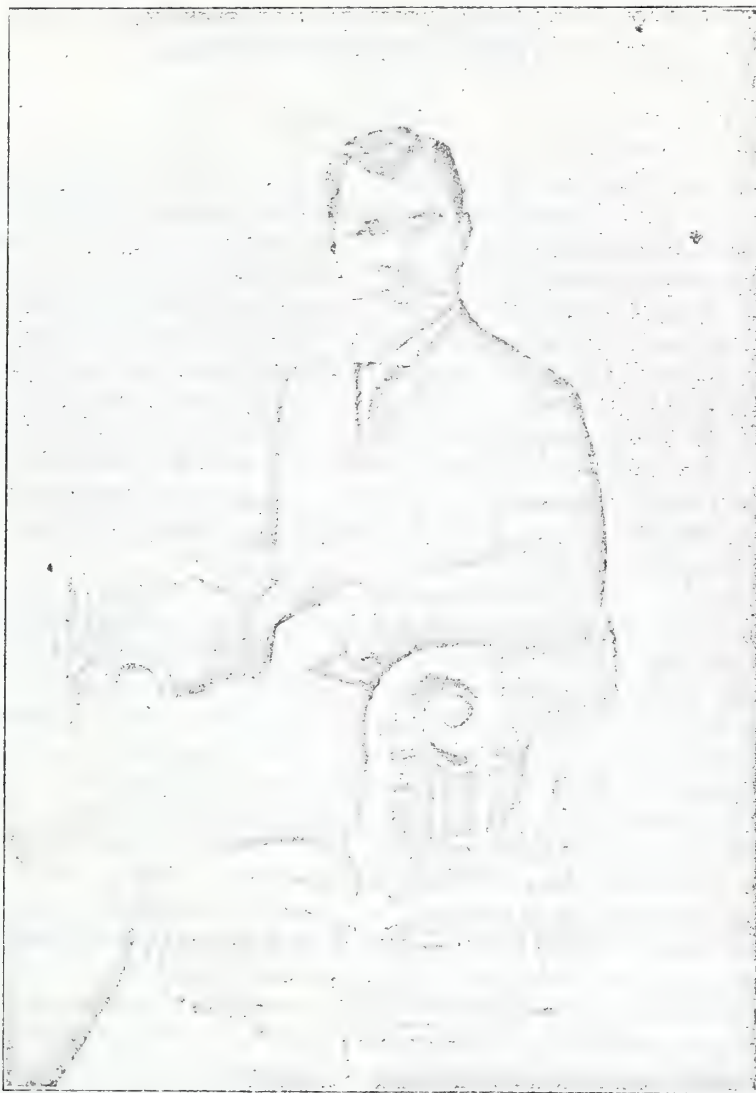
CORPUS CHRISTI.

Jno. G. Kenedy is a son of the late Capt. M. Kenedy, who was one of the wealthiest cattle raisers in Texas in his day; the man to whose energy, clear-sightedness, public spirit, and liberality, Southwest Texas is indebted for the construction of the San Antonio and Aransas Pass and other lines of railway within its territory. The subject of this

memoir was born in Brownsville, Texas, April 26, 1856, attended a private school at Coatesville, Penn., where he remained four years, returned to Texas in 1867, and attended St. Joseph's College at Brownsville for nearly a year and then entered Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala., where he was a student during the succeeding four years. He

completed a commercial course in 1873, spent a few months at his home in Corpus Christi, and then went to New Orleans, where he accepted a position with Perkins, Swenson & Co., bankers and commission merchants. He remained with this firm for a year and a half, and then, in 1877, returned home. In April, 1877, he started on the cattle trail from Laurelas, his father's ranch, to Fort Dodge, Kan.,

owned 600 square miles of pasture lands, all under fence and supplied with windmills, tanks, and every modern convenience, and well stocked with cattle. In 1884, he became general manager and took entire charge of his father's ranch. This ranch has 160 miles of fencing, a water front on Baffins Bay, and Laguna Madre of sixty miles and fifty-one windmills, and is stocked with about 50,000 head of im-



JNO. G. KENEDY.

accompanying 18,000 head of cattle. He remained two months at Fort Dodge, drove a herd of 2,000 cattle to Ogalala, Neb., returned to Corpus Christi, worked for his father on the Laurelas ranch for six months and then went into the sheep business on his own account, in which he remained until 1882, when he sold out to Lott and Nelson. After the sale of the Laurelas ranch, Mr. Kenedy became secretary of the Kenedy Pasture Company, which

proved cattle, and 1,000 saddle horses, and employs seventy-five or eighty cow boys, and other helpers. Mr. Kenedy married Miss Maria Stella Turcotte, of New Orleans, January 30th, 1884, and has two children living: Jno. G. Kenedy, Jr., and Sarah Josephine Kenedy. Mrs. Kenedy is a daughter of the late Joseph Turcotte, a well-known merchant and prominent citizen of New Orleans. Mr. Jno. G. Kenedy has inherited the abilities of his father,

who fully appreciated his capacity. He will add largely to the princely estate which has come to him by inheritance, and, no doubt, be as great a factor

for good in Southwest Texas, in his day and generation, as his father was in his and add new luster to the family name.

JOHN MARKWARD,

LAMPASAS.

The German element in Texas has been a very important factor in the history of the State, and in addition to the colonies which are mentioned at some length in this work there are many individual instances of intelligent enterprise and good citizenship deserving of notice as illustrative of the character of the men and women of that race who have helped to settle the country, found its institutions, give direction to its energies and standing to its society. One of this number is John Markward, for the past forty years a resident of Lampasas, being one of the oldest citizens of that place.

Mr. Markward is a native of Prussia, born in the province of Pomerania on the Baltic Sea, in the year 1834. His boyhood and early youth were spent in his native place, in the schools of which he received what would, in this country, be the equivalent of a good high school education. At about the age of seventeen having heard a great deal of Texas through the different colonization enterprises then on foot in Germany, he determined to try his fortunes in the New World. He sailed from Bremen aboard the *Diana*, a vessel then extensively engaged in the transportation of emigrants, and landed at Indianola, this State, on the 2d of November, 1852. He came in company with a considerable number of his countrymen, perhaps 150 or 200, none of whom, however, he knew, and not having come out as a member of any colony he immediately struck out for himself, going from Indianola to Gonzales. At Gonzales he found employment in a few days and remained there some months, going thence to De Witt County, where he remained the better part of three years. This time was spent in the employ of a Frenchman named Guichard who was a merchant and trader residing on Peach creek. Young Markward was variously engaged while with Guichard peddling, clerking and doing carpenter's work; but, in all, advancing himself in a knowledge of the ways and means of

getting on in the world, and saving some means from his earnings.

In the fall of 1856 he concluded to go to the "up-country," and in company with an acquaintance, went to Coryell County, where he had intended to locate, but on account of the drouth and bad crops left at the end of the first year, and, in the fall of 1857, settled in Lampasas, then a frontier town in a newly organized county. His first employment at Lampasas was in the capacity of miller for George Scott, whose little grist-mill situated on the outskirts of the town was one of the chief industries of the place and liberally patronized throughout that section. Scott and his mill have both long since passed away but are remembered by many of the old citizens. Mr. Markward worked for Scott until a short time before the opening of the late Civil War, when on account of a failure of health he was forced to seek other pursuits. Joining two of his acquaintances he bought up several hundred pounds of bacon which he hauled overland with wagon and ox-teams to Alexandria, La, where he sold it at a good profit and, reinvesting the proceeds in tobacco, brought that back to Texas and sold it at a still better profit. Then the war came on, and in the spring of 1862, he entered the Confederate Army, enlisting in Gurley's Regiment, Gano's Battalion, with which he was in active service in Arkansas and Indian Territory till the close of hostilities. Soon after enlistment Mr. Markward was made the apothecary of his regiment, his knowledge of botany and drugs, acquired as part of his education in his youth, together with his steady habits, qualifying him in a special degree for the discharge of the duties of this responsible position. He was more than a mere "pill-mixer." In difficult cases he acted as nurse and sometimes in the absence of the physician of the regiment he prescribed in such cases as he felt sure he could apply proper remedies. An amusing incident is told of the way he

cured three chronic cases of rheumatism which had baffled the skill of the regimental physician for nearly three years. There were three brothers (their names will be omitted) who had been trying, almost from the time of their enlistment in the service, to get discharged on account of feigned rheumatic troubles, one being afflicted with the trouble between the shoulders, another with it in the back, and third in the hips. The doctor had treated them until he had become satisfied that there was nothing the matter with them and had tried other means to arouse them to a sense of decency, but had signally failed, and finally in the presence of the captain of the company to which they belonged, said: "Markward, I am done with those fellows. If you think you can do anything with them, take charge of their cases." Mr. Markward replied that he did not know what he could do, but that he would try and see. Calling the patients up he informed them that the doctor had turned them over to him for treatment, and that he proposed to resort to heroic measures. He told them that cupping was the thing for rheumatism, and that he was going to begin to operate on them at once. So, making each one bare his back, Mr. Markward got out all the cups he had, heated them, and slapping on four cups to the patient gave each a first-class cupping. As a result all of them had sore backs for several days, and the joke getting out in camp and the patients, not knowing what next to expect in case they continued their complaining, concluded to "give under." They did so with as much grace as the nature of the case admitted of, and after that till the close of the war made very good soldiers. Mr. Markward met one of them some years afterwards, and the conversation turning on the incident the latter confessed to the fraud which he and his brothers had been guilty of, and laughed heartily over the very effectual way the "pill-mixer" of the regiment had cured the three chronic cases which had set at defiance the professional efforts of the regiment's physician.

At the close of the war Mr. Markward embarked in the mercantile business at Lampasas, the money which he had made in his Alexandria venture, about \$600, constituting the capital on which he began. His beginning though unassuming, was auspicious, and it was not many years until his establishment came to be one of the first in the town where he was located, and he took rank as one of the solid men of the community. That he has been successful much beyond the average man is well known to those familiar with his career and the manner of his building up equally well known. It was by the observance of a few simple

rules: Employing strict integrity in all his dealings, living within his means, never leaving to others what he could do himself, treating all courteously, and extending aid where he could without injury to his business, avoiding debts of a speculative nature and shunning the ruinous pastimes of youth and early manhood, which destroy first one's business, and afterwards his character.

Mr. Markward did not marry till late in life. His marriage took place at Lampasas, and was to Miss Adelpia Florence White, a daughter of Maj. Martin White, an old and respected citizen of Lampasas. Mrs. Markward died, May 22, 1894, leaving three children, two daughters and a son, two children having preceded her to the grave.

Of Mr. Markward's public career there is but little to be said. He has been solicited to run for office many times but has persistently refused to do so, and the only public position which he has ever occupied was that of postmaster at Lampasas, which he held for eight years, immediately after the war. But whatever has been suggested as being of public necessity or public benefit has always found in him a willing and able supporter, and this is especially true of all those aids to order, law, morality, education and good society. Mr. Markward's connection with one enterprise is especially worthy of note, that being the railway that now traverses the county in which he lives. When the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railway was projected through that section of the State it fell to his lot to secure the right of way for the road through Lampasas County. He spent the better part of two years in the undertaking, meeting with many obstacles, but was finally successful, securing the right of way for a distance of seventy-five miles at the nominal cost of \$2,100.00.

Mr. Markward is a man of considerable individuality of character. He is thoroughly self-reliant. He is not a member of any order and, though he votes and acts with the Democratic party, he is not in any sense a partisan. He was reared in the faith of the Lutheran Church, but is a contributor to all denominations, being bound by none. He believes in every one enjoying the fullest measure of individual liberty consistent with the rights of others.

In disposition he is genial and pleasant, full of life and possessing a keen perception of the humorous side of things.

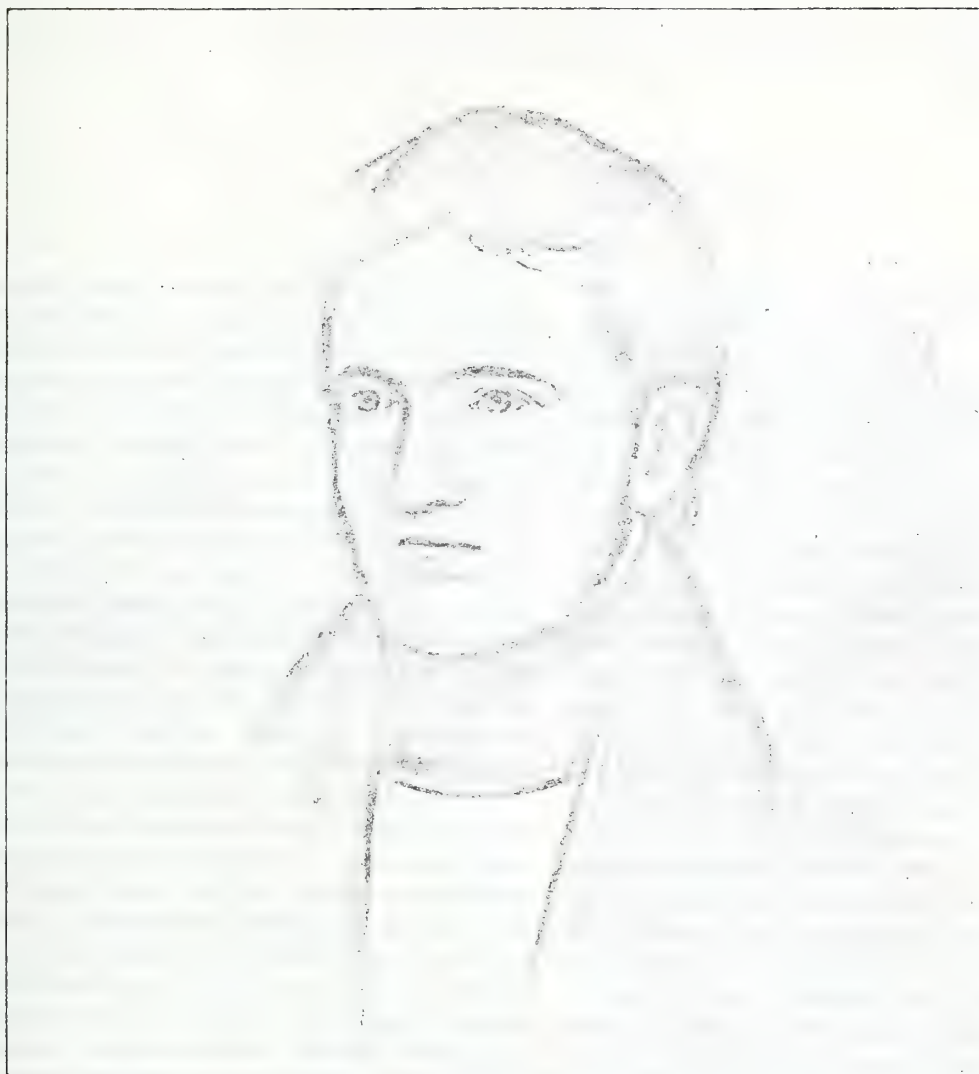
In December, 1894, Mr. Markward retired from active business pursuits, since which time he has devoted his attention to the training of his children, all of whom are still small, and to the supervision of his estate, one of the largest in the county where he resides.

JOHN RICHARDSON HARRIS.

HARRISBURG.

John Richardson Harris was born October 22d, 1790, at Cayuga Ferry, now East Cayuga, N. Y., and May 7th, 1813, married Miss Jane Birdsall, daughter of Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Patience (Lee) Birdsall, of Waterloo, Seneca Falls, N. Y., and for several years thereafter resided at East Cayuga. During the war of 1812-14 he volunteered and commanded a company in the line; and with his father, Col. John Harris, is honorably mentioned by Gen. Winfield Scott in his memoirs of the campaign. He emigrated to Missouri, and in 1819 was living at St. Genevieve, where he was joined by his wife and two children, and where his third child, Mary Jane, was born August 17th, 1819. Here becoming acquainted with Moses Austin, who was contemplating the colonization of Texas, then a possession of Spain, he determined to embark in the enterprise. In July, 1820, providing his family with a fine team suitable for making the long overland trip back to Cayuga, he accompanied them on horseback as far as Vincennes. Having taken a contract to build a State house at Vandalia, he returned to complete this engagement, and then, visiting Texas, selected a location for a home in the colony. In 1824 he received a grant of land from the Mexican government of 4425 acres, which he located at the junction of Buffalo and Bray's bayous, about twenty miles from Galveston Bay; in 1826 laid out a town at this point called Harrisburg; soon after brought out machinery for a steam saw-mill and purchased a schooner called the "*Rights of Man*," which, under the command of his brother David, plied between this place and New Orleans, supplying the colonists with provisions and other necessary articles, which were kept for sale at his store at Harrisburg. Holding the post of Alcalde, or local judge, from the Mexican government, it was said he was accustomed to hear causes seated under the spreading branches of a large magnolia tree, situated on a picturesque point of land separating the two bayous. The country was too unsettled to admit of his family moving to Texas at first, but in 1829 every thing promised well for their early removal to their new home. There were no saw-mills in the colony until his was erected. The machinery was on the ground ready to be put in place in August, 1829, when he found it necessary to make a trip to New Orleans. There he was taken sick with yellow fever and died August 21st,

1829. His widow, Mrs. Jane (Birdsall) Harris was descended from a family of Birdsalls who emigrated from England in 1657-60, and settled on Long Island, N. Y. Her grandfather, Benjamin Birdsall, was a Colonel in the Revolutionary army, living at that time in Dutchess County, N. Y. He and Gen. Washington were warm friends and the General usually stopped at his house when in the neighborhood. Lewis, son of Benjamin Birdsall, married Patience Lee and emigrated to western New York, settled first at Penn Yan and afterwards near Waterloo on a farm, and in 1829 or 1830 emigrated to Texas, where he lived on Buffalo bayou until the time of his death, which occurred in March, 1843. Mrs. Jane (Birdsall) Harris, daughter of Mr. Lewis Birdsall, was a woman of rare courage and determination. These qualities she displayed in traversing the wild, unsettled regions intervening between her home near Waterloo, N. Y., and St. Genevieve, Mo., at a time when there were few white settlers, and in her experience in the early days of the colonization of Texas, which alone would suffice to fill a book of interesting matter. In 1833, she, with her son, De Witt Clinton Harris, removed to Harrisburg, Texas, and participated not only in the hardships of colonial life in the wild country, but also shared dangers of the struggle for independence from Mexico in 1835-36. From March 19th to April 16th, 1836, the home of Mrs. Harris was the headquarters of the provisional government of Texas. When she heard of the near approach of the invading Mexican army, she and her household went on board a schooner, which conveyed President Burnett, Vice-President Zavala and others to New Washington, and herself and other refugees to Anahuac. The next day she was conveyed to Galveston Island and with many others was encamped there when the news of the glorious battle of San Jacinto, fought April 21st, 1836, reached them. About the first of May she and her two sons, Lewis B. and De Witt Clinton Harris (who had arrived at Galveston, April 21st, for the purpose of joining the Texas army), returned to Harrisburg to find that every house had been burned to the ground by the Mexicans under Santa Anna. Her house was rebuilt of logs, hewn by the Mexican prisoners and with various additions and improvements stood until October 11th, 1888, when



ANDREW BRISCOE.

it was destroyed by fire. Upon the organization of counties in the Republic of Texas, the territory embracing a large tract of land was named Harris in honor of John Richardson Harris. Mrs. Jane Harris, his widow, could never be prevailed upon to leave her homestead and lived there until her death, which occurred August 15th, 1869. She left four children, De Witt Clinton Harris, who

married Miss Saville Fenwick, Lewis Birdsall Harris, who married first, Miss Jane E. Wilcox, and, after her death, Mrs. Amanda C. Dell; Miss Mary Jane Harris, who married Judge Andrew Briscoe, and John Birdsall Harris, who married Miss Virginia Goodrich. The only one of her children surviving her is her daughter, Mrs. Briscoe.

ANDREW BRISCOE,

HOUSTON.

Judge Andrew Briscoe was the son of Mr. Parmenas and Mrs. Mary (Montgomery) Briscoe. He was descended from a cavalier family of England. Four brothers of this family emigrated to Virginia about the year 1655, in Cromwell's time. His grandfather, William Briscoe, married Miss Elizabeth Wallace in Virginia and, in 1785, emigrated to Kentucky. Soon after becoming of age, Mr. Parmenas Briscoe emigrated to the Mississippi Territory where, on December 18th, 1809, he married Miss Mary Montgomery, daughter of Mr. Samuel and Mrs. Margaret (Crockett) Montgomery. He was commander of a company in the Creek War, and also in the war of 1812-14. He was for several years General of militia of Mississippi and served as a member of the Territorial Legislature and the State Senate. While a member of the latter body he introduced a bill which urged an investigation of the status of the numerous banks which were doing business without a substantial capital. It resulted in breaking them up. Briscoe's bill was famous in Mississippi, as the measure aroused very bitter feelings. In 1843, he was re-elected to the State Senate by a larger majority than ever and was urged to allow his name to go before the people as a candidate for Congress. This he refused to do, but continued a recognized leader of Democracy up to March, 1851, when he went to California. He died on his return trip in 1851 aboard ship near Acapulco, Mexico, and was buried at sea. His son, Judge Andrew Briscoe, subject of this memoir, was born November 25th, 1810, in Adams County, Mississippi; emigrated to Texas in 1834, carrying with him a large stock of goods, and established himself at Anahuac, the chief port of entry on Galveston Bay. His resistance to the

arbitrary collection of customs dues June, 1835, sought to be collected by Capt. Tenorio, the Mexican commander of the garrison, upon goods merely to be transported from one town in the colony to another, led to the first active measures of resistance taken by the patriot Texians in 1835. Led by Wm. B. Travis, a band of Texians collected at Harrisburg and vicinity, loaded a six-pound cannon on board the sloop "*Ohio*," attacked the Mexican garrison at Anahuac, disarmed the Mexicans and released Andrew Briscoe from the loathsome prison in which he had been confined for several days. In October, 1835, he was elected Captain of the Liberty Volunteers, who participated with him in the battle of Concepcion, October 28th, 1835. He was one of the volunteers who stormed and took San Antonio, December 6th, 1835, and was later elected a member of the convention to assemble at Washington, Texas, March 1st, 1836, and but for this circumstance would have been one of the victims of the Alamo. He left the army at San Antonio in the latter part of February, but a day or two before the town was invested by Mexicans. Arriving at Washington he affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence, which made Texas a free and independent republic. He raised a company of regulars for the army, which, as Company A., he commanded in the battle of San Jacinto, April 21st, 1836. Soon after this event, which assured the tranquillity of the Republic, he was appointed Chief Justice of Harris County. August 17th, 1837, he married Miss Mary Jane Harris, daughter of Mr. John R. and Mrs. Jane (Birdsall) Harris. In 1839 he obtained a charter for the Harrisburg and Brazos R. R., the first obtained in Texas. A few miles of grading was done but the enterprise was abandoned. The route

which it was designed to follow forms a part of the present system of the Southern Pacific Railway. He owned the first two-story dwelling erected in Houston, where he lived for a year or two after his marriage. Removing to Harrisburg in 1840, he built there a two-story brick dwelling and engaged in the cattle business until 1849, when he removed to New Orleans and opened a house of banking and exchange. In the same year he was taken sick, and died October 4, 1849. His body was taken to Mississippi and buried in the family bury-

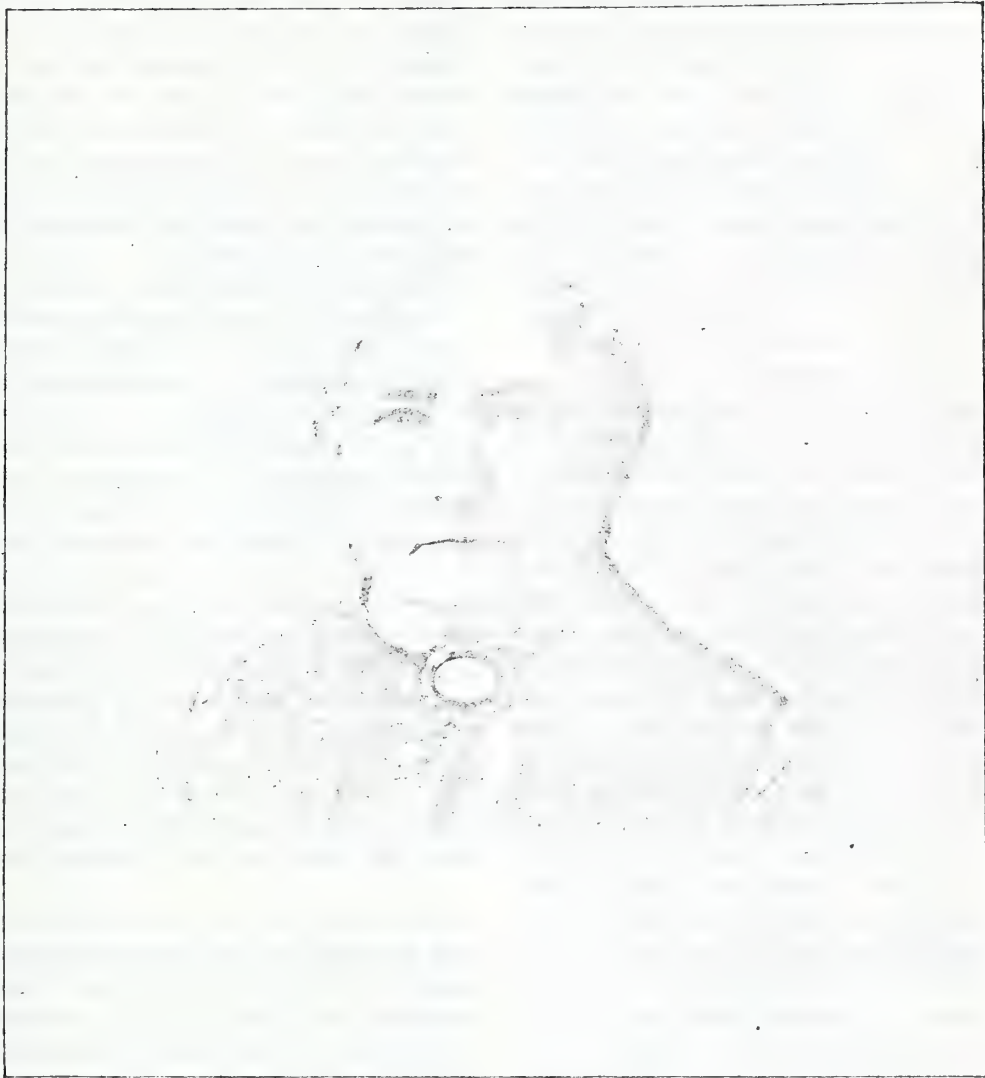
ing-ground on his father's plantation in Claiborne county. His widow, Mrs Mary Jane Briscoe, lives at Houston, Harris County, Texas. Their descendants are Parmenas Briscoe, who lives with his mother, Andrew Birdsall Briscoe, who married Miss Annie F. Payne, daughter of Mr. Jonathan and Mrs. Mary (Vance) Payne, and lives at San Antonio; Miss Jessie Wade Briscoe, who married Mr. Milton Grosvenor Howe and lives in Houston, and Miss Adele Lubbock Briscoe, who married Maj. M. Looscan and lives in Houston.

MRS. MARY JANE BRISCOE,

HOUSTON.

Miss Mary Jane Harris was the daughter of Mr. John R. and Mrs. Jane (Birdsall) Harris and was born at St. Genevieve, Mo., August 17, 1819, where her parents were temporarily residing. Returning to New York when an infant she passed her girlhood at the homestead of her grandfather, situated half way between Waterloo and Seneca Falls. When her mother and brother came to Texas in 1833, she remained at school until after the battle of San Jacinto, when, in company with her grandfather, Mr. Lewis Birdsall, her cousin, George Babcock, and her younger brother, John Birdsall Harris, she started to Texas. They spent several weeks in travel, going first by canal to Cincinnati, thence on board a small steamboat to Portsmouth and down the Ohio and Mississippi in boats of various sizes until they reached New Orleans. Here they were joined by other members of the family also *en route* to Texas. The other relatives who joined them were Dr. Maurice Birdsall, her uncle, and Dr. Abram Van Tuyl, the husband of her aunt, Eliza Birdsall. They took passage on the schooner "*Julius Caesar*" and had for fellow passengers several men who had taken a prominent part in the recent stirring events in Texas. They arrived at the mouth of the Brazos river at the town of Quintana in the latter part of September. There were but two or three houses at this place, the largest being a two-story boarding-house built of rough lumber. Here they spent only a few days, and taking passage on the steamboat "*Yellowstone*," proceeded to Brazoria, where they stopped at the boarding-house kept by Mrs. Jane Long, the widow of Dr. James Long,

who about fifteen years before had met a tragic fate in the city of Mexico. Only a few miles distant, at Columbia, the first Congress of the Republic of Texas was in session, it having assembled October 3d, 1836. Mrs. Long's house was frequently visited by the different officers and representatives of the government. Here Miss Mary Jane Harris first met the President of the Republic, Gen. Sam Houston, beside many others whose part in the late successful conflict had made them heroes of all time. At a short distance, at the plantation of Dr. Phelps, Santa Anna was a prisoner. He was released soon afterwards. Thus did she almost immediately upon her arrival in Texas, make the acquaintance of prominent actors in the late revolution. Although a mail service had been established by the government, it was very imperfect and news traveled slowly. About two weeks were spent at Brazoria before De Witt Clinton Harris, her brother, arrived from Harrisburg, bringing a saddle horse for her. Ox-teams were procured for conveying the baggage, groceries, etc., which they had brought with them from New York. At length the whole party set out on horseback and, as there had been very heavy rains, the prairies most of the distance of fifty miles were entirely covered with water. Arriving at Harrisburg, they found Mrs. Harris living in the only house which had been spared by the Mexicans when they burnt the place a few months before. It stood in the edge of the prairie and escaped because unseen by them and was always known as the Prairie House. The Mexican prisoners, of whom Mrs. Harris had a number, were engaged in rebuilding her home on



MRS. MARY J. BRISCOE.

the site of the one destroyed. As there were no saw-mills, it was constructed of hewn logs and some of the same men who had kindled the fire under the old house chopped logs to build the new one. It was here, in the "Prairie House" that Mary Jane first met Andrew Briscoe, who was a warm friend of her mother and brothers, and August 17, 1837, she became his wife, the marriage ceremony being performed by Mr. Isaac Batterson, in the new house, which by that time was partly completed. In the meantime the city of Houston had become the new seat of government and the county seat of Harris County. As Mr. Briscoe's appointment as Chief Justice of the county of Harris necessitated his residence in Houston, he purchased a two-story residence in process of building on Main street, about one block from the capitol and where is now situated the Prince building, on the corner of Main and Prairie streets. Mrs. Briscoe's life is so closely connected with that of her husband, that it is unnecessary to repeat her different places of residence. As opportunities to purchase large tracts of land induced him to make long journeys into the interior of the sparsely settled country, she frequently accompanied him, although traveling was attended with danger on account of the inroads often made by hostile Indians. At Anderson, Grimes County, they stopped over night at the house of Mrs. Kennard, who showed in the floor one loose board, kept purposely so, that in case of an attack by Indians she could make her escape under the house. After the death of her husband in 1849 Mrs. Briscoe lived for two years on the plantation of his father in Claiborne County, Mississippi, remaining there during the absence of the latter in California, and until after his death, in 1851.

Returning to Texas in 1852, she lived for some years at Anderson, Grimes County, where the Rev. Chas. Gillette had established an Episcopal school, under the title of St. Paul's College, and where she hoped to be able to give her sons a collegiate education without being separated from them. After a residence of six years there, the school having proved unsuccessful, she moved to Galveston, which offered the best educational advantages of any city in the State. In 1859, at her mother's solicitation, she returned to Harrisburg, where she lived until 1873, when she moved to Houston. Through careful economy she was able to raise and educate her children on a limited income, keeping for them the greater part of the large landed interests held by her husband at the time of his death. An unusual affection characterizes this family worthy of mention and of imitation. While Judge

Briscoe at his death in 1849 left considerable property, consisting chiefly of land in Texas, yet to this day his children have never sought to obtain any part of it although entitled to it under the community laws of the State, but have left their mother the exclusive control of it, thereby showing their deep filial affection and sincere appreciation of her devotion to them in childhood and in youth. She feels a reasonable pride in her husband's connection with the war of Texas Independence and a sincere affection for those who shared with him the dangers of the Revolution. For years she has been a member of the Texas Veterans' Association and takes great pleasure in their annual re-unions. At the earnest solicitation of her friends she wrote an account of one of these re-unions, which was published at the time in several of the newspapers, and is given below:—

THE TEXAS VETERANS—THEIR LATE MEETING AT TEMPLE.

"At the meeting of the Veteran Association in 1887, Temple was selected as the place for meeting on April 20, 1888. It is beautifully situated in a high rolling prairie country, on the Santa Fe Railroad, 245 miles from Galveston. As it is only seven years old, many fears were entertained that the hearts of the citizens were too large for the accommodating capacity of their young town; but all such fears were dispelled, and Temple proved itself equal to the emergency. Everything was managed with tact and skill, and the Veterans were unanimous in their expressions of praise and gratitude. A committee met them at the railroad depot, and conveyed them to their allotted destinations, generally some private house. Mine was the home of Mr. F. H. Ayers, which is beautifully situated. In the view from his gallery the undulations of the surrounding country looked, in the distance, like miniature lakes. If all the Veterans were as delightfully located as myself, they will long remember with pleasure their meeting at Temple. Mr. and Mrs. Ayers were the soul of hospitality. Their house seemed made of rubber, or like a street car—never so full but it could take one more; but there the similitude ends, for the dear lady's only regret was that she had one cot which had not been occupied, so there was no standing up.

"On the morning of the 20th, we all repaired to the Opera House, which is large and well ventilated, with very comfortable seats. In addition to the usual decorations of flags and placards, suspended in the center of the stage was 'Old Betsy,' an old rifle which had been in most of the battles for

independence, and is supposed to have killed more Indians than any other gun, besides having supplied the owner's family with food for many years. The owner, Rufus C. Campbell, was not only distinguished for 'Old Betsy's' unerring aim, but also as having forged the fetters which were put upon Gen. Santa Anna, when it was thought he was planning to escape. Mr. Campbell's widow (who was a daughter of Uncle David Ayers) had the pleasure of hearing Miss Lucy Diske, one of their forty-five grandchildren, make a very beautiful and appropriate address upon presenting the Veterans with an elegant satin flag from the ladies of Belton.

"The Rev. J. C. Woollam, our grand old Chaplain, his colossal frame and white head towering above all others, in his opening prayer brought tears to all eyes. I have met with the Veterans several times, and the last meeting always seems more heartfelt, more glorious, more like a meeting of a holy brotherhood, than any former one. On these occasions familiar faces call up soul-stirring scenes in the past, and thrilling adventures flash upon their memories. As they meet in these annual re-unions and exchange heartfelt greetings, they are filled with the desires and hopes of other days—'The days when life was new, and the heart promised what the fancy drew'—the 'times that tried men's souls'—when their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor were pledged for home and country, God and liberty; that period when the repeated assaults of Indians and Mexicans had nerved their arms and fired their hearts to strike for freedom from the tyrannical oppression of Mexico. It comes to them with the freshness of yesterday, when they left their homes and loved ones, to face the foe, drive back the invader, and save their all from destruction. Sooner will their right hand forget its cunning and their tongues cleave to the roof of their mouths, than they cease to remember and talk of Gonzales, Goliad, Concepcion, the storming of San Antonio, where the gallant Milam fell, the massacre of Fannin, the fall of the Alamo, the battle of San Jacinto, of Plum Creek, the Salado, the Cherokee fight, and other bloody and desperate engagements. The names of all of these, with the date of each engagement, printed upon placards, are always placed upon the walls of the assembly room. As a placard catches the eye of the veterans one will say to another: 'We were together in that fight; don't you remember how you had to hold the mule's nose to keep her from betraying us to the Indians before we were ready for them?' 'I don't see your wife; the good woman can now

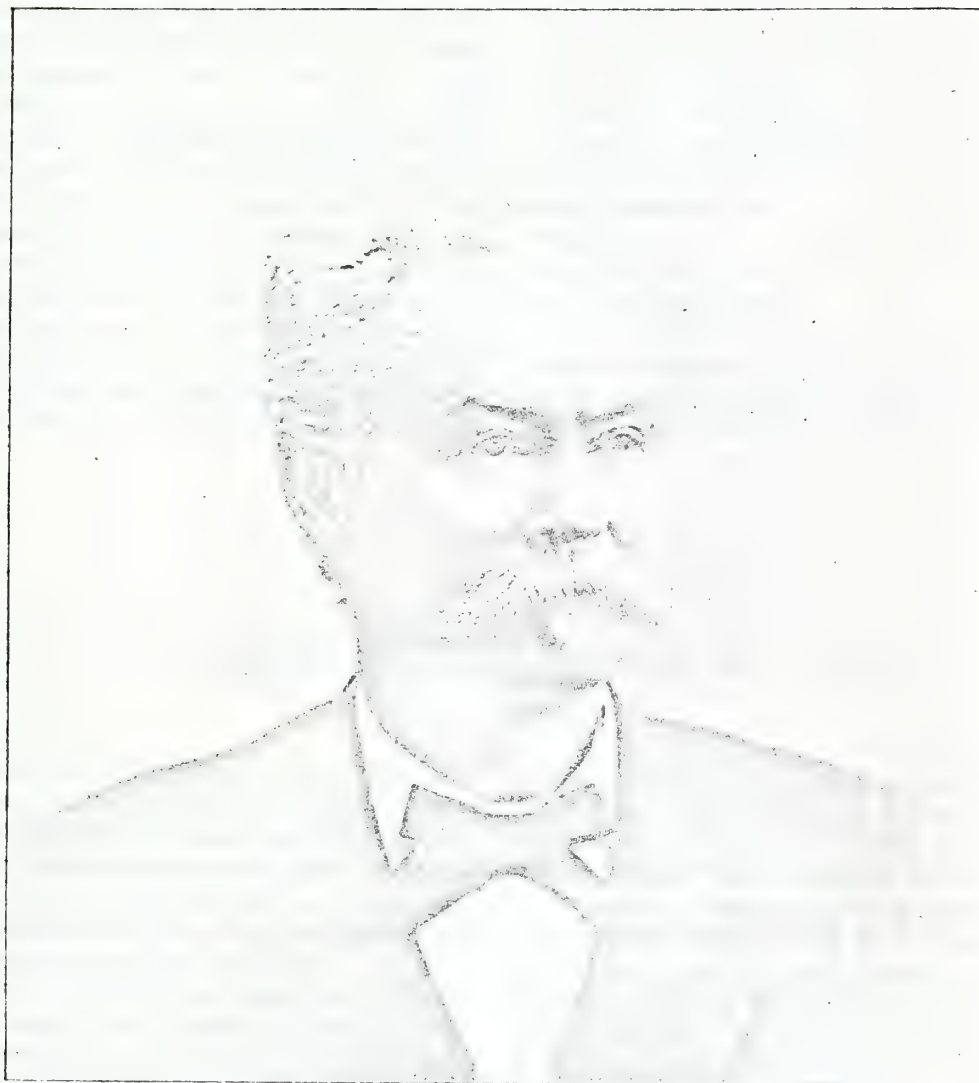
sleep in a white gown if she likes'—alluding to the custom of our frontier women sleeping in colored gowns so as not to be so good a mark for Indians in case of a night attack. To which the answer will be: 'Oh, yes; but it always costs something to come to these meetings, and when my wife found I would have to pay full fare for her on the cars, she said as I was so much better of my rheumatism, I could make out without her; but she will miss it mightily, as she liked to talk over her Indian scares with those who knew her in the old times, when we would be for weeks together with nothing but venison to eat.'

"It was a touching sight when the genial president of the Association (himself a hero of many battles) would single out some noted Indian fighter, and taking the old man upon the stage, tell the audience of some of his heroic deeds. How every eye would kindle with enthusiasm, and every voice raise a cheer, and the poor old hero, bursting into tears, would sink into his seat, with not a dry eye around him.

"It is this which makes these meetings so dear to these old ones. At home they are nothing but poor decrepit old men and women, who are outliving their allotted span of life—fossils that cumber the ground. They know it; they feel it; but when they meet at these reunions, all is changed; instead of being looked upon as unwelcome intruders, they are treated with the greatest courtesy, with veneration, as heroes, and every man, woman and child seeks to do them honor. It is no wonder that their tears lie near the surface, and are often seen filling their eyes when some gallant youth or beautiful maiden tells of their heroic deeds and the manly fortitude displayed by them in conquering all the hardships, difficulties and dangers by which they were surrounded.

"Nor should admiration and veneration be confined to their heroic deeds upon the battlefield. The women of this land should always hold them in grateful remembrance; for were they not the first men on earth to throw around the wife and mother the protection of the homestead law? Were they not the first to protect woman in the ownership of her separate property, and to give her an interest in the community property? They also surpassed all other legislators, in making provision, for all time to come, for the universal free education of children.

"The memorial service is very solemn and affecting, and the Rev. Mr. Stribling always very eloquent in his sermon. Thirty-nine is the number on the death-roll for last year. Among them is the late lamented Col. Charles DeMorse, who



M. LOOSCAN.

occupied an honored place and felt a sincere interest in the welfare of the Association.

“‘We are going, one by one.’

“A little incident connected with last year was brought to mind by hearing the name of a certain veteran read from the death-roll. He had been brought to Mrs. Winkler's home, in Corsicana, very early in the morning, and at breakfast Mrs. Winkler asked him to say grace. The old man turned his face with his hand to his ear, saying, ‘Cream, but no sugar,’ and Mrs. W. asked her own blessing. It was told that the old man said to one of his friends: ‘What do you think; the good lady I am stopping with asked me to say grace at table; I am such an old reprobate, I could think of nothing; so played deaf, and told her, ‘Cream, but no sugar in my coffee.’

“I cannot close this meager sketch of the Veterans' meeting without mention of Aunt Nancy, as she is familiarly called. She is a very well preserved old lady of eighty-one, but does not look it. She is a regular attendant at the meetings, and says she would sell her last hen rather than miss one; her

peculiar style of dress and unsophisticated manner make her conspicuous. Being very anxious that the Veterans' Association should hold its next meeting at her home, Jacksonville, the President invited her to come on the stage and ask the Veterans herself. He escorted her to the front, and Aunt Nancy said: ‘My dear Veterans, the people of my town want you to come there next year. They will take good care of you. Some say Jacksonville is too small, but we had the Methodist conference there, and treated them well, and if you will only come, I will take care of you myself!’ That of course brought down the house. The dear old woman likes to meet those who fought side by side with her husband, who has been dead many years, and no one but his old companions in danger remember him. Some one joked her about marrying. ‘No,’ says she, ‘I have lived thirty years Capt. Kimbro's widow, and expect to die Capt. Kimbro's widow.’

“The people of Temple paid the Veterans the great compliment of asking them to meet there again next year, saying they could do better next year, as they had now learned how. Many thanks to them.”

A. M. DIGNOWITY, M. D.,

SAN ANTONIO.

Antone Michael Dignowity was born in Kattenberg, Bohemia, January 16th, 1810, and came of a family possessing some means and enjoying some distinction for intellectual endowments. His educational opportunities were good and he availed himself of them, taking a thorough collegiate course in the Jesuit College of his native place. He came to America at the age of twenty-two, sailing, as his passport recites, from Hamburg, February 17th, 1832, resided for some time after his arrival in the country in different parts of the South and acquired considerable property at Natchez (where he lived longer than elsewhere before coming to Texas), notably a hotel which was destroyed by the great tornado of 18—. In 1835, while residing in Mississippi he made a trip to Texas, extending as far as San Antonio, but soon returned, read medicine at Natchez, Miss., under Drs. Stone and Carrothers, and attended lectures in Cincinnati, Ohio. He adopted the eclectic system of medicine, then in its infancy, and began its practice in Mississippi. He

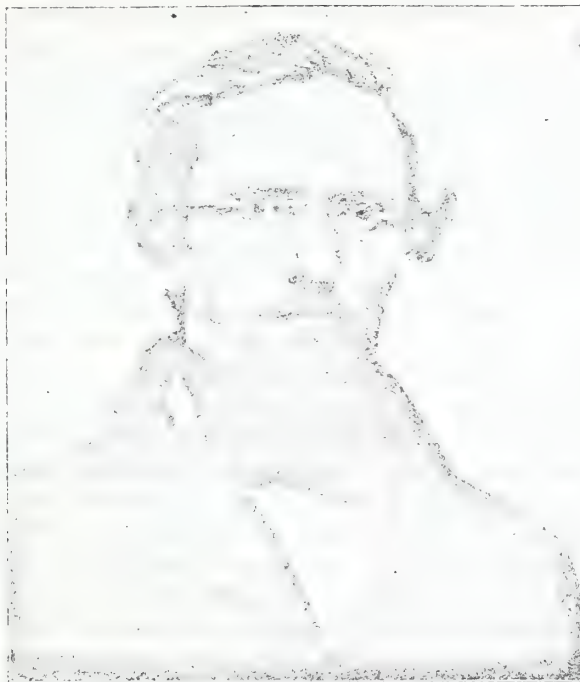
shortly after gathered up the fragments of his hotel fixtures and furniture (which had been scattered by the tornado), and chartered the little steamer, “Lady Morgan” and moved to Talequah, I. T., the then recently established seat of government of the Cherokee Nation. Here he practiced his profession for a year or more, during the time frequently visiting Little Rock, Ark., where he met and, on February 9th, 1843, married Miss Amanda J. McCann, daughter of Francis M. McCann, who had settled there two years before. Mr. McCann died in 1850, and his wife in 1887, the latter at the age of eighty-seven years. Both drew pensions from the United States government up to the time of their deaths. After his marriage Dr. Dignowity moved to a small place called Illinois Falls in the western part of Arkansas, near the Indian country, and there continued the practice of his profession until the early spring of 1846, when he volunteered under ex-Governor Yell of Arkansas for service in the war between the United States and Mexico.

With ten others he made his way across the country to San Antonio, it being their intention to join the Texas rangers or some body of volunteers and proceed from that place to the armies of Scott or Taylor beyond the Rio Grande. Within a few hours, however, after Dr. Dignowity arrived at San Antonio, while at the table taking his first meal in the place he was hastily summoned to attend a Mexican and an Indian who had been engaged in a street affray, and his presence as a physician thus becoming known and there being urgent need for his services he was prevailed upon to remain and devote his skill and energies, for a time, at least, to the afflicted of that place. He soon had a good practice and finally made up his mind to make San An-

tonio his home. He accordingly sent for and was joined by his family, which he had left at Little Rock, and from that time on until the opening of the war between the States, (1861) devoted his time to the practice of medicine and to land speculation, both of which yielded him good financial returns. On the great issue which led to a rupture between the Northern and Southern States, Dr. Dignowity was in harmony with a majority of the prominent and patriotic men of his section, who, like himself, were bitterly opposed to secession. He was always opposed to slavery, even before the agitation of that question in this country, as the two last books written by him, "Bohemia under Austrian despotism" and "American despotism," soon to be issued

from the press, will show. As by a close vote the State decided to secede, he, together with other prominent men of his section, had to leave the country and early in 1861 went North, making his way over land through Texas, the Indian Territory and Arkansas on horseback and finally, after much suffering, reached Washington City, where he secured employment under the government and remained during the entire period of the war.

He was a great sufferer by the war, having most of his property swept away and his health badly impaired. Returning to Texas in 1869 he did not resume the practice of his profession, but devoted his energies to the task of gathering up the fragments of his fortune. He followed this vigorously



A. M. DIGNOWITY, M. D.

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and with a fair degree of success until his death, April 22d, 1875. He left surviving him a widow, five sons and one daughter, the sons being Antone Francis, Edward Lucien, Henry Louis, Charles Leonard, and James Victor and the daughter, Imogene Teresa Dignowity. One son, Albert Wentzel, the second in age of his family, was killed February 25th, 1872, at Piedras Negras, Mexico, while a soldier in the army of the patriot Juarez, and a daughter preceded the father to the grave, dying in childhood.

Dr. Dignowity's career was an exceptional one, made so by an exceptional mental and moral organization. He was not only an accomplished physician but a successful man of business. While a student

and close investigator, the cast of his mind was practical. He endeavored during all his years to live along the lines of fairness and moral rectitude, seeking to do what was right because it was right and not from motives of policy or gain. He was greatly devoted to his family and was an ardent lover of his adopted country. He became a Repub-

lican on the organization of the Republican party, and was ever afterwards an ardent advocate of the principles of that party. He was reared a Catholic and during his earlier years was an active communicant of the Church, but his views on theological questions gradually underwent a change and he closed his life with a strong leaning toward Spiritualism.

MRS. AMANDA J. DIGNOWITY,

SAN ANTONIO.

Mrs. Dignowity's maiden name was McCann. Her father was Francis M. McCann, born in County Tyrone, Ireland, and her mother before marriage was Sarah Cramer, a native of Lancaster County, Penn. Her father came to America at the age of nine years with an uncle and settled in Baltimore, Md., where he grew to maturity. At about the age of twenty-one he enlisted in the United States army under Capt. Hale Hamilton, fought through the war of 1812, taking part in the battle of New Orleans under Jackson, and was mustered out of services at the close of hostilities, as lieutenant of his company. In August, 1817, he married Miss Cramer, of Pennsylvania, a niece of Congressman Cramer, of that State, and moved to the mountains of Western Virginia. There, some three years later, July 28, 1820, the subject of this notice was born. From Virginia, Mr. McCann moved to Hagarstown, Md., and, after some losses and many changes, he started with his family to Louisville, Ky. By accident he was compelled to stop at Cincinnati, Ohio, where he remained several years. From that city Amanda was sent to the convent school at Loretta, where she remained for four years, obtaining there the greater part of her education. Falling in with the tide of immigration to the South and West, Mr. McCann drifted to Mississippi and finally, in 1840, settled in Little Rock, Ark., where his family was domiciled and his servants quartered on a headright some miles outside of the town. This headright he had received for his services in the war of 1812. Two years later the family also settled on the headright, which now became the homestead, the affairs of which were ordered and conducted after the manner customary on the old-time Southern plantations.

Speaking of her early years, Mrs. Dignowity says: "In my childhood and girlhood I traveled

much with my father, who was a merchant as well as planter, and as there were then no railroads, all travel being by carriages and wagons, I traversed in this way much of the wilds of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Ohio, Mississippi and Arkansas and saw and practiced many of the primitive ways of living. Being the eldest of a large family of girls and there being many servants to care for, at home or on our various removals, I had to take charge of our medicine chest, one of the necessary adjuncts of every large household in those days, and administer such physic as was prescribed. I took a fancy for the study of medicine and though women were not then allowed to practice I determined to learn something about the subject. I began to read under Dr. J. Coombes of Mississippi; and after my father removed to Little Rock, I continued my studies under Drs. Tucker and Prayther. Meeting Dr. Wm. Byrd Powell, then president of the Medical College of New Orleans and afterwards State Geologist of Arkansas, I studied under him, he teaching the reform system, the eclectic, then almost in its infancy. On February 9th, 1843, I was married to Dr. A. M. Dignowity, friend and partner of Dr. Powell, and accompanying my husband to a small place in the western part of Kansas, settled there. Whatever ambition I may have had for an independent career as a medical practitioner, if, indeed, I ever had any, was now laid aside, though I continued my studies and often in after years joined my husband in his researches and lent him what aid I could in his professional labors."

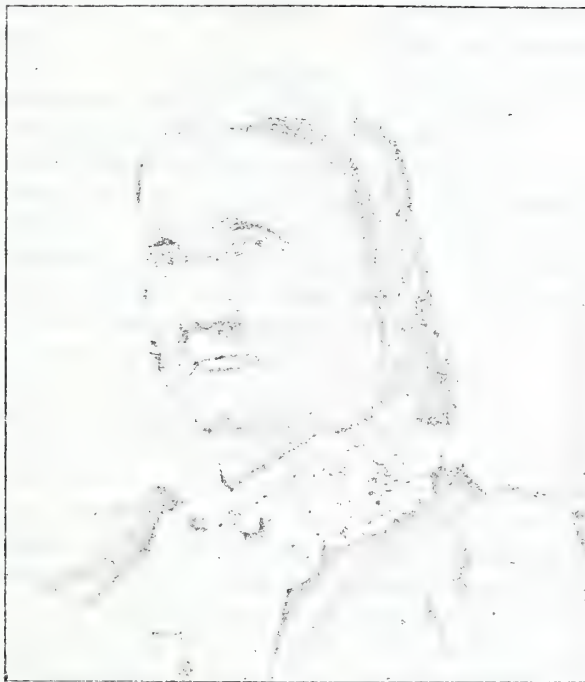
Dr. Dignowity having come to Texas in the early spring of 1846 and determined to locate permanently at San Antonio, he sent the following fall for Mrs. Dignowity, who had remained with her parents in Little Rock during the intervening months. The account of her trip is

best given in her own language. She said: "After masses, offered by Archbishop Byrens, and the prayers of the congregation for my safety in that land of war and desperadoes, were said I left my relatives and friends, some of whom I was never to see again and others not for many years, and took the steamer bound for New Orleans. At that place I waited thirty days for a vessel sailing for Texas, took passage on the bark 'William' in the latter part of January and, after beating about and being driven much out of our way at sea, suffering two days for water, we finally put in at Matagorda, where a supply of food and water was obtained. The vessel then proceeded to Indianola. There I was fortunate in meeting Mr. Van Ranslaer of

we got in. I procured a rocking chair and roll of carpeting from my baggage and ensconced myself in the back part of the wagon with my babies.

"The word to start was given, the Mexicans springing out of the way and the mules, standing first on their hind feet and then plunging forward in response to a yell from the driver and Mexicans, we started on our way. We faced the north wind for miles, I, nearly frightened to death, could only hold myself in readiness for anything that might come.

"At last we arrived at Victoria. 'Limp' Brown, well known in Texas history, kept the hotel there. After dinner we had a relay of bronchos and started on, facing toward evening a sleeting norther. We



MRS. AMANDA J. DIGNOWITY.

New York and Judge Stuart of Texas, both friends of my husband. We chartered a lighter and the two gentlemen, myself and babies and the captain left for Port Lavaca, which I was told was distant only a few hours sail, but we had gone scarcely a mile when a norther sprang up and we were driven out and battled the storm until the next evening before we reached Lavaca. I remained over night at the hotel. The next morning one of the gentlemen asked me to step out and see the fine United States mail coach waiting to take us over. Imagine my astonishment to see a large wagon without cover or seats, six Mexican broncho mules attached, each mule held by a Mexican peon (the latter as strange-looking to me as the mules) until

arrived late at Seguin half frozen, hungry and tired out, my baby not a year old, with the croup, our faces blistered with the sleet and cold. There I met for the first time Capt. Jack Hays on his way to Washington, D. C., and others who were going to San Antonio, among them Mr. William Vance, Capt. Shaw and Mr. A. A. Munsey, all of whom I well knew at home. Our hostess was Mrs. Calvert and with her still resided her beautiful daughters, afterwards Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Hays and Mrs. John Twony. Her kindness to me, a stranger, I will never forget. Next morning with a relay of bronchos, we continued our journey, our party having been increased by the addition of Mr. Munsey and Capt. Shaw.

The norther gone and the weather clear, we continued without further suffering or the occurrence of any event to break the monotony of travel until we reached the Salado crossing, eight miles east of San Antonio.

"There we were startled by a fearful war-whoop, and the men gathered their guns, pistols and bowie knives and prepared for battle with a determination which frightened me so that I slid from the chair to the bottom of the wagon and covering my babies with the carpeting, waited. Soon a voice called out: 'No fightie; mucho amigo; plenty whisky; plenty drunk!' What a relief! As we descended the hill we saw camped in the bed of the creek over a hundred Indians. They had been to San Antonio for rations and all were beastly drunk but three watchers.

"When we got to the top of the hill east of the city, where my residence now stands, Mr. Van Ransalaer remarked: 'Mrs. Dignowity, you must not be surprised at the appearance of the town. There has been a fearful norther and all of the houses have been unroofed.' Which I verily believed was so until I got fairly into the town and more closely inspected the buildings. The hotel at which we stopped, a typical Mexican jacal with flat roof, dirt floor and grated windows, seemed to be the chief place of rendezvous of the town; but I paid very little attention to its appearance or inmates. My husband, though absent at the time, being on duty among the soldiers at Mission Concepcion, had prepared a room for me and had a nurse in waiting. I repaired at once to my apartments which seemed a haven of rest, and awaited his return. When we went out to dinner there were about thirty persons at table and I was told that seven languages were being spoken. There was not one American lady in the number and I was told, and later learned, very few in the city. I remember meeting at the hotel the beautiful Mrs. Glanton, Prince Solms, Don Castro and a number of United States officers, some of whom I had known at home. The next day and many after I rode with my husband to the camps and visited the sick.

"In July our baggage, which had been delayed for five months, arrived and we moved to our home, my husband having purchased a place on Acequia street. After that I saw much of the city, met the few resident American ladies, became acquainted with some of the Mexican ladies and had a very pleasant time. All visiting then was done after sundown. The Plaza from ten in the morning till four in the evening was empty. All doors were closed. Everyone took a siesta and

afterwards a cup of coffee and a bath, the latter generally in the river. After 4 p. m. and after nightfall until midnight the Plaza and streets were gay with men and women in full dress and elegant toilets, engaged in shopping, visiting and enjoying the evening air.

"About one year after my arrival several ladies formed a class and engaged Dr. Winchell, who had been a tutor in Santa Anna's family, to teach us Spanish. The authoress, Augusta Evans, then a young girl, was one of the number. I visited some of the Spanish ladies and joined them in visiting the church during their festivals and fiestas, and was much interested with many others in watching their devotions and great display to the honor of the Senora Guadeloupe, their great patroness. Later when German immigrants began pouring into the city I found it necessary to study German, our domestic help coming largely from among them.

"Street fights between Indians and Mexicans were of frequent occurrence and my husband was many times called to attend the wounded of both sides. Sick and disabled soldiers from the Rio Grande were also frequently brought to our house for treatment so that we were for years almost constantly in the midst of affliction. But in spite of this we had our pleasures and enjoyed life quite as much as people of this day. What American homes there were here were always open to friends and we had many distinguished visitors to San Antonio in those days. I recall the names of Generals Kearney and Doubleday of the United States army, ex-Governor Yell of Arkansas, President Sam Houston, Archbishop Lamy, Bishop Odin and Rev. Mark Anthony, as among my guests in those years, and of course there were others whose names do not now occur to me. The incidents of the Alamo and the invasions under Vasques and Woll were then fresh in the minds of the people and I heard many interesting reminiscences of those stirring times recited by those who took part in historic events recounted. After the establishment of peace sometimes in company with my husband and sometimes with lady friends I visited the old missions. Concepcion Mission was used for a considerable time as a stable by the soldiers who were quartered there after the Mexican war. What a terrible desecration it seemed to me! But this was not more shocking than the vandalism since exhibited by tourists in breaking and taking away the lovely decorative work. The missions then were by no means in so dilapidated a condition as at present. Every sculptured flower, leaf, fruit and face was in a perfect state of preservation.

"The opening of the Civil War brought us a new era of trial and suffering. My husband was a Union man. He left the country on account of his views on slavery and secession and remained in the North until the restoration of peace. My two eldest sons, aged sixteen and nineteen, were conscripted into the Confederate Army but, subsequently, while on a furlough, swam the Rio Grande, made their escape and joined the Union forces at Brazos de Santiago, and later went to Washington City, where they secured positions in the Department of the Interior and remained until 1868. Most of our property was swept away during the four years struggle, some of our losses being caused by Indians who made frequent incursions into the country and stole cattle, horses and sheep from the ranches, sometimes murdering the ranchmen."

"But," said Mrs. Dignowity in conclusion, "in spite of these unpleasant recollections, San Antonio is very dear to me and I am every inch a Texian. During the past twenty years I have traveled extensively throughout the Union but I cannot say that I have ever found any place I like better than this and I have no higher wish than to here pass in the quiet of my home, surrounded by my children

and grandchildren, the remainder of the years allotted to me on earth."

Mrs. Dignowity has living five sons and one daughter and ten grandchildren, all of whom reside near her. Very naturally her chief thoughts now center in these, and she in turn is the recipient of their unbounded affection. Her time for the past five years has been devoted to her estate, to her children and to her taste for the arts in a small way. She feels, as she says, that with all the trials her bright days have been more than her dark ones and that she has much to be thankful for. The secret of her cheerful disposition and elasticity of spirits, perhaps lies in the fact that she has passed much of her time in intimate association with her children and grandchildren, whose purposes, hopes and ambitions, she has actively interested herself in, and in the further fact that she has kept up her reading habit formed in girlhood and her interest in art work, thus drawing, as it were, daily inspiration from the only real fountain of youth. She has received from the judges of the International State Fair and the State Art Association two gold medals for art work and carving; one diploma, one honorable mention and fifteen premiums from the different departments.

MRS. SARAH ANN BRACHES,

GONZALES COUNTY.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds,
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes,
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd,
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and mild with all regret;
O, death in life, the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

Mrs. Sarah Ann Braches, who died at her home on Peach creek, near the town of Gonzales, October 17th, 1894, aged eighty-three years and seven months, was one of the last survivors of the colonists who came to Texas in 1831.

Although confined to her bed for a number of years, she was ever cheerful, and would laugh or cry with the changing theme as she recounted with glowing imagery the story of the hardships and perils through which she passed in her earlier years. Her memory was remarkably retentive, and her mind singularly clear, almost up to the moment of her death. She was the representative of a race that redeemed the wilderness and won freedom for Texas. Upon the broad foundation it laid, has been erected the noble superstructure of later times. Truly a mother of Israel has passed away. May the flower-gemmed sod rest lightly above her pulseless form, and her memory be preserved in grateful



MRS. SARAH ANN BRACHES.



CHARLES BRACHES.

hearts as well as upon the pages of the history of the country she loved so well.

Her parents were John M. and Mary (Garnett) Ashby, natives of Kentucky. She was born in Shelby County, Ky., March 12th, 1811, and was the oldest of twelve children. She was united in marriage to Judge Bartlett D. McClure in Kentucky in 1828. Three children were born of this union: Alex, in 1829, John, in 1833, and Joel, in 1839, all now deceased.

Joel was a soldier in Terry's Rangers during the war between the States, and in the charge led by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh was shot in the groin, a wound from the effects of which he died October 23d, 1870, at the old family residence.

In 1831 the Ashby family and Judge and Mrs. McClure emigrated to Texas. At New Orleans, March 12th of that year, the party took passage on a ship bound for Matagorda Bay and landed upon Texas soil the first of May following. The vessel was caught in a storm and the pilot losing his bearings steered into the wrong pass, whereupon the ship struck repeatedly upon a bar with such violence that all aboard expected every moment to be engulfed in the raging sea, but the ship was strong and kept afloat until morning, when the passengers and crew took to the small boats and effected a landing on the bar. Here they pitched camp and waited four days, when, the vessel still sticking fast, it was decided to abandon her to her fate and Judge McClure and a few companions, at the request of the rest, made their way to the mainland and went on to Goliad to get permission for the party to land, from the Mexican commander, who, according to the process of the tedious laws in vogue, had to send a courier to the seat of government before he could issue them a permit to enter and remain in the country. They were gone five days on this mission. The whole party finally landed in boats about fifteen miles below the present town of Rockport, but had to camp another week on the beach for Mexican carts to be brought from Goliad. They were delayed again at Goliad waiting for ox-teams from Gonzales, as the Mexican carters would go no farther than the Guadalupe river. The two families separated and Mr. and Mrs. Ashby settled in Lavaca County, on Lavaca river, five miles from Hallettsville, Mrs. Ashby dying in that county in 1835, and her husband in Matagorda County, October 15th, 1839.

Judge and Mrs. McClure established themselves on Peach creek near Gonzales, in De Witt's colony, where the subject of this memoir lived almost continuously during the after years of her life.

There were only twenty-five families in Gon-

zales when they first visited that place. At this time (1831), the Comanches, Lipans and Toncahuas were friendly, but the Waco Indians were hostile and giving the settlers much trouble. In September, the people of Gonzales gave a dinner to about one hundred Comanches. The meal was partly prepared by the ladies of the place. Knowing the treacherous nature of the red-skins, a guard of fifteen well armed men was quietly appointed. These kept on the *qui vive* and neither ate nor drank while the Indians regaled themselves. No disturbance occurred and the Indians, having finished their repast, mounted their horses and departed with mutual expressions of good will.

These friendly relations were terminated a year later, however, as the result of the action of a party of French traders from New Orleans, who passed through the country. These traders gave poisoned bread to the Comanches, and the latter declared war against all whites.

For many years thereafter the country was subject to raids and depredations. In all those stirring times the subject of this memoir displayed a heroism as bright as that recorded upon the most inspiring pages of history, and a tenderness ennobling to her sex. On more than one occasion her intrepidity saved the homestead from destruction. At others she helped to prepare rations for hastily organized expeditions and spoke brave and cheering words to the country's defenders. The wounded could always rely upon careful nursing at her hands and the houseless and indigent upon receiving shelter and succor. Ever womanly and true, her virtues won for her the lasting love and veneration of the people far and wide and she is now affectionately remembered by all old Texans.

In August, 1838, while riding across the prairies with her husband, they came across twenty-seven Comanche warriors. By a rapid movement the Indians cut them off from the general ford on Boggy Branch, and they deflected toward Big Elms, another crossing place two miles distant. In the mad race that followed she became separated from her husband. A portion of the band observing this fact, uttered a shout of triumph and made a desperate effort to overtake her. She realized that she must put the creek between her and her pursuers and accordingly turned shortly to the right and rode at break-neck speed straight for the stream. As she reached it she fastened the reins in her horse's mane, wrapped her arms around his neck, buried her spurs in his quivering flank and the animal, with a magnificent exertion of strength, vaulted into the air and landed with his fore feet on the other side, his hind feet

and legs sinking deep into the mud and quicksand that formed the margin of the branch. In an instant she leaped over his head and seizing the bridle encouraged him to make an effort to extricate himself, which, being a large and powerful animal, he did. She then waved her sun-bonnet to her husband who had effected a crossing further down at the Big Elms and whom she descried at that moment galloping toward her. He joined her and they rode home, leaving the baffled Comanches to vent their rage as best they could.

Periods of quietude and occasional social gatherings gave variety of life and common perils nourished generous sentiments of neighborly regard, mutual kindness and comradeship. The hardships and dangers of the times in themselves seemed to have had a charm for the bold and hardy spirits who held unflinchingly their ground as an advance skirmish line of civilization. Nor were the happening of events rich in humor wanting. These were recounted over and over beside blazing winter hearths to amuse the occasional guest. One of these told to the writer by the subject of this memoir was the following:—

Judge McClure, on starting for Bastrop in 1834, left a carpenter whom he had employed to build an addition to the house, behind him to protect the family. The man was a typical down-east Yankee. A morning or two later Mrs. McClure's attention being attracted by cattle running and bellowing; she looked out of her window and saw Indians skulking in the brush and two of the band chasing the cattle. She at once commenced arming herself and told her companion that he must get ready for a fight. He turned deathly pale, began trembling and declared that he had never shot a gun and could not fight. "Let's go back of the house," he said, "and down into the bottom." To which she replied, "No, sir, you can go into the bottom if you want to; but I am going to fight."

The Indians killed a few calves but kept out of gunshot and passed on that night. The carpenter sat up until daylight with a gun across his lap. He could not shoot; but, it is to be presumed, found some comfort in holding a gun, for all that. The following morning she told the man that if he would go down to the lake back of the house and get a bucket of water, she would prepare breakfast. He replied that he was afraid to go. She stood this condition of affairs as long as she could and then strapping a brace of pistols around her waist, took the bucket and started for the lake. The fellow at this juncture declared if she was bound to go, he would go with her, and followed on behind a few steps holding the gun in his hands. This so

angered her that she turned and told him that, if he dared to follow her another foot she would shoot him dead in his tracks. Alarmed in good earnest he beat a hasty retreat to the house. Several days later some men came by going to Gonzales, and the carpenter went with them without finishing his job. What hair-lifting tales he told when he got back to his native beath and the prodigies of valor that he performed may be conjectured.

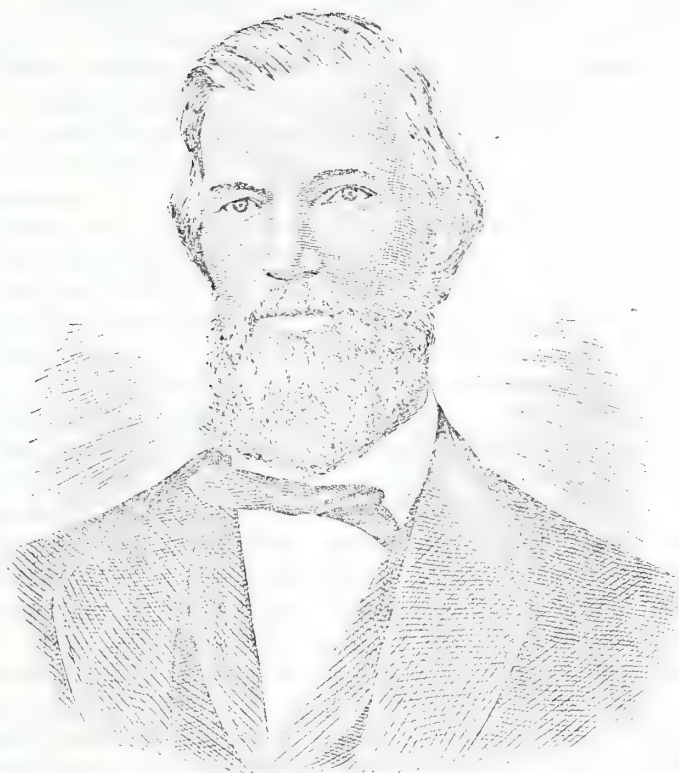
She was living on Peach creek at her home, when the Alamo fell. Prior to that event, when the people were fleeing from Gonzales in dread of the advance of Santa Anna on that place, twenty-seven women, whose husbands were in the Alamo, stopped at her house and were there when they received news of the massacre.

Gen. Houston also stopped at her home on his second day's retreat and sitting on his horse under a big live oak tree (which she ever afterwards called Sam Houston's tree) ordered a retreat, saying that those who saw fit to remain behind must suffer the consequences. A great many relic hunters have secured souvenirs of moss from the tree. The women and children were sent on ahead, and when they had gone about four miles, heard the explosion of the magazine at Gonzales, blown up by Col. Patten, who later overtook them at the Navidad.

Santa Anna and his army camped on Peach creek for five weeks and made his headquarters in her house during a part of the time. He then moved on toward the east after the Goliad massacre. The Mexicans drove off or killed all the stock on her farm, filled the well up with bricks torn from the kitchen floor and burned everything except the dwelling house.

Having been ordered by Gen. Houston to go after and bring up the "Redlanders," Judge McClure left his wife at Grisby's (now Moore's) Bluff on the Nueces, proceeded to execute the order and was thereby prevented from being present at and participating in the battle of San Jacinto. He was a member of the convention of Texas, held in 1833; organized the first county in DeWitt's colony and was its first county judge; and after an active and useful life died and was buried in Gonzales County in 1842.

Mrs. McClure married Mr. Charles Braches, of Gonzales County, March 2d, 1843, a man noted for abilities of a high order, and sterling character. He was born at Gaulkhausen, Kreuznach, Rheim, Prussia, February 25th, 1813; sailed from Europe for America April 3d, 1834; arriving at Baltimore, Md., left for St. Louis, Mo., two days later and from that place moved to Sharon, Miss., where he



BARTLETT D. McCLURE.

conducted a literary and music school until 1840 when he emigrated to the republic of Texas, and settled in Gonzales County, where he engaged in merchandising with Dr. Caleb S. Brown, who was also from Mississippi. This copartnership continued for twelve or thirteen months. A man of rare personal magnetism, fine address and brilliant talents, Mr. Braches soon took rank as one of the ablest and most influential citizens of the community and in scarcely more than a year (1842), was elected to represent the district in the Texas congress. While going to and returning from the seat of government he first met his future wife and shortly after the close of the session they were united in the bonds of wedlock. He was a participant in the battles of the Hondo, Plum Creek and the Medina, and numerous Indian expeditions in which he behaved himself with conspicuous gallantry. Both Mr. and Mrs. Braches were members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church for many years and were liberal contributors to schools and churches. During his lifetime Mr. Braches devoted many thousands of dollars to these purposes. He died July 7th, 1889, at his home in Gonzales County, admired and respected by a wide circle of friends extending throughout Texas.

When Bowie started upon his San Saba expedition Mrs. Braches had beaves killed and dressed, food cooked and a general supply of provisions prepared for the use of his men on their march. He wrote out and tendered her vouchers against the Republic to cover the expense that she had incurred, but these she refused to receive, saying that she considered it a pleasure as well as a duty to aid in a movement designed for the protection of the homes of the settlers to the full extent of her power and that she could not think of receiving pay for such a service. Sentiments equally unselfish and praiseworthy inspired all her actions. A distinguished Texian says of Mr. and Mrs. Braches: "After Mrs. Braches' parents died she became a mother to her younger brothers and sisters, viz., Mary, who married John Smothers; Isabella, who married in her house in 1840, Gen. Henry E. McCulloch; Fannie, who married in her house Mr. Gelhorn; Euphemia, who married Wm. G. King, of Seguin; William, who died young, and Travis H. Ashby, who

died after being a Captain in the Confederate army.

"A braver or grander-hearted woman never trod the soil of Texas, and all of the survivors of those early days, from San Antonio to the Colorado and from Texana and Victoria to the foot of the mountains, will attest the truth of this statement. Knowing her from boyhood and not having seen her for a little over twenty years I willingly and conscientiously pay this tribute to her. Mr. Braches, for forty-six years, proved himself to be worthy to be the husband of such a woman. It is needless for me to speak of his character to those among whom he so long lived. That he was a polished and refined gentleman, of kindly heart, all will admit. He was to have been my guest at the State Fair last fall, but sickness prevented his coming. My little grandchildren, inspired by the eulogies of their grandparents, were sorely disappointed at his not coming. In conclusion, I can only say that I believe Charles Braches to have been incapable of a mean or dishonorable act. He was, in the highest sense, an honorable and benevolent man and good citizen."

Mrs. Mary Jones, wife of Mr. H. K. Jones, of Dilworth in Gonzales County, a station near the old family homestead, is the only surviving child born of this union. Mrs. Braches was the soul of patriotism—a lady of rare refinement and intelligence, and her deeds of kindness and charities were innumerable. Her grave will be watered by the tears of the widow and orphan. Her life is a part of, and interwoven with the most stirring period of Texas history. To her belongs the glory of a Roman matron and the halo of a tender Christian mother.

She was one of the best known, best beloved and noblest of the noble Texian matrons who inspired the men of earlier days to resistance to tyranny and deeds of heroism and kept the fires of patriotism brightly aglow upon the hearthstones of the country. At her home, to the time of her death, she maintained that free and elegant hospitality that made the South famous in olden time. Her name deserves to be wreathed with imperishable immortelles and to be inscribed upon one of the brightest pages of the State's history. Peace to her ashes and lasting honor to her memory.

ALEXANDER BEATON.

GEM HILL.

(Near Corsicana, Texas.)

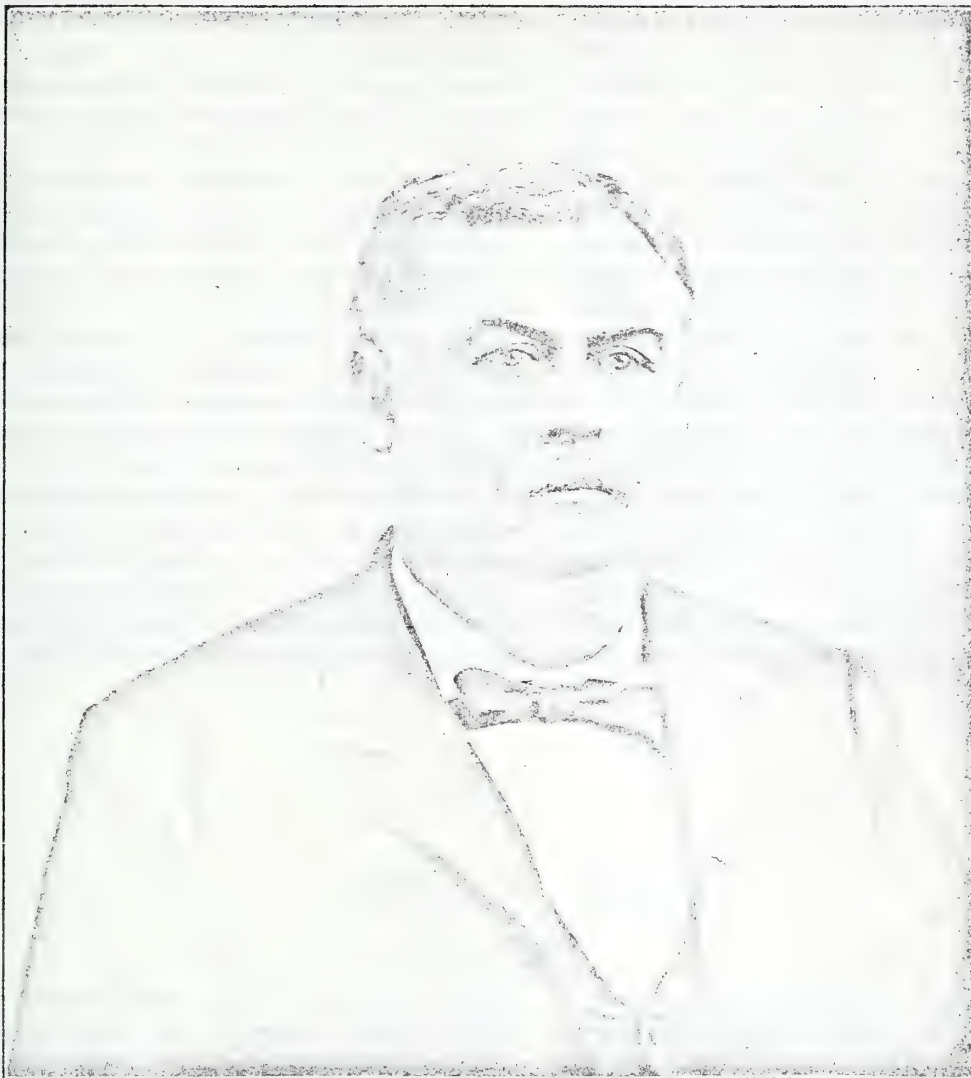
Maj. Alexander Beaton was born at Inverness, Inverness-shire, the most beautiful and romantic part of the Highlands of Scotland, February 19, 1820. His parents, Donald and Margaret (Beaton) Beaton, died when he was in his thirteenth year. He received an academic education in his native town, and in his seventeenth year was sent to the city of London, England, where he entered the office of an accountant, where he remained for six years. Shortly after his first arrival in London, he witnessed the grandest sight and pageant of his life, the coronation of Queen Victoria. He came to the United States in 1843, in November of that year landing at New Orleans where, until 1844, he filled a position secured by him before he left London. He left New Orleans at the beginning of the yellow fever epidemic in 1844, the local physicians and newspapers advising all unacclimated persons to pursue that course. He went from New Orleans to St. Louis and from the latter city to Bolivar, Polk County, Mo., where he taught school and read law until 1847 in the office of Col. Thomas Ruffin, who was then known as one among the leading members of the bar in Southwest Missouri. In the summer of that year a call was made on the State of Missouri to raise her Third Regiment of Mounted Volunteers for service in Mexico, and Maj. Beaton volunteered for service during the war and became a member of Company K. of said regiment. Col. Ralls, of Ralls County, Mo., was afterwards elected Colonel of the regiment, which, after being duly equipped and made ready for service at Fort Leavenworth, now in the State of Kansas, started on its march across the plains in July, 1847, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, where it took the place of Gen. Price's command, whose term of service had expired. Maj. Beaton went to Taos, New Mexico, with three companies of the regiment and remained there, doing duty as acting adjutant of the battalion, until the end of the war, when he returned to Independence, Mo., with the entire regimental command, where with his fellow-soldiers he was, in the fall of 1848, honorably discharged from the service. He now draws a pension of \$8.00 per month as a Mexican war veteran from the United States government.

Shortly after his discharge from the army, he

and Col. Ruffin came to Texas, stopped at Houston for a brief period and then took a look at the town of Washington, on the Brazos, which was much spoken of at the time and believed by many to be destined for the dignity of a city of importance at some time. They afterwards visited and resided, for varying periods, at Brenham, Chappel Hill, and Richmond, Col. Ruffin locating at the latter place. Maj. Beaton during his sojourn at Chappel Hill taught school for a few months.

He arrived at Corsicana on the 16th of March, 1850, then a small frontier village of about one hundred inhabitants, and has since resided in and near that place. In a short time after his arrival he was employed in the county clerk's office and was later appointed to fill the unexpired term of a former incumbent of the office of county assessor and collector of taxes and, while so engaged, industriously applied himself to the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1851, license being granted by Hon. O. M. Roberts, the presiding judge, afterwards Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, Governor of Texas and, later, senior law professor in the Texas University. Maj. Beaton afterwards, for a period of over thirty years, engaged in the practice of the profession, before and after the war for some years as a copartner of the now distinguished statesman, Hon. R. Q. Mills, and since that time, until about ten years ago, when he retired from active pursuits to his "Gem Hill" home, near the city of Corsicana.

He has borne a conspicuous and helpful part in the upbuilding of Corsicana. The start in the making of Corsicana as a city was his successful effort in getting a depot of the Houston and Texas Central Railway located at the town in 1871. In the attainment of this object he was ably assisted by Mr. James Kerr, Sr., and Col. William Croft. In honor of his services and liberality, without any desire or asking for it on his part, the people named the principal street in the city, Beaton street, in his honor. He has been a life-long Democrat and has done good service for the party and for the cause of honest and accountable government. His forefathers for many generations were members of the Presbyterian Church, with whose Calvinism and authoritative teaching he could not agree. He now worships with his wife in the Methodist Church,



JAMES G. DUDLEY.

whose tenets and beliefs are more in accord with his own.

As previously stated, Maj. Beaton retired from active business and professional pursuits more than ten years ago and moved to his residence, "Gem Hill," which overlooks the city of Corsicana and is one of the most exquisitely beautiful and well appointed country-seats in the South.

July 11, 1852, he married Elizabeth J. McKinney, daughter of Rev. Hampton McKinney, a famous pioneer and Methodist Episcopal preacher of Navarro County, who moved to this State from Illinois. Maj. and Mrs. Beaton have three children, two sons and a daughter. Their eldest son, Ralph, is a member of the firm of Damon, Beaton & Company, of Corsicana. Their only daughter, Mary Kate, is the wife of Dr. S. W. Johnson, of that city. Maj. Beaton was made a Master Mason in 1850 by Gen. E. H. Tarrant, joining the first lodge organized in Corsicana. Maj. Beaton has won considerable distinction as an amateur geologist and investigator of the natural sciences, for which he has always possessed a passionate fondness and followed with a quiet and never flagging zeal. He has contributed many valuable articles (that have been widely copied) to magazines. The following telegram of April 29, 1895, from Austin, Texas, to the Dallas-Galveston *News* fitly illustrates the interest he feels in the cause of

scientific progress: "It may not be generally known that a few weeks since the University of Texas came into the possession of the valuable and unique cabinet of minerals collected by Hon. Alexander Beaton, of Corsicana, on his home place, known as 'Gem Hill' situated about a mile south of the town.

"Maj. Beaton has long been a student of nature and, being impressed with the remarkable beauty and purity of the drift-minerals found in the fields near the house, he took the pains to have many of the best, several hundreds, in fact, dressed by the lapidaries of Colorado Springs, Colo. The results are truly wonderful, bringing out in a marked degree the hidden beauties which less acute observers have for years passed by. Many of these stones are suitable for various settings and, doubtless, under the fostering care of a competent expert, quite an industry could be built up along this line in Texas.

"Mr. Beaton is strongly imbued with this idea. The collection will soon be ready for display at the University and visitors should bear it in mind in making their rounds. Maj. Beaton deserves the hearty thanks of all students of science for his generosity in this matter. May others be moved to follow his example. The University is the proper custodian for all collections which will promote the intellectual and scientific welfare of the State."

JAMES G. DUDLEY,

PARIS.

The subject of this sketch was born in Hannibal, Marion County, Mo., on the 8th day of April, 1848, of Virginia parentage, his father being from Lynchburg and his mother, who is still living, from Kanawah County, Va., and was the fourth child of a family of six children.

His great-grandfathers on both sides were soldiers in the Revolutionary war for Independence and his grandfathers were soldiers in the war of 1812. His grandfather on his father's side lost his life at Norfolk, Va., when the father of the subject of this sketch was about three years old. His father was a carpenter by trade, and, when James G. Dudley was about four years of age, moved to the city of St. Louis, where he engaged in contracting and building. Young Dudley at-

tended the public schools of St. Louis, known as the Mound street and Webster schools, and there laid the foundation for the liberal education he afterwards acquired by private study. A few years before the commencement of the war between the States, his father moved to Henry County, Mo., where he engaged in farming, young James G. and his only brother, W. W. Dudley, working on the farm. In 1862, the second year of the war, the subject of this sketch, although only fourteen years of age, found it unsafe to stay at home on account of his bold and openly pronounced views in favor of the Southern Confederacy and made his way to the command of the gallant Sidney Jackman and proceeded south with him to Gen. Price's army, in Northern Arkansas, and joined the celebrated

Sixteenth Missouri Infantry, then commanded by Col. L. M. Lewis (who afterwards became a General) and participated in nearly all the great battles fought in the Trans-Mississippi department. After the close of the war he returned to Missouri, and engaged in farming and running an engine in a flouring mill until he became able to undertake the study of law and then entered the law office of Judge F. E. Savage, of Kentucky, then residing at Clinton, Mo. Having been admitted to the bar in April, 1872, he came to Texas the following November and settled at Paris, Texas, where he has since resided and risen to distinction in his profession.

At the Paris bar he found it necessary to meet such eminent lawyers as J. W. Throckmorton, T. J. Brown, M. L. Sims, R. R. Gaines, W. H. Johnson, R. H. Taylor, W. B. Wright and S. B. Maxey, men who not only enjoyed State-wide but national reputations, and not only held his own but soon rose to be a recognized equal of theirs. No lawyer in Texas has had a more varied practice, or been more successful. He has been of counsel in some of the most celebrated civil and criminal cases tried in the State during the last twenty years. He and Chief Justice Gaines were copartners when the latter was elected to the Supreme Bench.

In 1877 he married Miss Jennie E. Blair, who is a descendant on her mother's side from the family of which the heroic Travis was a scion. They have five children living, three sons and two daughters.

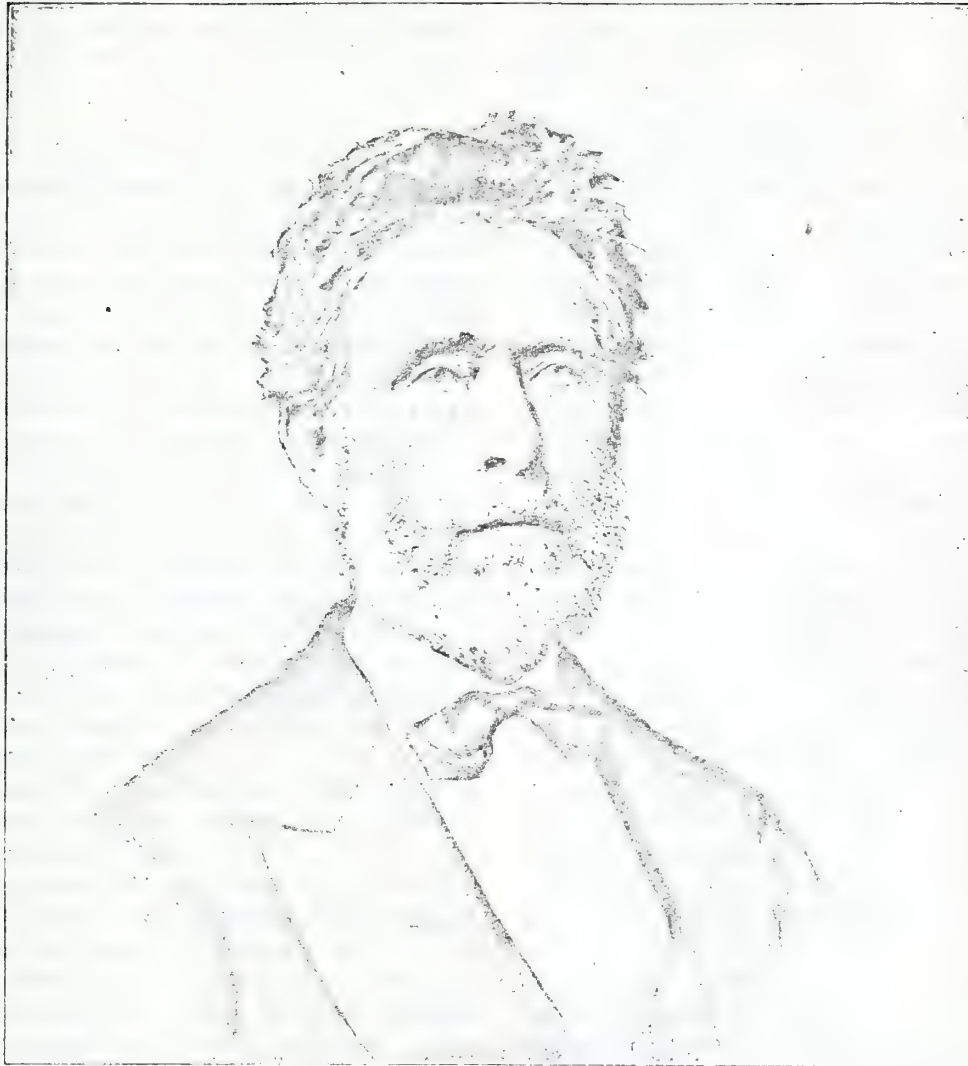
He was elected chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Texas at the Dallas convention in 1894.

The year in which this book is being prepared for publication and will issue from the press (1896) is one of political storm. A crisis is upon the country that must be patriotically met and overcome, if a long train of evils that threaten it are to be avoided. For many years past, in fact since the days of reconstruction, the Democratic party has embraced within its ranks a heterogeneous mass of individuals, many of whom were attracted to its standard in the dark days that followed the war between the States by reason of the fact that it stood for honest, responsible government and had undertaken the task of restoring the reins of government to the hands of the people, but are now,

when that object has been long since attained, no longer Democrats in anything except the name. Quite a number of this class have drifted into the Populist and into other parties. Another and more dangerous element in the party has been one whose motto has been "rule or ruin," led by disgruntled individuals whose political ambitions have been disappointed, and who, actuated by malice and a spirit of revenge, because the rank and file of the party would not submit to their dictation, first became bolters and have since drifted into the condition of political brigands, and followers of McKinley. In the early part of this year they and their leaders loudly proclaimed that they were the only true Democrats and that they intended to see that their declarations and principles were engrafted in the State platforms to be promulgated by the party in the approaching campaign. The prospect at that time was that they would remain within the organization, confuse and darken its counsels and lead to its defeat in November; but, the Democratic party, it almost seems providentially, had for its chairman of the State Executive Committee, a man of high ability, unflinching courage, inflexibility of purpose and that capacity for generalship that in all ages has characterized those commanders who have led bodies of men in hours of supreme peril (when disaster threatened from every quarter) to victory. Owing to the prompt and decided action taken by him and his fellow-members of the committee (named by some "the Dudley committee") the people were given a chance to express themselves through their ballots at a primary election, and the result was true Democracy triumphed.

Mr. Dudley delivered the oration for Texas on Texas day at the Atlanta Exposition, which was pronounced by the *Atlanta Constitution* "a gem of oratory." At the Austin convention of this year, 1896, the acts of Mr. Dudley as chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee were by resolution endorsed, in the most flattering way. No man in Texas has ever been more complimented by a convention. The whole convention, including a vast concourse of spectators, rose to their feet.

Mr. Dudley is now one of the most conspicuous figures in public life in this State and has won the admiration of all the leaders of the party throughout the country. He has been chosen a member of the National Democratic Executive Committee.



GEO. HANCOCK.

GEORGE HANCOCK,

AUSTIN.

George Hancock, the subject of this sketch, was truly one of the sturdy pioneers of Texas, having immigrated to Texas in 1835. He is a lineal descendant of the Virginia family of Hancock, which is of English extraction, and had the same ancestry as the Massachusetts family. Their family came to this country from England at a very early period.

In 1632, George Hancock settled in what is now Campbell County, Va. At this time the sagacious and humane Sir Francis Wyatt was Governor of the colony, and assisted by a council and representative assembly chosen by the people. A written constitution had been granted, courts of law established, and the germ of civil and religious liberty firmly planted; for, although intolerance and civil commotion at times disturbed the equanimity of the Virginia colonists, they had nevertheless conceived the true theory of government, and were anxious to found it upon the basis of a true colonization. The social status of the colony was most excellent, and its chivalry was unquestionably of the purest type. Political spirit of republican freedom was ever present and, if at times there was a Berkley to oppress with arbitrary and tyrannical rule, there was always a Nathaniel Bacon to sustain with all the powers of the sword, if need be, the inalienable rights of man.

Under such favorable auspices as these, the Hancocks started, and their progeny have been true to the faith of their fathers.

The subject of this biography was a native of Tennessee, where he was born on the 11th of April, 1809. He was reared in Alabama, and is a son of John Allen Hancock, who was a native of Franklin County, Va., where he was a wealthy planter, and emigrated to Alabama about the year 1819, and died there in January, 1856.

John Allen Hancock was not a public man, his most distinguishing characteristic being a decided aversion to holding public office, but the private virtues and excellencies of life he possessed in a remarkable degree. Man is not what he does, but what he is, and judged by this standard John Allen Hancock was a model.

Sarah Ryan, the mother of the subject of this sketch, was a native of Bedford County, Va., daughter of William Ryan, a planter, and for a long time high sheriff of that county. His

ancestors came from North Ireland, and were Presbyterians in religion. The precise date of the emigration to America is not known, but it was some time during the days of colonization. After emigrating to Texas in 1835, Mr. Hancock actively participated in the war for Independence against Mexico, and was especially noticeable in the battle of San Jacinto, being one of the five men who were with Deaf Smith in cutting Vince's bridge, which resulted in the capture of Santa Anna. He was also in the prominent campaigns of the frontier, during the Woll and Mier campaigns. Subsequently he passed a number of years in locating and surveying lands, and in fighting Mexicans and Indians, performing hard duties in both civil and military service. In 1843 he engaged in commerce, opening a mercantile house at LaGrange, Fayette County; subsequently in Bastrop, and in 1845 in Austin, where he extended his business until it became one of the most extensive in the interior of Texas. He was for several years a member of the Texas Legislature. He assisted in organizing the Texas Veterans' Association in 1873, and was prominent in its councils, being on its executive committee for a number of years, and a Veteran of the first class in that association. He was for many years preceding his death a vestryman of St. David's Episcopal church in Austin. He was married in 1855 to Louisa, daughter of Col. Ira Randolph Lewis, a sketch of whom appears elsewhere in this work.

Mr. Hancock was a man of great force of character, of unyielding and courageous honesty, and was ready at all times to sacrifice his private interests to his principles. During the dissensions between the States previous to 1860, he was a strong opponent of secession, believing it to be impossible of accomplishment and disastrous to the South and to the whole country. When the war broke out he retained and continued to publicly express his convictions, preferring to risk all rather than yield what he thought right and patriotic. But his hand and heart were always open to his neighbors in distress and many a soldier, fighting the battles of the Confederacy in the front, felt easier from knowing that his family at home would not suffer while George Hancock was there to lend a helping hand.

George Hancock and his brother, Judge John

Hancock, recently deceased, were for many years potential forces in the business and political affairs of Texas. George Hancock died on the 6th of

January, 1879, in the city of Austin, leaving surviving his wife, Louisa, and one son, Lewis, the present, Mayor of Austin.

WILLIAM LEWIS CABELL,

DALLAS.

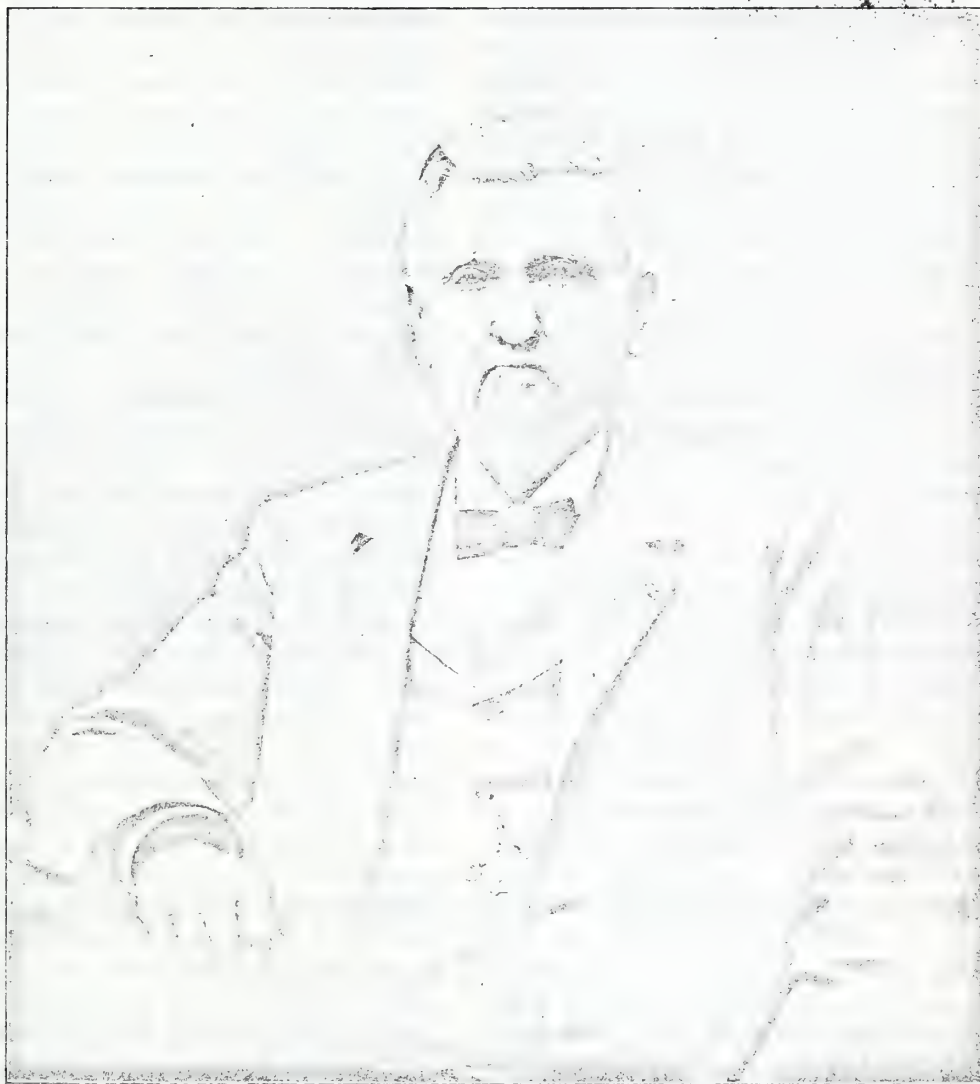
Gen. W. L. Cabell was born in Danville, Va., January 1, 1827, and was one of a family of seven sons and four daughters.

His grandfather was Joseph Cabell, of Buckingham County, who married a Miss Bolling, of the same county. His father was Gen. Benjamin W. S. Cabell, born in Buckingham, and his mother, Sarah E. Doswell, a native of Nottoway County, where his parents were married. Joseph Cabell, his grandfather, moved to Kentucky while his father, Benjamin W. S., was young. Gen. Benjamin W. S. Cabell, however, remained in Virginia all his life and died there April 13, 1862. His widow died in 1874. Gen. W. L. Cabell grew up on his father's farm and attended schools in the vicinity until 1846, when he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, from which he graduated in 1850 and was assigned to the United States Army as Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Seventh Infantry. In 1855, having attained the rank of First Lieutenant, he was appointed regimental Quartermaster and so remained until 1858, when he was promoted to the rank of Captain in the Quartermaster's department and was assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. Persifer F. Smith, then in command of the Utah expedition. Gen. Smith died and was succeeded by Gen. Wm. S. Harney, with whom Capt. Cabell continued until the close of the expedition, when, in the same year, he was ordered to Fort Kearney to rebuild that fortification. In the spring of 1859 he was ordered to Fort Arbuckle, in the Chickasaw Nation, and in the fall of the same year, to build a new post at Fort Cobb, about a hundred miles west of Arbuckle and high up on the Washita river, in the Indian Territory, west of the ninety-eighth meridian. This post, since the war, has been superseded by Fort Sill. Capt. Cabell remained on duty at Fort Cobb, frequently engaged in scouting against the wild Indians, until the spring of 1861, when it became apparent that the war between the States was inevitable.

He then repaired to Fort Smith, tendered his resignation to the President of the United States, and on the 12th of April left for the seat of the Confederate Government, at Montgomery, Ala. He reached Montgomery on the 19th of the month and immediately offered his services to President Davis. He received at the same time the acceptance of his resignation, signed by President Lincoln, and was commissioned as Major in the Confederate army.

He was married July 22, 1856, to Miss Harriett A., daughter of Maj. Elias Rector. They have reared a family of children who have been an honor to their name. They are: Benjamin E., Kate Doswell, John Joseph, Lawrence Duval, Lewis Rector, Pocahontas Rebecca, and William Lewis. Mrs. Cabell died April 16, 1887. She was a woman of rare virtues and greatly beloved by those who were in a position to know her many merits.

On being appointed Major, Cabell left for Richmond, Va., under orders from President Davis, to organize the quartermaster's, commissary, ordnance and medical departments of the army. He remained there until the first of June, when he was ordered to Manassas to report to Gen. Beauregard as Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac. After the battles of the 18th and 21st of July, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston assumed command. Maj. Cabell served on his staff until the 15th of January, 1862, when he was ordered to report to Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston in Kentucky (then commanding the Army of the West) for service under Gen. Earl Van Dorn in the Trans-Mississippi department. He crossed the Mississippi into Arkansas with Gen. Van Dorn, who established temporary headquarters at Jacksonport, and soon thereafter was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General and was assigned to the command of the troops on White river, to hold in check the forces of the Federal General Steele, then menacing that section from Missouri, while Gen. Van Dorn proceeded to Northwest Arkansas and assumed command of the army then under the command of



W. L. CABELL.

Generals McCulloch and Price. The battle of Elk Horn was fought and lost on the 6th and 7th of March, resulting in the transfer of that army to the east side of the Mississippi river very soon afterwards.

The following extract is from a sketch of Gen. Cabell's services, written in 1878. The writer says:—

"Gen. Cabell proved his ability as a commander, in this emergency, and twice drove Steele's army, which largely outnumbered his, back into their camp in Missouri, and had control of that section of the country until Van Dorn and Price returned to White river previous to their leaving for Corinth, Miss. The entire removal of this large body of men, including McCulloch's Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas troops and his own command, the furnishing of supplies for them and the regulation of their transportation, devolved upon Gen. Cabell, and how well the labor was performed, within a single week, those in authority can bear witness. It was accomplished without the slightest delay or accident of any kind.

"After arriving in Memphis, Van Dorn's corps was continued on to Corinth and Cabell assigned to command the brigade, composed of the Tenth, Eleventh and Fourteenth Texas Regiments, Crump's Texas Battalion, McRea's Arkansas Regiment and Lucas' Battery, which were in several engagements around Corinth and at Farmington; and on the retreat to Tupelo, this and Moore's Brigade, brought up the rear of Van Dorn's army. When Gen. Bragg was ordered to Kentucky, Gen. Cabell was ordered to the command of an Arkansas brigade, which he commanded at Iuka, Salltillo, at Corinth on the 2d and 3d days of October, and at Hatchie bridge on the 4th. Here he was badly wounded and carried from the field. These, with the wounds from the previous day, received while leading the charge on the breastworks at Corinth, disabled him from further handling his command, or rather that portion of it left, and his troops were united with the First Missouri Brigade, Gen. Bowen. Upon his partial recovery, Gen. Cabell was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi department, to allow time for recuperation and the general inspection of the Quartermaster's department there."

Gen. Cabell's old soldiers say that on the field he was the soul of courage, a constant inspiration to his troops, and that with him it was always "Come on" and not "Go on" and that he was the first to go into danger.

When sufficiently recovered from his wounds he was placed in command of the forces in Northwest

Arkansas, with instructions to augment the number as much as possible by recruits, in which he was very successful, so much so that what became known as Cabell's Cavalry Brigade was chiefly organized in this way. It did gallant service on numerous battle-fields in Arkansas and during the last great raid into Missouri, on the final retreat of which Gen. Cabell was captured on the 24th of October, 1864, in Kansas. This period of service covered the battles and skirmishes of Backbone Mountain, Bentonville, Fayetteville, Poteau River, Boonsboro, Elkins' Ferry, Wolf Creek, Antoinia, Prairie de Ann, Moscow, Arkadelphia, Poison Springs, Marks' Mill, Jenkins' Ferry, Glass Village, Pine Bluff, Current River, Reeves' Station, Pilot Knob, Franklin, Jefferson City, Gardner's Mills, California, Boonville, La Mine, Lexington, Osage River, Big Blue, Independence, Westport, Little Santa Fe, Marie de Cygne, and Mine Creek, where he was captured.

The *Southern Illustrated News*, under date of November 29, 1862, stated that "Gen. Cabell was the first official representative of the Confederate government in Richmond and to his untiring energy the Southern people are indebted, in a great measure, for the prompt organization of our army."

Referring to the first Manassas, the *News* said: "Maj. Cabell behaved with great gallantry, and on several occasions exposed himself to the enemy's fire to such a degree that Gen. Beauregard ordered him to desist, at the time saying: 'Maj. Cabell, your life is too valuable to the Confederacy to be thus endangered.'"

An army correspondent, as quoted in the same paper, of November 29, 1862, in describing the battle of Corinth, says: "On Saturday morning, Cabell's Brigade, of Maury's Division, was ordered to charge the formidable fort on College Hill. They advanced unhesitatingly at charge-bayonets to within thirty yards of the position before they were fired upon, when they were awfully slaughtered. Still onward they went, after returning the first fire, their commander at their head. When they reached the works, Gen. Cabell boldly mounted the enemy's parapet, closely followed by his command. The first man he encountered was a Federal Colonel, who gave the command to 'kill that rebel officer.' Cabell replied with a right cut with his sabre, placing the officer *hors de combat*."

They were compelled, however, to retire with fearful loss.

Gen. Cabell was confined in the Federal prisons on Johnson's Island and Fort Warren, Boston, until the 28th of August, 1865. Being released on that

day, he sought to find his wife and children at Austin, Texas, where they had refuged with Mrs. Cabell's father, and where he arrived without a farthing, after a three days' fast, on the 12th of September, to find that they had left and were *en route* to their home in Fort Smith, Ark. He overtook the loved ones in Bonham, Texas, and soon after reached Fort Smith, where he resided until December, 1872, when he came to Texas to remain permanently, and settled at Dallas, of which place he has since been a citizen. During 1866 Gen. Cabell tried cotton planting on the Arkansas river and the commission business at Fort Smith. The high price of provisions and labor, combined with the cotton tax, prevented these ventures from proving successful. In 1867 he worked as a civil engineer, farmed on a small scale, and studied law at leisure moments. In 1868 he was admitted to practice in the United States Court for the Western District of Arkansas.

He was an acknowledged leader of the Democratic party and fought the Arkansas Republicans and carpet-baggers with all the skill, energy and determination that he could command. In 1872 the Arkansas State Convention sent him as the chairman of the delegation to cast the vote of that State for Horace Greely for President, and during the campaign he canvassed all of North and West Arkansas. The result was a triumph for the Democracy.

He brought his family to Dallas in 1873. He at once took a position as leader in all matters of importance and was afterwards repeatedly elected

Mayor of the city. When he located at Dallas he was agent for the Carolina Life Insurance Company, of which Hon. Jefferson Davis was president. He afterwards engaged in various pursuits in which he was financially successful but is now retired from active business. As a Democrat his views have always had much weight with the people of Texas and he has had much to do with shaping the policies of the party and in assisting in securing party victories, and good government for the State. He is Lieutenant-General of the United Confederate Veterans' Association and devotes much time and thought to the interests of that organization. He is a very popular speaker and is in constant demand to address his old comrades at their reunions and camp-fires. He has written much upon the subject of the late war and is regarded as an authority upon all matters pertaining thereto. True to every obligation as a citizen and soldier, both in time of war and peace; a patriot of great purity of act and purpose, a man of the most sterling qualities, he is a fine representative of the typical Southern gentleman. No man, certainly, is dearer to the people of Texas and of the whole South. His name deserves a place upon the pages of her history among the South's noblest and best. His life has been in keeping with those of other members of the Cabell family, all of whom have been true to their country, their friends and themselves, and none of whom have cast a stain upon the grand old family name.

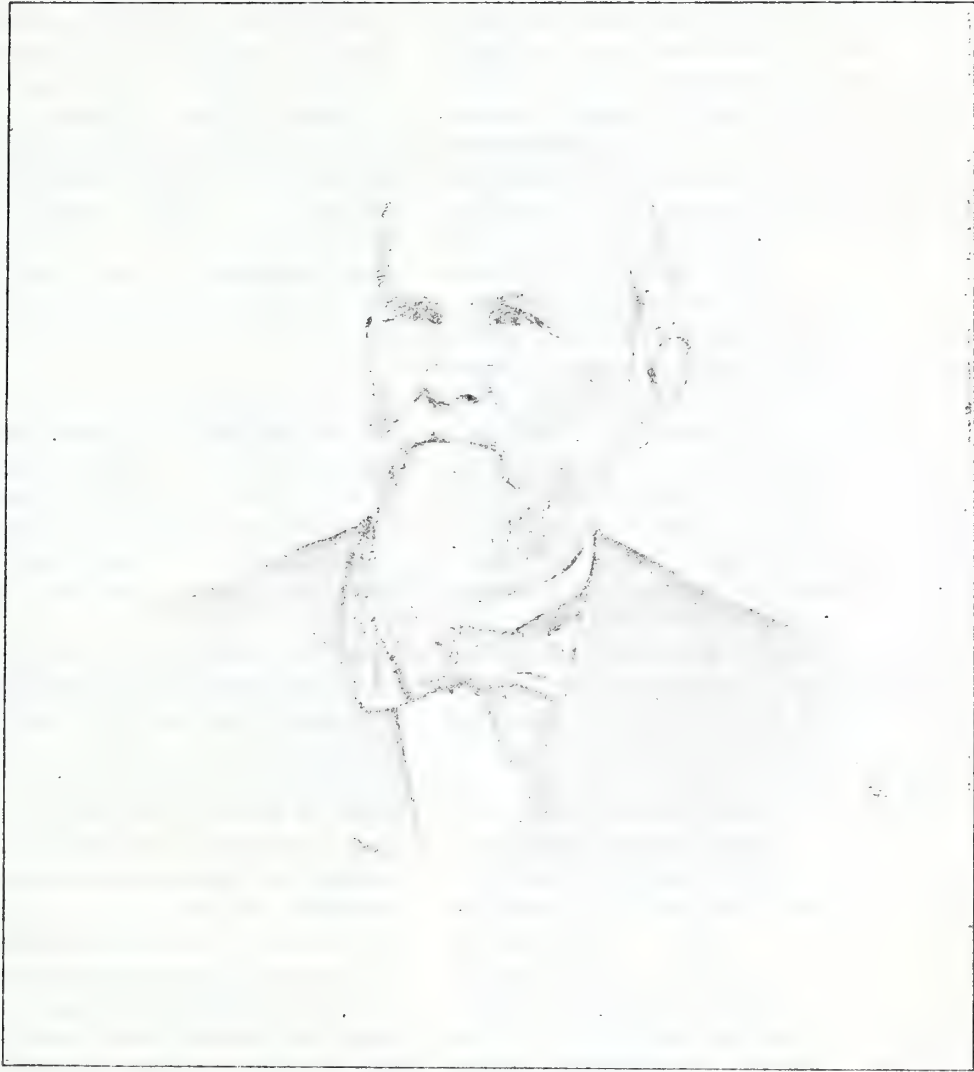
D. M. PRENDERGAST,

MEXIA.

Judge Prendergast is a descendant of Irish ancestors. His great-grandfather Prendergast came from the old country to America in colonial times and settled in North Carolina, where John Baker Prendergast, the father of the Judge, was born. John B. Prendergast went to Tennessee when a young man, and there married Miss Rhoda King, of Sumner County, that State. She died in Madison County, West Tennessee, when the subject of this sketch was a boy. Years afterward Mr. Prendergast came to Texas and his death occurred in Limestone County in 1846, about a month after his arrival there. He was a plain substantial farmer,

a man of good judgment and of quiet, unassuming ways. They had a family of four children that reached maturity, the gentleman under consideration being the only one of that number now living. An older brother, Judge Luke Baker Prendergast, an early settler of Limestone County, died there some years ago. A younger brother died in that county in 1846, shortly after moving to it, and an older one, Samuel, died in Tennessee before the father's removal to Texas.

Judge D. M. Prendergast was born in Shelbyville, Bedford County, Tennessee, December 26, 1816, and was reared in Madison County, that



D. M. PRENDERGAST.

State, from his eighth year. He received his preliminary education in local select schools and took a collegiate course at the East Tennessee University, at Knoxville, graduating in the spring of 1841, with the degree of A. B. In January, 1842, he came to Texas and began reading law at Old Franklin, Robertson County, under the instructions of James Raymond. He was admitted to the bar at Boonesville, Brazos County, before Judge R. E. B. Baylor, in 1845, having read law, taught school, and hunted Indians during the preceding four years. He was elected Chief Justice of Brazos County under the old regime and held the office for one year. In the spring of 1846 he returned to Tennessee and brought his father to Texas, settling, in December of that year, at Springfield, then the county seat of Limestone County, and then and there entered upon the practice of his profession. He was elected Chief Justice of Limestone County in 1848 and filled the office one term. He continued in active practice until the opening of the war.

In the fall of 1861 he raised a company in Limestone County, was elected its Captain and, as a part of the North Texas Infantry, entered the Confederate army, serving until the fall of 1862, when, on account of an injury received, he was compelled to resign and come home. He was honorably discharged from the service on account of this disability.

Resuming the practice of his profession, he became deeply engrossed in the same, also giving some attention to farming, until 1873, when he was appointed by Governor Coke to fill a vacancy in the office of District Judge of the Thirteenth Judicial District, which vacancy was caused by the death of Judge Banton. He completed this term, about three years, at the end of which time the district was changed, a new one being created out of the counties of Navarro, Limestone and Freestone, of which he was elected Judge and served as such four years.

At the close of this term of office Judge Prendergast retired from public life and gave up the practice of his profession, to which he had been such an ornament. He then became interested in the banking business with Jester Brothers, at Corsicana, and in February, 1882, in company with L. P. and J. L. Smith, J. W. Blake and W. B. Gibbs, he bought out the banking interest of Oliver & Griggs at Mexia and entered actively into the business,

becoming the senior member of the private banking house of Prendergast, Smith & Company. He has since that time given almost his exclusive attention to this business. He owns considerable property in Mexia and some in Groesbeck. He has taken an active interest in all local enterprises in Mexia and is looked upon as one of the public-spirited men of the place.

At an early day Judge Prendergast was somewhat active in politics in Limestone County, being a prominent Democrat. He was a member of the Secession Convention in 1861, and was in the Tenth and Thirteenth Legislatures of Texas. He left the Democratic party, however, in 1887, on account of its position in reference to the whisky question, and cast his fortunes in the political line with the Prohibitionists. He is an ardent friend of temperance and in 1892 was the nominee of the Prohibition party for Governor of Texas.

Judge Prendergast was married May 16th, 1848, to Miss Mary E. Collins, who was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., in November, 1829, daughter of George and Mary (Hudspeth) Collins, natives of Virginia. Her mother, left a widow, came with her family to Texas in November, 1841, and settled on the Little Brazos river in Brazos County. She had nine children, two sons and seven daughters. Seven of the number reached maturity. In order to educate her children she moved to Wheelock, Robertson County, where she spent the residue of her life. Mrs. Prendergast was the third daughter of this family, and her sisters have all passed away. Her brother, C. C., is a farmer in Harrison County, and T. B., a farmer, lives in Bryan, Brazos County. The Judge and his wife have had eight children, five of whom survive, as follows: Ada R., widow of Dr. J. H. McCain, of Mexia; Fannie, wife of Dr. R. C. Nettles, of Marlin, Texas; Albert C., a leading attorney of Waco; Mary, wife of S. H. Kelley, of Mexia; and Annie, wife of J. R. Neece, of Mexia.

Judge Prendergast was made a Mason at Springfield, forty-odd years ago, and has been a zealous member of the order ever since. He is a prominent member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and was one of the founders of Trinity University, at Tehuacana Hills, the educational institution of this Church in Texas, and has been a member of the Board of Trustees ever since it was founded.

GEORGE N. ALDREDGE,

DALLAS.

George N. Aldredge was born in Lee County, Ga., April 14, 1846. His father was Dr. J. F. Aldredge, who married Mary Oglesby, daughter of George S. Oglesby. They lived for some years in Russell County, Ala., and then moved to Pittsburg, Camp County, Texas, in 1856. In 1862, when less than sixteen years of age, he entered the Confederate army as a volunteer soldier in Walker's division, Randall's brigade, Clark's regiment. After serving two years in Clark's regiment he was transferred to Chisholm's regiment of cavalry, Major's brigade, with which he remained until the close of hostilities, participating in all the engagements in which his command took part. At the close of the war between the States he returned home and entered McKinzie College, Red River County, Texas, where he remained two years. He then read law under Judge O. M. Roberts, at Gilmer, Upshur County, Texas, was admitted to the bar and practiced one year with Col. John L. Camp at Gilmer and then moved to Dallas; remained one year in Dallas; moved to Waxahachie, Ellis County, where he stayed two years and then returned to Dallas, where he has since remained. In 1875 he was elected County Attorney of Dallas County and filled that office until 1878. He was then elected District Judge and remained on the bench ten years, during which time he signalized himself as a fine lawyer and man of superior judicial

ability. After retiring from the bench he engaged in the practice of law with Judge A. T. Watts and J. J. Eckford, with whom he is now in copartnership. In 1869 he married Miss Betty W. Hearne, daughter of Horatio R. Hearne, of Hearne, Texas. Three children have been born of this union, George E., H. R., and Sawnie R. Aldredge.

Judge Aldredge by reason of his legal ability and his political speeches in behalf of good government and sound money, is known in every nook and corner of Texas. He is also known throughout the Union through his great speech at Atlanta, Ga., on October 16th, 1895, before the American Bankers' Association, on the subject of Sound Money. It was telegraphed to all the leading journals, and elicited highest commendation from almost every one. It was published in neat pamphlet form, for general distribution, by the Sound Currency Committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce. On January 30th, 1896, Senator Caffery, of Louisiana, introduced it in the United States Senate as part of his speech on the same subject, and it is printed in full in the "Congressional Record," of date January 31st, 1896.

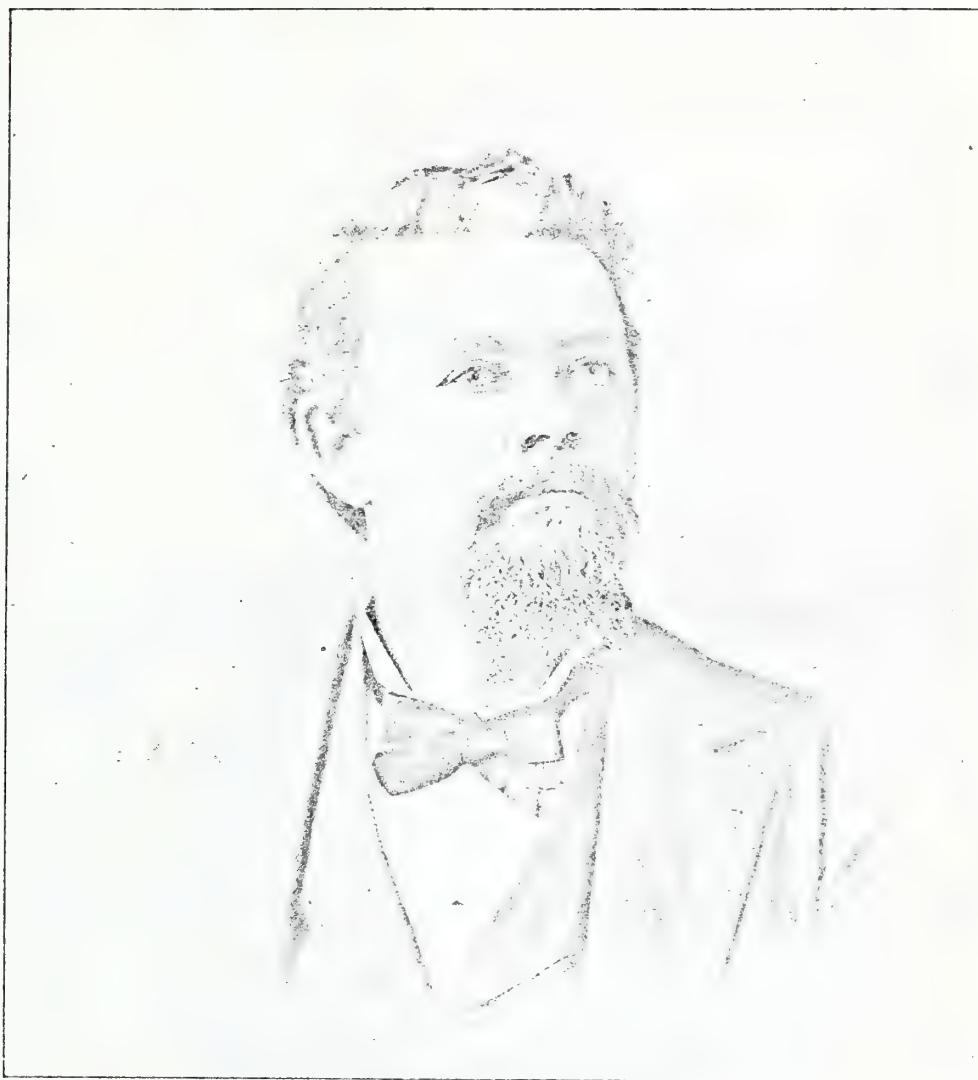
Judge Aldredge's style is peculiarly cogent and logical, his power of illustration unequalled, and his wit keen and irresistible. As a debater he has had few equals and no superior in Texas.

HENRY MARTYN TRUEHEART,

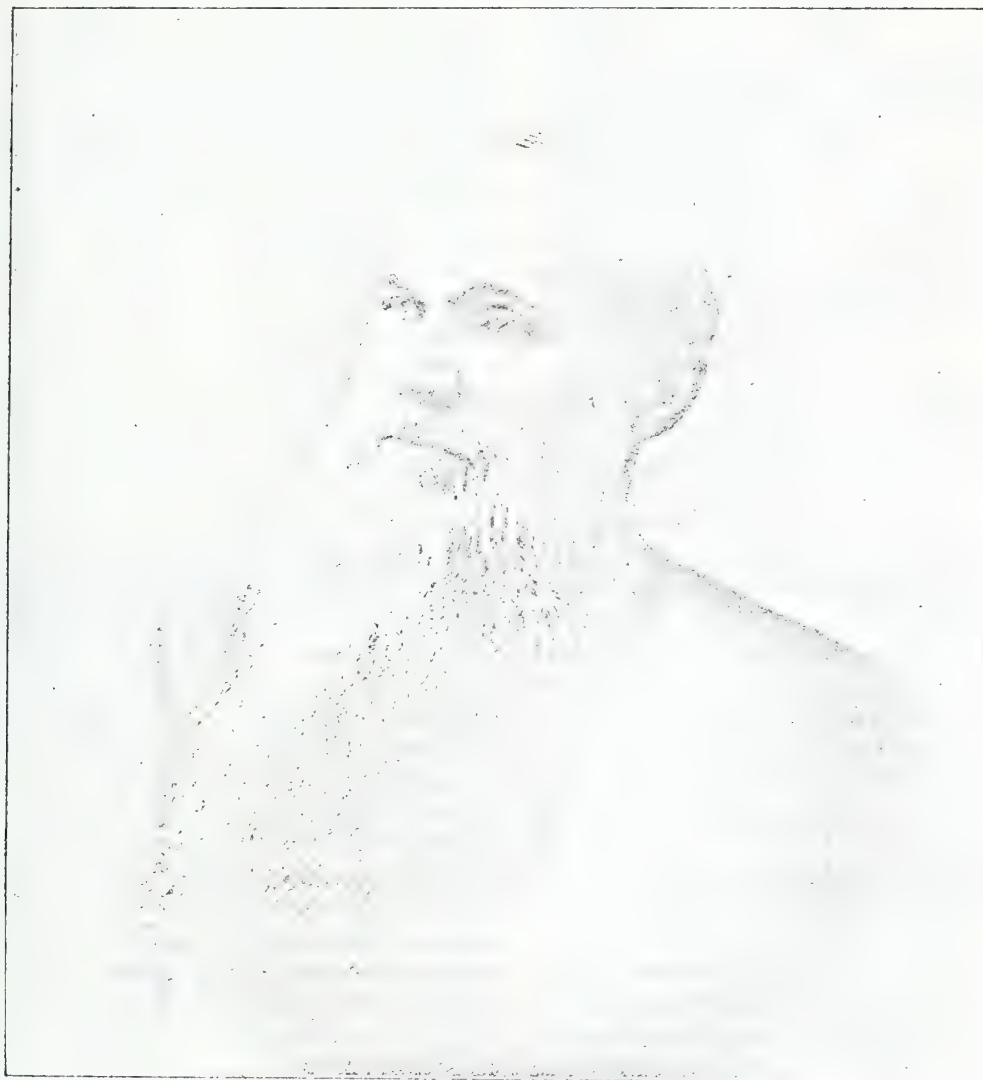
GALVESTON.

Henry Martyn Trueheart, one of the leading citizens and financiers of Galveston, was born in Louisa County, Va., March 23, 1832, and came to Texas with his father and family in 1845, landing at Galveston on the 5th day of May of that year. His father, John O. Trueheart (of German lineage), was born in Hanover County, Va. Mr. John O. Trueheart was a graduate of Princeton College and a lawyer by profession. His ancestors took part in the Revolution of 1776

in various capacities, serving in each instance with distinction, some of them in the ranks of the Continental army as soldiers and officers. His first trip to Texas was made in a wagon in 1838. He remained in the Republic some time, during the period assisting in the defense of the frontier under the famous ranger, Col. John C. Hays. He was united in marriage to Miss Ann Tompkins Minor, a daughter of Col. Launcelot Minor, of Louisa County, Va., whose sister was the mother



Geo. N. Aldredge



H. M. TRUEHART.

of Commodore Matthew F. Maury. John B. Minor (now deceased), for fifty years professor of law at the University of Virginia; Lucian Minor, late professor of law at William and Mary College, Va., the late Dr. Chas. Minor, of Albemarle County, Va., and Dr. William Minor, of Alabama, all eminent in their respective callings, were brothers of Mrs. Ann Tompkins Trueheart. She died at Galveston in 1886, and her husband, Mr. John O. Trueheart, at Galveston in 1874.

Of their children, nine in number, six are now living: Dr. Chas. W. Trueheart, Mrs. Fanny G. Sproule, Mrs. John Adriance and Miss Mildred D. Trueheart, of Galveston, the subject of this memoir, and Mrs. Elvira S. Howard, of San Antonio, Texas. Henry Martyn Trueheart had few school advantages, but this deprivation was more than compensated for by the careful training that he received at the hands of one of the best of Christian mothers and his daily association with refined and cultured people. Long before reaching his majority he was thrown upon his own resources and found it necessary not only to earn a support for himself, but to contribute to the maintenance of the family.

In 1857 he was appointed by the Commissioners' Court of Galveston County Assessor and Collector of taxes for the county, a position that he subsequently filled for a period of about ten years.

He took part in the battle of Galveston, January 1, 1863, and, upon the recapture of the city by the Confederates, was appointed Assistant Provost-marshal, with the rank of Captain.

Several months later, feeling that every able-bodied man ought to be at the front, whether exempt from military duty or not, he proceeded to Virginia, where he was attached to Stuart's cavalry until wounded in a skirmish near Orange Court House, from whence he was carried to the University of Virginia, where he was nursed at the home of his uncle, John B. Minor. Upon recovery, a month later, he joined regularly an independent company, of about one hundred men, commanded by Capt. J. Hanson McNeil, of Hardy County, W. Va., with which he served until the surrender. In the early part of 1865, as a member of this company, he was a participant in one of the most remarkable exploits that marked the course of the war.

McNeil marched his men on the occasion referred to, eastward to Cumberland, Md. (a town of four thousand inhabitants), situated ninety miles in advance of the main Confederate forces, and, although it was garrisoned by several thousand Federal troops and protected by three lines of pickets, captured a picket, forced the countersign, boldly entered the town under cover of night,

marched to the respective quarters (guarded by sentinels) of Maj.-Gen. George Crook and Maj.-Gen. Kelly, took those officers out of their beds, retired as quietly as he came, marching his men through nearly the entire Federal infantry camp, and later delivered the Union Generals to the Confederate authorities at Richmond, this, too, without being under the necessity of firing a gun. After the close of the war Mr. Trueheart returned to Texas, like Confederate soldiers generally, without a dollar. He had to begin life anew. This he did, nothing discouraged, and in the years that have followed has amassed an independent fortune and played an active part in the affairs of the city in which he has so long resided.

In Hardy County, W. Va., in 1866, he was united in marriage to Miss Annie Vanmeter Cunningham, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. William Streit Cunningham, of that county. They have five children: Sally, Henry M., Ann V., Rebecca, and Elvira.

Mr. Trueheart is now serving his second term as a trustee of the Galveston city public free schools and has for a number of years been a member of the board of directors of the Southern Cotton Press Company, the Galveston & Western R. R. Co., the Texas Trust & Guarantee Co., and the Galveston Land and Improvement Co., and for several years was a director and vice-president of the Galveston Wharf Co. Besides being a director, he is also treasurer of the Galveston Land & Improvement Co. This company owns nearly seven hundred acres in the western portion of the city of Galveston. He has built up probably the largest land agency business in Texas. He is a Democrat and, while in no sense a politician, has always taken a deep interest in public affairs, city, county, State and national, using his influence for the attainment of those beneficent ends, the hope of the ultimate accomplishment of which through the medium of popular government, led our forefathers to establish the institutions under which we live—institutions to be preserved and further perfected by this generation and then handed down, unimpaired, to those that will succeed it. He has been faithful to every duty as a citizen and no man occupies a higher place in the affections of those who know him. He is a Presbyterian, has been a member of the Galveston church for a number of years, and continues his active work in the Sunday-school, of which he is at present, and has been for a number of years, superintendent.

The great Southwest, owing to the equable and salubrious climate that prevails throughout the region, the fertility of its soil, and the extent and

variety of its undeveloped resources, is attracting the eyes of capitalists and home-seekers, resident not only in other parts of this country, but in all lands and countries. Especially is this true of that portion embraced within the territorial limits of Texas. To these natural advantages in Texas, are added the attraction of wise constitutional and statutory provisions that guarantee immunities and privileges, provision for the enjoyment of which has been made by a broad and enlightened statesmanship that had in view alone the happiness and prosperity of all the people who might thereafter make their homes in the State. The ten or fifteen years that are at hand, will constitute an era of wonderful settlement and development of the State and also of the section of which it is a part. All this vast region is naturally tributary to Galveston, and that city with deep

water (now assured) will in these years become one of the principal commercial depots of the world.

From its harbor fleets will bear away the varied productions and manufactures of its tributary territory and other ships from Mexico, Central and South America, Europe and Asia, will bring countless cargoes in return. It requires neither a prophet nor a son of a prophet, to foretell so much; for the future depicted is not remote, but near at hand—a logical sequence of natural conditions and the inevitable increase of population and wealth.

Mr. Trueheart in time past has been a tireless and effective worker for Galveston, and during the period of development upon the threshold of which we are now pausing, his experience, insight and wisdom will be of invaluable service to the city and State.

JOHN STAFFORD,

COLUMBUS.

The late lamented John Stafford, for many years a prominent citizen of Colorado County, Texas, was of Welsh-English descent and born in Wayne County, Ga., April 2d, 1849.

His parents were Robert and Martha A. Stafford. His father was a prosperous stock raiser and farmer.

The subject of this brief memoir was left an orphan when fourteen, his mother dying when he was two years of age and his father in 1868. He moved to Colorado County, Texas, in 1867, accompanied by two sisters and four brothers. Of an ambitious and enterprising spirit and persistent energy he, when sufficiently matured in years, engaged in the cattle business with his brother, Robert E. Stafford, at which they greatly prospered and amassed handsome fortunes.

At various times, as organizer and promoter, he was connected with important enterprises and few men in his time did more for the development of the commercial resources of Texas. Every movement giving reasonable promise of inuring to the public good received his active support both in the exercise of his influence and the liberal expenditure of his time and private means.

His success in life, achieved despite many obstacles and from a small beginning, was due solely to the employment of his natural capacity for business

and unswerving rectitude. Those associated with him in financial transactions reposed in him the most unbounded confidence and deferred in important matters to his judgment, the soundness of which they recognized from long experience.

Kind, genial, generous and brave, he was respected and beloved by the people of the community in which he spent the best years of his life. Strange, indeed, that such a man should fall by violence—be cut down without warning in the flower of his days and usefulness. But such was his sad and tragic fate.

July 7th, 1890, about 7 o'clock in the evening, he and his brother, Robert E. Stafford, became involved in a personal difficulty and, although unarmed and unable to defend themselves, were shot and killed upon the streets of Columbus.

In the death of Mr. John Stafford, Colorado County was not only deprived of a good and valuable citizen, but his family of an affectionate husband and father, and many of a friend true and tried. Of a loving and retiring disposition, to know him was to like him. While he had encountered many vicissitudes and had had to fight his way up from poverty to independence there was nothing cold, callous or selfish in his disposition. These trials seemed to have broadened, deepened and intensified his sympathy for his kind.

He lent an attentive ear to the recital of the woes of the distressed, and was quick to offer succor. No matter of wonder then that the news of his death was received with a thrill of horror throughout the State, and many devoted friends sent letters of condolence and commiseration to his stricken wife and children, affording all the solace that they could in this hour of grief and agony.

His spirit winged its flight to that land where all is peace and joy, and deeds of virtue find that recognition and reward too often denied them in this weary world. The sod of the valley grows green above his grave. The mound is sacred. It has been watered by the tears of his widow and orphan children. It has been watered by the tears of the poor and needy whom he so often generously befriended. He came in contact with many men and moved amid many and changing scenes always, under all circumstances and amid all temptations and perils, as an upright and manly man, and the influence of his character will long be felt and bear worthy fruit. It can be truly said that the world has been made none the worse but far better by his having lived, and his memory is affectionately enshrined in the hearts of thousands where it will be kept ever fresh and green.

December 23, 1874, Mr. Stafford was united in marriage to Miss Grace A. Walker, the beautiful daughter of Mr. Seaborn B. and Mrs. Susanna Walker, who came from Georgia to Texas about 1850 and located in Colorado County, where they spent the remainder of their days. Mr. Walker was a gallant soldier in the Confederate army during the war between the States. A large family of children, eleven in number, survive Mr. and Mrs. Walker.

The union of Mr. and Mrs. Stafford was blessed with three children, two of whom, Joseph and

Carrie, are now living, the latter being the wife of Mr. J. Alvey Harbert, an accomplished gentleman and one of the leading stock raisers and farmers in Southeast Texas.

Mrs. Stafford resides at her home, an elegant mansion, four miles from Columbus. It occupies a lovely site commanding an extended and pleasantly diversified view of woodland and prairie full of the witchery of light and shadow, worthy of an artist's brush.

The grounds surrounding this delightful and imposing house are tastefully laid off and ornamented with trees, shrubbery, a profusion of flowers and twining vines. It is a typical and ideal Southern home. The evidences of a delicate and refined taste are everywhere met with. Mrs. Stafford also possesses a well furnished library and there spends many of her leisure hours.

She is a lady of fine literary discernment and varied accomplishments. She is a member of the Christian church, and in her daily life exemplifies the teachings of the Master. Kindness and gentleness and charity and truth, sanctify her saddened home. She has bravely and with Christian fortitude borne her cross. Her benefactions are innumerable and many poor and unfortunate, whose tears she has dried and whose necessities she has relieved, have reason to call her blessed.

She is one of the noblest of our noble Texian matrons who are the ornaments and pride and boast of a civilization that if equaled is not surpassed by that of any other State or land. She was born in Colorado County, Texas, received an excellent education, and in her childhood and girlhood days gave evidence of those traits that won for her the affectionate devotion of her late husband and endear her to all who know her.

RICHARD MOORE WYNNE,

FORT WORTH,

is universally recognized as one of the leading men of the Lone Star State, having won a prominence in the legal profession which can only result from ability and the highest merit. As an advocate he has no superiors and few equals in his profession. From his boyhood he has been a leader, whether among his schoolmates, his army comrades, in business or in social life; and his

commanding talents, and devotion to principles, will win him still higher honors, for he is now in the prime of life.

Col. Wynne is a native of Tennessee. He was born in Haywood County, on the 2d day of June, 1844. His parents were W. B. and Sarah A. (Moore) Wynne. Soon after his birth his family moved to Rusk County, Texas, in which place his

boyhood was spent on the farm of his father. In the village of Bellevue, he began his education, which, though limited, has been largely supplemented by extensive and liberal reading and experience in active life.

When the war between the States became inevitable, young Wynne, then just seventeen years of age, filled with patriotic devotion for what he believed to be right, went to the front in defense of his country and section, and on many long and weary marches and many bloody fields of battle, proved himself the peer of the bravest of his chivalrous comrades. For meritorious conduct on the field of battle his comrades promoted him to a Lieutenantcy while he was yet a boy, and by unanimous petition he was assigned to the command of Company B. in the Tenth Texas Regiment, during the Georgia campaign. At the battle of Murfreesboro he was severely wounded, becoming disabled for some months from active service, and again at the last battle of Nashville, when Hood made his famous raid into Tennessee, he was again severely wounded. The effect of this wound was to permanently deprive him of the use of his right arm and the partial use of his right leg. At this battle he was left on the field wounded, and fell into the hands of the Federals. He was confined in Northern prisons, thus disabled and helpless, until the close of the war, persistently refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government as long as there was a Confederate flag floating. On both sides of the line in that dark and bloody conflict there were men who stood by their colors amid shot and shell, where the hot breath of war was spreading carnage and death, with a heroism unsurpassed in any age or by any people. Among the most devoted of these was young Wynne, who never missed a scout, march, or battle until he was struck down and permanently disabled.

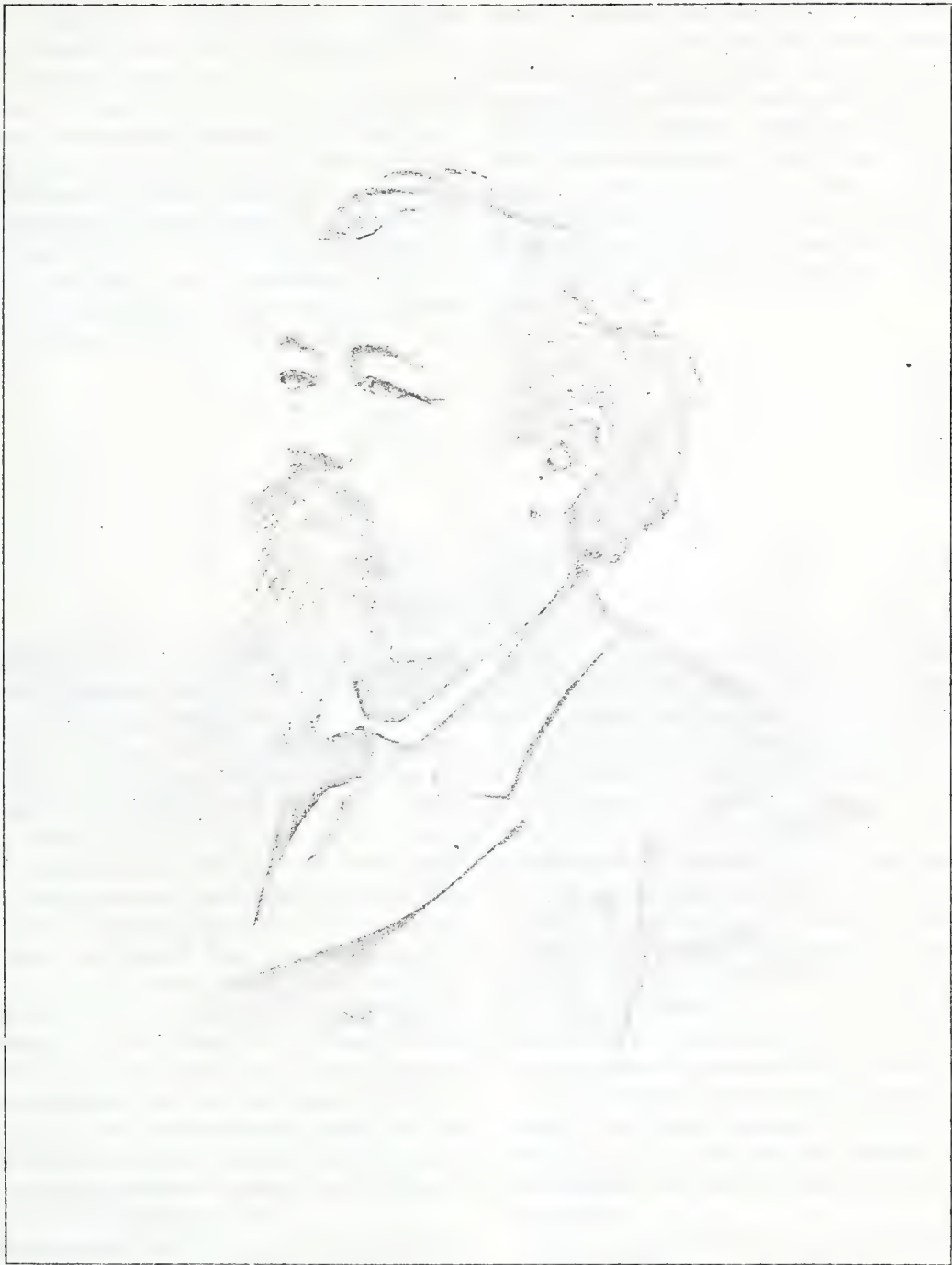
In the winter of 1865 he returned to his desolated home, impaired in health by reason of his exposure and long confinement in Northern prisons, and almost a physical wreck by reason of his wounds; but, he accepted this as the fate of war, and with the same undaunted courage which he had for years displayed as a soldier, he adjusted himself to the new conditions, and at once seized the broken threads of his young manhood. The South was in a chaotic condition. Desolation brooded like the pall of death over once proud and happy homes, ravaged by war.

Young Wynne sat not down to mourn or lament. With the energy and fortitude of a dauntless manhood he began the battle of life. He made the race for sheriff of his county when just eligible for the

position, his opponents being the Major of his regiment and a private soldier of his company. Winning his election he served three years, or until he was removed by the Reconstruction Act of Congress. Still with the courage worthy of emulation, he embarked in agricultural pursuits, although still suffering from his wounds, his right arm being withered and useless. Through the day he labored on his farm and at night read law, studying systematically and earnestly until he was deeply grounded in the principles of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1870, and at once entered into an active practice in the town of Henderson, where he was soon recognized as one of the most successful lawyers at the bar, at which some of the most eminent men of this State practiced. His powers of oratory, together with close and systematic investigation and strong common sense, have been the leading factors in this man's marked success. He challenges the respect of the court by his candor and fairness, and sways juries by his fervid eloquence and convincing logic.

Turning from the public career to the private life of Col. Wynne, we note that on the 23d day of January, 1867, he was married to Miss Laura B. Kelly, daughter of Hon. Wm. C. Kelly, one of the most distinguished and influential men of his section; he was a member of the Secession Convention of Texas and took a conspicuous part in that body. Mrs. Wynne is a native Texian and a woman of strong individuality and highly cultured, and of marked intellectuality and refinement. With the characteristic chivalry of the true Southern man, Col. Wynne ever acknowledges his indebtedness to his wife for much of his success.

His natural fitness for leadership and his familiarity with public affairs, challenged the attention of the people among whom he lived, and in 1880, unsought by him, he was elected to the State Senate of Texas, where he quickly went to the front as a legislator, and no man in that body had more influence. His uniform courtesy and liberality won him friends fast, who have bided with him. He was one of the five men who drafted and formulated a bill creating the University of Texas, and so well and wisely did they work that that bill has never been amended except in some minor details. He also became conspicuous in his efforts to regulate railway corporations. He advocated the Three-cents-a-mile Bill which became a law, and the passage of a law creating a Railroad Commission, which has in later years become so prominent in Texas politics. In 1882 he made the race for Attorney General and was defeated by only a small majority. In his speech of withdrawal from the convention



R. M. WYNNE

Col. Wynne was most happy and captured the convention and, though defeated in fact, it was conceded by all that he snatched victory out of defeat, and from that day his leadership has been unquestioned. It was in 1886 that he was made permanent president of the State Convention, and added to his already growing influence by his ability and tact in controlling men under excitement incident to a hot political contest.

He has for some years been often spoken of in connection with the office of Governor of this State; many of the best citizens and most influential men of the State would give him an enthusiastic support. It is conceded by all that should he be elected to that high position Texas would prosper and progress under his broad and liberal administration, for no man is more loyal to his State and people and takes a deeper interest in their general welfare.

It was in 1883 that Fort Worth gained Col. Wynne as one of its most valued citizens. He sought a wider field of usefulness and found it in his present home, where, at the bar he stands among the foremost, while from the public he is accorded a large clientage. His life record is certainly one of interest, demonstrating what can be accomplished by resolution, perseverance and strict adherence to sound business principles. Reared as a farmer, trained on the field of battle, he entered upon a struggle to overcome difficulties and obstacles which would have overwhelmed many a less resolute man. He then became a leader at the bar and in the political world of Texas, but through all this career his bearing has ever been such as to win and retain the respect of the best citizens of his adopted State.

J. D. GUINN,

NEW BRAUNFELS,

A successful lawyer of New Braunfels, Texas, is a native of Franklin County, Tenn., born in the town of Winchester, January 23d, 1853. His father, N. W. Guinn, was a farmer by occupation. His mother's maiden name was Elizabeth H. Barnes. Both parents were natives of Tennessee. They came to Texas in 1857 and located in Gonzales County, where the subject of this sketch was reared and educated under the tutorship of James A. McNeal. Of the ten children born to N. W. and Elizabeth Guinn, all but one survive. He, Harvey H. Guinn, died at the age of twenty-two years, shortly after qualifying for the practice of the profession of medicine. N. W. Guinn was a man of broad intelligence, believed much in education, and afforded his children the best schooling facilities at his command. The subject of this sketch was liberally educated and at the age of nineteen started out to fight life's battle for himself and without a cent of money at his command.

He taught school for one and a half years, and by this means and also by money earned surveying

lands, of which he acquired much knowledge, he accumulated sufficient money to defray his expenses while studying law. He read law for three years in the office of Gov. John Ireland, of Seguin.

About the year 1878 he removed to New Braunfels and opened an office for the practice of his profession. Here he has since remained, built up a lucrative practice and won the confidence and esteem of the entire community. He is public-spirited and, outside of the profession of law, is interested in several local enterprises, among the number the First National Bank of New Braunfels, one of the solid financial institutions of Southwest Texas, of which he is a director and vice-president. He is a warm supporter of education and an active promoter of all enterprises tending to build up his city and county. Mr. Guinn married Miss Bettie Howard Jefferson, a daughter of Gen. John R. Jefferson, of Seguin, in the year 1882, and has four charming daughters.

He is a representative of the best thought and purpose of his section of the State.

HORATIO R. HEARNE,

HEARNE,

Familiarly known as "Raish" Hearne, an old settler and successful planter residing near the town of Hearne, Robertson County, Texas, is a native of Montgomery County, Ala., where he was born in 1818, being a son of William and Nancy Hearne, who moved from Georgia to Alabama in 1814. The elder Mr. Hearne was a planter, and spent the greater part of his life in Alabama, moving thence in later life to Arkansas, where he died, his wife, mother of the subject of this sketch, dying in Louisiana.

Horatio R. Hearne was reared in Alabama, leaving there in the fall of 1838, when he went to Caddo Parish, Louisiana, before the line between Louisiana and Texas was established. He settled near the line, not knowing till after the boundary was fixed, whether he was in Louisiana or Texas. When the line was run it threw his place a mile and a half on the Louisiana side. He resided there until November, 1851, when he came to Texas, and bought land and settled in the Brazos bottom, in Robertson County, where he has since lived. He has added other purchases and continued to improve his holdings until at this writing he has one of the largest plantations in Robertson County, cultivating between 3,600 and 3,800 acres, principally devoted to raising the fleecy staple. Between seven hundred and eight hundred people live on

the plantation, and it is conducted much after the manner of the good old *ante-bellum* days. He employs no overseer, preferring to keep the active management of this large property in his own hands. Over twenty years ago Mr. Hearne sunk the first artesian well ever bored in that section of the State, since which time he has experimented largely with these wells. Recently he has put in an apparatus to utilize the gas coming from the wells, and has so far succeeded that he now has gas to light his house with, and for cooking and heating purposes, and to run a four-horse power engine in a blacksmithing and wood-working establishment on his place, where he makes everything in the way of machinery needed on the plantation.

January 27th, 1842, Mr. Hearne married Miss Priscilla Hearne (his cousin), then residing in Caddo Parish, Louisiana. She helped him fight his battles of life for fifty-odd years, dying October 21, 1893. They had two daughters, Mrs. George N. Aldredge, of Dallas, and Mrs. Adams, who now resides with Mr. Hearne.

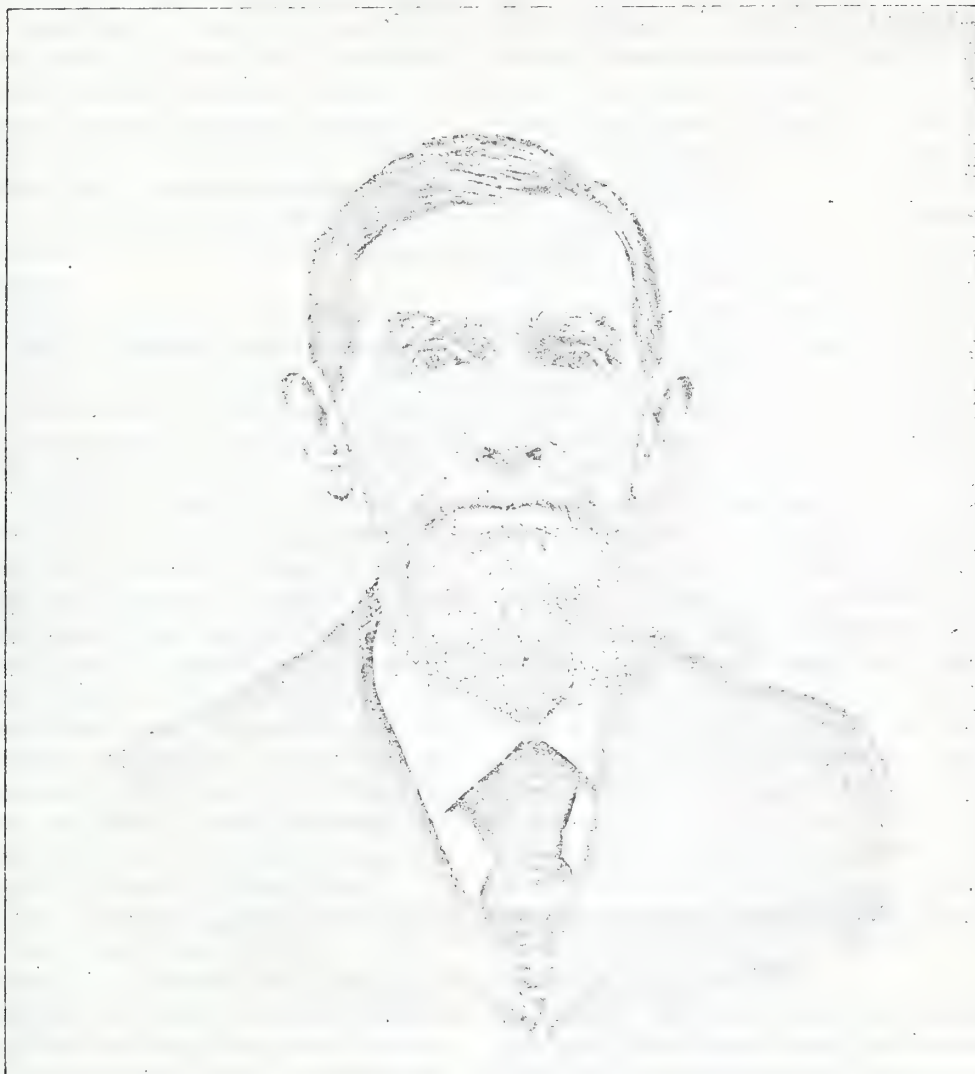
Mr. Hearne is a fine type of the broad-minded, cultured and progressive Southern gentleman, and admired and loved not only by his numerous dependents, but by a wide circle of friends throughout the country.

JOSEPH A. TIVY,

KERRVILLE,

Was born February 25th, 1818, in Toronto, Upper Canada, and spent his youth there and in Niagara County, New York, where he attended country schools and for a few months an academy. He came to Texas in 1837, landing at Houston and passing on to Washington County and thence to that portion of Milam now embraced in Burleson County, where he remained for several years. This part of the Republic was then considered the extreme western frontier of the settlements. In the winter of 1837-38, at the opening of the gen-

eral land office, he took up the occupation of surveyor, first as chain-carrier, and in a few years as a regular surveyor. During those years he spent most of his time on the frontier, and generally with that famous frontiersman, Capt. Geo. B. Evart, sometimes surveying and locating land and at others fighting Indians, part of the time under the government and part of the time on his own responsibility, killing game and buying ammunition, salt and coffee with the proceeds of the sale of his pelts.



J. A. TIVEY.

In 1844 he went to San Antonio and joined Col. Jack Hays' Rangers, and remained with that company about a year. In 1845 he was appointed deputy surveyor of Bexar District, and in that year surveyed and made the locations in Gillespie County. In 1846 he surveyed the lands on the upper portion of the Guadalupe river. From 1846 to 1849 he was often interrupted in the work of surveying by hostile Indians. During 1847 he completed the surveys on the San Saba. One day during this time while in camp with about twenty men, he was visited by Ketemsey, a celebrated chief of the Comanches, and ordered not to mark any more trees up there, the chief pointing at the same time to a range of hills and saying: "That is the white man's line." But these orders were not obeyed, the whites being armed with rifles and revolvers and the Indians having only bows and arrows and spears.

In the spring of 1849, Capt. Tivy took the California fever and, in company with several others, set out in June for the Pacific Coast. They reached San Gabriel Valley in Southern California, in October following, after many trials and much suffering and went into camp for the winter at Mission San Gabriel. In the spring of 1850, the party resumed its journey and finally reached the mines by way of Tejon Pass. Here Capt. Tivy went into the hotel business, renting the "United States Hotel" at \$200 per month. The building was made of stakes and poles and roofed with canvas. There was only one long, narrow room which was used as a dining room. On the sides and ends of this the lodgers were bedded in bunks arranged one above the other. The cooking was all done in the open air, excepting the baking, at which two men were kept busy almost day and night, so great was the demand for pies, cakes and bread. The rate charged for board and lodging was \$3.00 per day in gold dust, there being no coin.

After following this occupation for a few months Mr. Tivy sold out and went to mining, which he followed a little over two years. He then went into the mercantile business, which he followed for about a year. In July, 1853, Tulare County was organized and he was elected county surveyor. In connection with his official duties he went to farming and employed successfully a band of Indians, whom he trained to agricultural pursuits. These he would have liked to retain, but Gen. Fremont, having secured a contract from the general government to feed all the Indians of that locality at so much per head, they were taken away from him and transported to a point near the base of supplies. The same year he was appointed United

States Deputy Surveyor of California and elected to the Legislature and served in the Legislature during the winter of 1853-4. In the spring of 1855 he was ordered by the surveyor-general to run a line through the Sierra Nevada mountains, accomplished the task and ran the first correct standard line run through those mountains. The expedition was full of perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes from Indians and grizzly bears. In 1857 he went from California to New Mexico and in the fall of 1858 returned to Texas and settled in Karnes County, where he engaged in raising horses and mules. In 1862 he enlisted in the Confederate army, becoming a Lieutenant in Capt. John H. Dunkard's Company. In the fall of the same year he was promoted to the position of First-Lieutenant, and later put in command of the company and held this position until the fall of 1864. In the meantime his health had become impaired and he was finally forced to quit the service.

Being still in feeble health, on the recommendation of his physician he moved to Kerr County in 1872 and settled on a tract of land (on which Kerrville now stands) which he had located while surveying in that section in the "forties." In 1873 he was elected to the Legislature. From 1874 to 1888 he engaged in farming. On the establishment of Kerrville in 1888 he was made the first mayor of the place. As soon as the town was incorporated he donated to it sixteen acres of land for a school building and grounds and later donated other lots (in all more than one hundred acres) for the erection of buildings and for other improvements. He watched the growth of the town from its inception and always manifested a liberal spirit in promoting its interests.

He married late in life, his wife being Mrs. Ella Losee, widow of Dr. Henry Losee, a United States army surgeon who died at Kerrville. She died three or four years before Capt. Tivy. His death occurred July 5th, 1892.

For some time he had been actively engaged in overseeing the work of boring for artesian water on his place. Owing to his advanced age and physical condition, this undue activity and exposure brought on stomach complications which proved to be the immediate cause of his demise. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity. Religious services were conducted at the church and services at the grave by Kerrville Lodge No. 697, A. F. and A. M., and Burleson Chapter Royal Arch Masons of San Antonio. A large delegation from Rising Star Lodge were also present from Center Point. The funeral cortege consisted of more than one hundred carriages and was the largest ever seen in the town.

He was laid to rest on the summit of the mountain beside his beloved wife. He was greatly beloved by the entire community and the people omitted no mark of respect to his memory that friendship for him and admiration for his character could prompt. He was associated as a brave companion with men whose deeds have made Texas famous. He maintained throughout a life marked with many hardships, vicissitudes and perils a character unsullied

by a single stain. He was modest, truthful, generous and kind and devoted to his God, his country, his family and his friends. He accumulated a handsome fortune. By his last will and testament he constituted his sister, Miss Susan Tivy, his sole legatee and she and Judge A. McFarland were made executors without bond. Mr. Tivy was one of the noblest representatives of the noblest race of pioneers that the world has ever known.

GEO. W. O'BRIEN,

BEAUMONT.

Capt. George W. O'Brien, one of the most widely known and highly esteemed citizens of Southern Texas, was born about five miles below the present town of Abbeville, Vermillion Parish, Louisiana, May 28th, 1833; and in his seventeenth year (November, 1848) came to Texas and located at Galveston, where he made his home, until his removal in the latter part of 1852, to Beaumont, where he has ever since resided. At Beaumont, July 21st, 1854, he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah E. Rowley, member of another Louisiana family that had settled in that part of Texas. Of this union were born seven children, five of whom are now living, viz.: Mrs. Minnie G. Stark (formerly Wilson); Mrs. Lillie E. Townsend, wife of Mr. T. L. Townsend, and Mrs. Emma E. Smith, formerly wife of A. S. John, Esq., deceased, but now the wife of Mr. Harvey B. Smith, all now residents of Dallas, Texas; George C. O'Brien, Esq., of Beaumont, recently district attorney of his district and later a member of the House of Representatives of the Texas Legislature, and Mrs. Kaleta B. James, wife of Mr. William James, of Cleburne, Texas.

Capt. O'Brien won the military prefix to his name by faithful and gallant service under the Confederate flag, whose waning fortunes he followed until it was furled forever.

From September 4th to December 10th, 1861, he served as a private in Company F. (Capt. K. Bryans), Fifth Texas Regiment, and afterwards, until the end of the war, as Captain of a company in what was first Likens' Battalion, afterwards Speights' Battalion, and later Speights' Texas Regiment — a mixed regiment. While not a seeker after political distinction or preferment, he has been frequently honored by his fellow-Democrats with important

offices; has served as a member of many district and State conventions and has ever been a well-known and trusted member of the organized Democracy, to which he has preserved an unshaken allegiance, and in whose interests he has helped plan and fight many successful political battles. He was a member of the National Democratic Convention that met at Baltimore in 1872. In the presidential campaign of that year he favored the nomination of a sound conservative Northern Democrat, foretelling that Mr. Greeley would not be accepted as a Democrat North or South, and that his nomination would result in an overwhelming defeat. Indeed, in this instance, as in many others, his cool and dispassionate judgment was demonstrated by pointing out the true course to be pursued, and relieved him of personal responsibility for party failures. For instance, although always entertaining a great admiration for Gen. Sam Houston, he did not permit that majestic leader to draw him into the folly of connecting himself with the secret oath-bound political organization that styled itself the American party, but which is better known to history as the Know-Nothing party, giving as one of his reasons for refusing to follow Houston, his belief that the Know-Nothing party in seeking to proscribe a denomination of religion, was committed to a policy obnoxious to the fundamental principles that form the foundation of our government, and all constitutional freedom as well. When this party was in its heyday, and sweeping the country, he predicted its speedy disintegration, claiming that no organization seeking to ostracise any class of citizens because of their peculiar religious faith, could long find favor with the American people.



GEO. W. O'BRIEN.

Again in the year 1860, after the election of President Lincoln, and the adoption by South Carolina of her celebrated resolutions announcing the fact that that State had seceded from the American Union, he furnished another evidence of the soundness and reliability of his judgment. As a member of a committee on resolutions at a secession meeting held at Beaumont he refused to subscribe to and vote for the adoption of a copy of the South Carolina resolutions, taking the position, first, that Mr. Lincoln, being an honest statesman, would under his oath of office maintain and enforce all existing laws enacted in accordance with constitutional provisions for the protection of the rights of the South, more efficiently than his Democratic predecessors had succeeded in doing, antagonized as they were by the people of the North; and, second, that a resort to secession, as a cure of the ills that existed, was then premature, inasmuch as the abolition forces had secured possession alone of the executive department of the national government, and control of both branches of Congress, and the Supreme Court of the United States remained in the hands of the Democrats, rendering it impossible that existing laws would be changed, the constitution amended, or constitutional guarantees further invaded, during the Lincoln administration, while it was altogether probable that the fanatical disregard of the organic laws and the rights of the people of the Southern States thereunder, would be allayed and finally subside, if cooling time were allowed, and then the rights of the South would be accorded for the future, or the slavery question would be compromised, by the adoption of a just and peaceable system of gradual emancipation.

His opposition proved of no avail. A large majority of his fellow-citizens dissented from his views. When threatened and condemned at this meeting for the position he had taken, he, without subscribing to the resolutions, gave the extreme politicians present to unequivocally understand that if they and others precipitated upon our State, secession and consequent civil war, as he believed prematurely, he would stand by his people and be

one of the first to shoulder a musket, and, from the beginning to the end of the struggle, would seek to do his full duty in the ranks of the soldiery of Texas, as there existed no difference of opinion between him and other members of the meeting as to the fact that the Southern States had suffered outrages at the hands of the abolition party that furnished ample justification for such a course. He maintained, however, to the end of the discussion, the unwisdom of secession at the time.

Capt. O'Brien lost his first wife in 1873, and was married again in 1874 to Miss Ellen P. Chenault, then a resident of Grange, Texas. She is a sister of Hon. Stephen Chenault, then a citizen of that place, now of Goliad, and a daughter of Felix Chenault, Esq., a resident and for nearly thirty years county clerk of Gonzales County. She was born in De Witt County, where her father and mother (nee Miss Anna Trigg) formerly resided. By this marriage two children have been born to them: Chenault O'Brien and Robert O'Brien.

The population as shown by the census of 1850, was about 212,000. There were no railway or telegraph lines between the borders of the State, and by far the greater part of her domain was a primeval waste. While of a modest and retiring disposition, in the period that has supervened, no man, according to his opportunities and abilities, has been more zealous, or labored more effectively, in the noble work of developing the resources of the State, and none feel a deeper pride in her present and future greatness.

He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and Masonic and Knights of Honor fraternities.

He has aided every worthy enterprise established in his section, and has championed every worthy cause.

Of spotless fame, cultured and refined in manner, kindly and generous, and a worthy type of the true gentleman, he enjoys the unfeigned friendship and esteem of not only his immediate neighbors, but a wide circle of personal and political friends, extending throughout the State.

J. J. JARVIS,

FORT WORTH.

James Jones Jarvis was born in Surry County, N. C., April 30th, 1831, and received his education in that State, Tennessee and Illinois, his parents, Daniel and Lydia Jarvis, having moved to Illinois when he was about twenty years of age. He read law with Hon. W. B. Somers, of Arbana, Ill., wrote in the clerk's office at the same time to acquaint himself with the machine work of practice; was granted license by the Supreme Court of Illinois, in 1856; then started South and reached Shreveport, La., and in the winter of that year determined to go to Texas. He at first thought that he would buy a horse to travel on; but, only having \$100, realized that such a purchase would too greatly diminish his scanty supply of cash, and started out afoot; walked from Shreveport to the east fork of the Trinity river in Collin County, and then, doubling back on his course, went to Quitman, in Wood County, located there and began the practice of his profession. When he reached the town he had sixty dollars and, loaning fifty-five dollars to a friend, commenced his career with only five dollars in his pocket. He soon won an enviable standing at the bar, served for two years as county judge and two years as district attorney of the Sixth Judicial District; returned to the practice of law and in 1872 went to Fort Worth, where he has since resided. Having saved a few thousand dollars, he invested all he had in real estate and is now one of the largest tax-payers in Tarrant County. He owns one of the finest business blocks in the city, \$40,000 stock in the Fort Worth National Bank, of which he is vice-president, five thousand acres of land ten miles north of the city, other valuable country property and one hundred acres adjoining the city, on which he has an elegant residence. He has quite a passion for stock-raising and is engaged in raising fine cattle and horses on his ranch near town.

In 1861 Mr. Jarvis entered the Confederate army as a volunteer in Company A., Tenth Regiment of Texas cavalry, Ector's brigade, Van Dorn's corps, Beauregard's Army of Tennessee, and served as Adjutant and Major of his regiment. After the battle of Corinth the troops with which he was connected were transferred to Gen. E. Kirby Smith, and Mr. Jarvis served with that army and took part in its battles through the whole of Gen. Smith's campaign in Kentucky, participating in the battles

around Richmond, Ky., and other engagements. On the evacuation of Kentucky and after joining Gen. Bragg, he was also in the battles of Murfreesboro and Jackson, Miss. In the former battle he was slightly wounded, but did not leave the field. He came home just before the close of hostilities on furlough, and was at home when the Confederate armies surrendered.

Mr. Jarvis was married in 1866 to Miss Ida Van Zandt, daughter of Isaac Van Zandt, once Minister from Texas to the United States and who was appointed by Gen. Sam Houston to negotiate the treaty under which Texas became a member of the American Union of States. They have three living children: Van Zandt, Daniel Bell and Lennie Flynn.

Mr. Jarvis has always been an active and earnest Democrat, believing that upon the triumph and successful application of the principles of that organization depends the perpetuity of free institutions in this country. Although never in any sense an office-seeker, he has not hesitated to serve his people when it was thought that his experience and abilities could be employed in the promotion of the general good. He was nominated in 1886 by the Democracy of the twentieth senatorial districts composed of the counties of Tarrant, Parker, Wise and Jack, and was elected by a majority of twelve hundred votes. In the regular and extra sessions of the Twentieth Legislature and in the Twenty-first Legislature, he was Chairman of the Committee on Finance (perhaps the most important of all the standing committees), second on Judiciary Committee No. 1 (the next most important), and a member of the committees on Internal Improvements, Education, Public Debt, Frontier Protection, Retrenchment and Reform and Engrossed Bills, committees that with those already enumerated transact nine-tenths of the business that comes before the Senate. He was the author of a number of salutary laws during these sessions, among others one enacted by the Twentieth Legislature requiring assessors and collectors to report monthly their collections under oath and requiring them to send all money collected directly to the treasurer of the State instead of to the comptroller, as formerly. The effect of this bill was the speedy collection of a surplus in a previously depleted treasury. Although he had

1. The first part of the document
describes the general situation
of the company and its
activities. It includes a
brief history of the company
and a description of its
main products and services.
2. The second part of the document
describes the financial situation
of the company. It includes
a balance sheet, a profit and
loss statement, and a cash
flow statement. It also
includes a description of the
company's financial policies and
procedures.

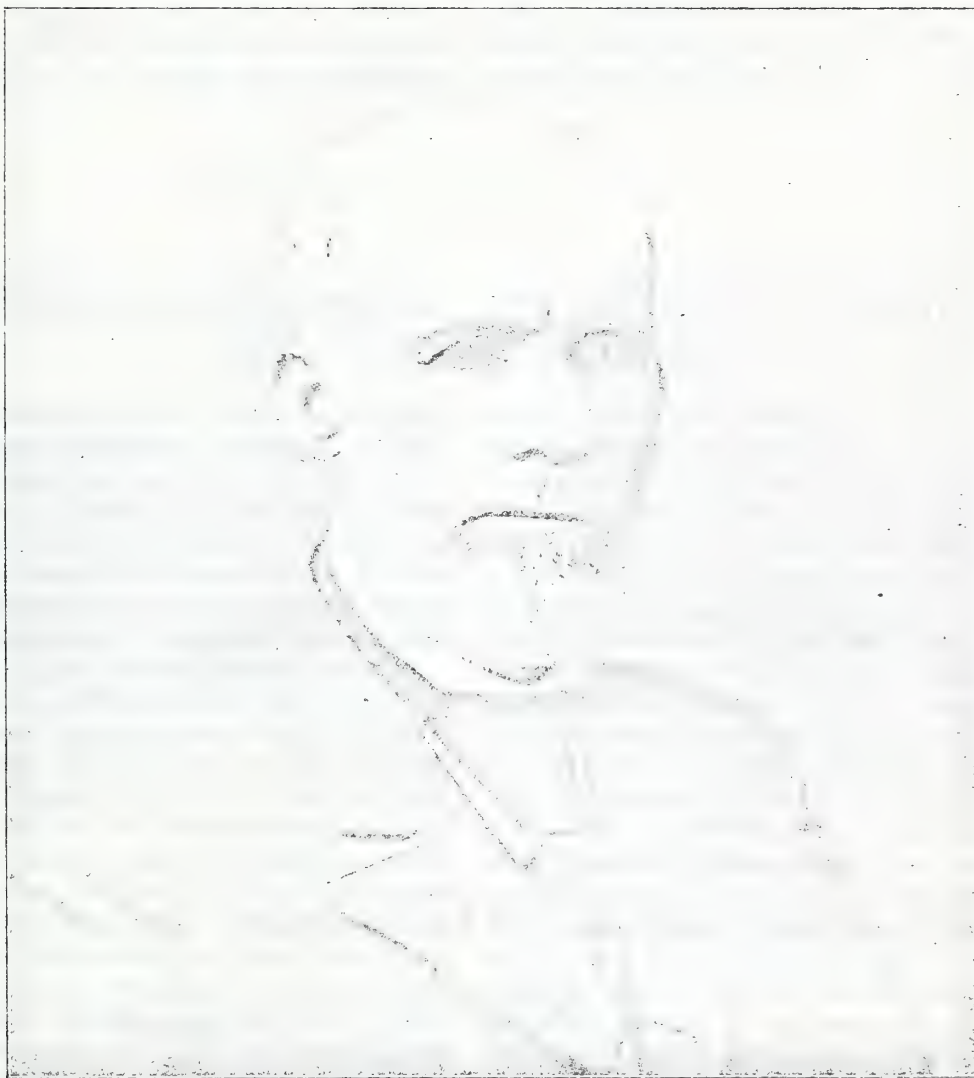
3. The third part of the document
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of the company's management
team and its responsibilities.
4. The fourth part of the document
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future plans and its
strategic goals. It includes
a description of the company's
long-term vision and its
strategic objectives, and a
description of the company's
plans for achieving these
objectives.

5. The fifth part of the document
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relationship with its
stakeholders. It includes a
description of the company's
relationship with its customers,
suppliers, and other stakeholders,
and a description of the company's
policies and procedures for
managing these relationships.

6. The sixth part of the document
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environmental and social
responsibility. It includes a
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policies and procedures for
managing its environmental and
social responsibilities, and a
description of the company's
achievements in this area.

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committees, and a description
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team and its responsibilities.

8. The eighth part of the document
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objectives.



J. J. JARVIS.

retired from the practice of his profession a number of years prior to his entrance into the Legislature, his exceptional learning and abilities as a lawyer were well known to and recognized by his colleagues and this fact, combined with his reputation as a financier, sound Democrat and man of sturdy and unbending patriotic purpose, caused them to accord him the position of a leader in their deliberations and won for him their sincere esteem and friendship.

Mr. Jarvis has been a liberal giver to public and private charities and has been an active spirit in

the promotion of every worthy movement inaugurated in Fort Worth during his long residence there, designed for the upbuilding of the city. He is, and has been for many years, a member of the Christian Church and is now president of the Board of Trustees of Add Ran (Christian) University (located at Thorp Springs, in Hood County, Texas), to which institution he has donated \$10,000 during the past five years.

Kind, genial, active in every good work, few men in Fort Worth exercise so wide an influence or are so generally liked.

THE REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF CICERO R. PERRY AND KIT ACKLIN, IN 1844.

In the summer of 1844 Capt. John C. Hays, of San Antonio, commanded a company of Texas rangers, doing duty on both the Indian and Mexican line of frontier north and west of that town. That region, throughout the American settlement of Texas, down to the close of the Civil War in 1865, abounds in incidents of blood, daring and personal heroism. At present it is proposed to narrate the facts connected with one of them.

From his camp at San Antonio Hays dispatched four men on a scout towards the Rio Grande, whose mission was to ascertain if the Mexicans were again menacing the country. The party consisted of Christopher H. Acklin (commonly called Kit Acklin), Cicero Rufus Perry (almost universally known as Rufe Perry), John Carlton and James Dunn. After a week in the wilderness they halted at noon about a hundred yards east of the Nueces river, and about fifteen miles above the "Gen. Woll" crossing of that stream. After dinner Carlton and Dunn, without saddles, rode to the river, stripped and were taking a bath, when Perry and Acklin were suddenly and furiously attacked by about thirty Indians, yelling as they charged upon the surprised couple. But though surprised, they were both men of iron nerve, experienced and at home in the perils of their occupation. Seizing their arms, they fought and slowly retreated towards Carlton and Dunn at the river. Perry was shot three times with arrows, one entering his temple, one in the shoulder and one passing through his body from the right to the left side. From excruciating pain he fainted, and was

evidently considered dead by the Indians, but quickly revived, and seeing the enemy busy in plundering the camp, he arose and reached the river bank, when one of the naked bathers, on bareback, rode across to him and endeavored to take him up behind; but being too weak to mount, Perry seized the horse by the tail, crossed the river, and ascended the west bank, when he again fainted. Believing him to be dead, his wounded companion took charge of his gun and pistols. While this was transpiring, Acklin, partly shielded by a tree, was wounded in six or eight places, the most serious being an arrow in his cheek, which he was unable to extract. A moment, probably, after Dunn and Carlton, both naked and bareback, left, consciousness again returned to Perry, and he staggered into a dense thicket, from which, at the same time, he saw Acklin pass, and supposed he would seek the same refuge—but he saw him no more.

It was 110 miles through the wilderness to San Antonio, the nearest habitation. On the third day Dunn and Carlton, their flesh almost roasted and their skins peeling from their bodies, reached that place, and reported Perry and Acklin as unquestionably dead. Good nursing soon restored them to soundness.

While in the thicket, Perry drew the arrows from his temple and body, but could not withdraw the one embedded in his shoulder. Finding his life blood flowing, he staunched the wounds with powdered leaves and dust. Crawling to the river, driven by thirst, he filled his shoes with water, and

again sought a hiding-place. At dawn next morning he again went to the river and lay by the water all day, bathing his wounds with mud. When the second night came, though scarcely able to stand, desperation impelled him onward, and he began his long and apparently hopeless journey, suffering tortures from the arrow in his shoulder, weakened by the loss of blood, and harrowed by the dread of insanity from the sun beaming on his wounded head. Gentle whispers urged him onward — whispers of mother, sister, friends — whispers of trust in God. Often sinking prostrate under the alluring shade of trees, he would sleep sometimes for hours, at others only through fitful moments, with the one dread of inflamed and disordered brain, and therefore inevitable death, ever present. Thus he toiled, suffered, agonized for six days, his only nourishment being three prickly pears, till, on the seventh day, a living skeleton, he staggered into San Antonio, as one risen from the dead — to be joyfully embraced by valiant comrades and those blessed ladies, who at that day, won the love and the homage of all true soldiers who from time to time held quarters in and around San Antonio — of whom Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Jaques and Mrs. Maverick were conspicuous examples.

Kit Acklin was yet considered among the dead. But not so.

On the eighth day, in much the same condition as Perry, Acklin gave renewed joy to all by appearing among them. His trials had been similar to those of his comrade. The arrow was still tenaciously fixed in his cheek.

Both received needful medical treatment and gentle nursing. The arrow was extracted from each, and in a few weeks each was restored to fair health; but Perry never entirely recovered from the wound in his temple, bearing to this day the external evidence of its severity.

Of these four gallant men, John Carlton died long since in San Antonio; James Dunn was killed in 1864, in a fight between Texas and Union soldiers at Las Rucias, on the Lower Rio Grande; Christopher H. Acklin was a Captain in Hays' regiment in the Mexican war, afterwards went to California, and died there; Cicero R. Perry, who was born August 23, 1822 (I think in Alabama), came to Texas in 1833, was in Col. Moore's Indian fight and defeat, on the San Saba, February 12, 1839, in the skirmish of Casa Blanca, August 9, 1840, and in many contests with the Indians. When Gen. Lee surrendered in 1865, Capt. Perry commanded the advance guard of 183 men, under my command, in an expedition against the Indians into the Concho country. Then, as now, he lived in Hays County, honored as a good citizen and high-toned gentleman. It was a genuine pleasure to again grasp his hand at the late semi-centennial of San Jacinto as one of the Texas Veteran's reunion in Dallas. Our friendship began in accidentally meeting alone in an exposed wilderness west of the Colorado, on a gloomy day in October, 1840. We traveled alone all day and slept together that stormy night. That friendship has been unbroken and steadfast, changed only by increased endearment with the flight of time.

JOSEPH LANDA,

NEW BRAUNFELS.

Joseph Landa, who for so long a period has figured as the chief factor in the development of the pretty city of New Braunfels, and who is widely known and esteemed as one of Texas' most prominent and worthy pioneers, was born in Prussia, Germany. He came to San Antonio in 1846, as a general merchant and real estate dealer, both in San Antonio and New Braunfels. In 1859 he purchased of Mr. Merriweather his entire water power and milling interests at New Braunfels; took possession of the same and commenced developments in

1860, since which time he has given to them his best thought and energies.

The plants now being operated are a flour mill of 500 barrels capacity, a large electric light plant and an 80-ton cottonseed oil mill.

At the present time Mr. Landa is busy increasing the capacity of his oil mill to 100 tons per day and putting in a late improved water wheel of 260 horsepower, to operate the oil mill. The company has also contracted for the erection of a new electric light station, and, in addition to the new wheel, will

put in another one to operate several new dynamos for light and the transmission of power, all of which will materialize this (1896) spring.

The firm as it now stands, is doing the most extensive business of any institution in Western Texas. It handled last year 3000 car loads of product, which, with their enlarged facilities, will be greatly increased this year. They are only awaiting the advent of another railroad to build the largest oil mill and flour mill in the State of Texas.

The entire business is managed by his son, Mr. Harry Landa, with an efficient force of about seventy-five employees.

In 1851, Mr. Joseph Landa, subject of this notice, was united in marriage to Miss Helen Friedlander, daughter of Mr. Solomon Friedlander, of Albany, N. Y.

Seven surviving children were born to this union, three sons and four daughters.

Mr. Landa's home, facing the plaza in New Braunfels, is one of the finest family mansions, in point of architectural grace and completeness, in interior arrangement, finish and furnishings, in Southwestern Texas; and here he and his wife with their son live in quiet retirement, surrounded by a wide circle of friends to make serene and happy the remaining years of life.

E. L. R. WHEELOCK,

ROBERTSON COUNTY.

Col. E. L. R. Wheelock, one of the first settlers of Robertson County, Texas, was a native of New England, where he was reared and partly educated, finishing his collegiate training at West Point, of which he was a graduate. He served in the War of 1812 and in the Black Hawk War; settled when a young man in Illinois, where he lived for a while; then went to Mexico and spent something over three years trading in that country; returned to Illinois, where he resided until 1833, engaged principally in the mercantile and milling business, and then came to Texas, and settled in Robertson's Colony, on the prairie, named for him Wheelock Prairie, and laid out the town of Wheelock, which was also named for him. He remained in Texas until 1846, when he returned to Illinois to settle up some business matters there, preparatory to transferring all his interests to Texas. He had considerable landed possessions in Adams County and Quincy, Ill., his name being perpetuated in the history of that city by Wheelock square and Wheelock addition. While on this journey he was taken sick and died at Edwardsville, Ill. His trunk, containing many of his valuable papers, was never recovered by his family (who remained in Texas) in consequence of which they lost some of his property.

During the troubles of 1835-6 he was in Texas and was in what is known to history as the "Run-away Scrape." After removing his family to a place of safety, he started with his son, George R.

Wheelock, and his afterwards son-in-law, Samuel A. Kimble, to join the army under Houston, but reached it the day after the battle of San Jacinto.

His wife was Miss Mary P. Prickett before marriage and was born in Lexington, Ky. Her parents emigrated to Illinois at an early day and there she met and was married to Mr. Wheelock. She died in Robertson County, Texas, October 12, 1881, at the age of eighty-four years. To Mr. Wheelock and his wife five children were born, the youngest of whom, a son, Thomas Ford, died at the age of five. The others grew to maturity. These were: George Ripley, Annette Woodward, William Hillman and David P. The three sons saw more or less military service in Texas, George R. as a member of the Minute Men and William H. and David P. in the Mexican War, both the latter being present at and taking part in the battles of Monterey and Buena Vista. William H. and David P. also served in the Confederate army during the war between the States. But two of the family are now living: William H., who resides at Franklin, in Robertson County, and the daughter, Annette Woodward, now Mrs. S. B. Killough.

Mrs. Killough, at this writing, one of the oldest settlers of Robertson County, was born in Bond County, Ill., in 1821. Accompanying her parents to Texas in 1833 her entire life has since been passed in this State—and that, too, within a mile or so of where she now lives, near old Wheelock, in Robertson County. She remembers many events

connected with the early history of the locality where she lives and is a very entertaining talker. She has borne her full share of the burden of settling the country and her life has not been without its sorrows in addition to the hardships incident to the settlement of the country. She has been three times married and is now a widow. Her first marriage was in November, 1836, and was to Samuel A. Kimble. There being no one authorized to solemnize the rites of matrimony in Robertson's Colony the contracting parties had to go to Natchitoches, La., where they were regularly united according to the laws of that State. Mr. Kimble died three weeks later. In March, 1837, his widow was united in marriage with Andrew Jackson Powers, a noted pioneer who was killed January 9, 1839, in Morgan's defeat in what is now Falls County. Of this marriage one child was born, Thomas Washington Powers, who died when three weeks old. The third marriage was in 1841, to Samuel Blackburn Killough, who was born near Murfreesboro, Tenn., September 10, 1813, and came

to Texas in 1839, settling at Old Franklin, Robertson County, where he was engaged a short time in the mercantile business. He then moved to Wheelock Prairie and there spent the remainder of his life, engaged in planting and stock-raising. He was County Judge of Robertson County in the '50s and was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1875 from Robertson, Brazos and Milam counties. He died at his home near Wheelock, June 21, 1876. To Judge Killough and wife were born eleven children, six of whom reached maturity: Nancy J., wife of George H. Dunn; Sallie E., wife of William Henry; Annette, wife of Abe McMordie; Henry C., Charles Cavendish and Isaac DeLafayette Killough.

Mrs. Killough at this writing lives with her son, Isaac DeLafayette Killough, on the farm where Judge Killough settled. She has all the necessities and comforts of life. Her other children live near enough for her to see them quite often. She is indeed a kind, motherly, model woman.

FREDERICK KALTEYER,

SAN ANTONIO,

Was born in Aademmer, Grand Duchy of Nassau, in 1817, where he was reared. In boyhood and youth he attended the schools of his native place and completed his education at Mayence and Geissen, studying chemistry in the last named place under Baron Von Liebig. He emigrated to New Orleans in 1846 and the same year came to Texas, stopping at Galveston, where he remained a short time and put up and operated the first soda fountain ever in the State. But the outlook was not favorable for him there and he returned to New Orleans, where he engaged in the drug business until 1854, when, through the persuasions of George Kendall, he sold out his interests and came to Texas and purchased a ranch near Boerne, on which he settled and undertook to raise stock. At the end of three years he had lost everything he had except his land, and that he traded to Dr. F. Herff for a small drug store in San Antonio. Removing to that place he engaged again at his old business and followed this with a fair measure of success as long as he lived. The establishment which he purchased and built up is still running now under the

firm name of F. Kalteyer & Son, on the north side of Military Plaza.

Mr. Kalteyer was a man of fine attainments as a chemist and a thoroughly good citizen, interesting himself in everything pertaining to the welfare of the communities in which he lived. While residing in New Orleans he was a member of a number of German benevolent associations and exerted himself in every way to relieve the necessities of his countrymen and to enable them to get fair starts in the new world. While residing near Boerne in this State he acted as physician to the scattered settlers of that locality, served them as county judge and in difficult matters acted for them as a wise and faithful adviser.

After settling in San Antonio he gave his attention mainly to his business and, with the exception of the position of alderman, never held any public office.

In New Orleans he married Miss Henrietta Leonardt, a native of Westphalia, Germany, of which union there were born two sons and two daughters. The daughters are Mrs. Adolph Herff and Mrs.

George Altgelt, of San Antonio. The sons are among the leading business men of that city. The elder, Mr. George H. Kalteyer, being the senior member of the firm of F. Kalteyer & Son, druggists, president of the San Antonio Drug Company, which he organized, the principal stockholder in the Alamo Cement Company, which he also organ-

ized, a stockholder in the Lone Star Brewing Company and, in fact, is or has been connected in some capacity with almost every public or private corporate enterprise in the city, including the railways for which he helped secure the right of way, and in other ways lent valuable aid when they were building into the city.

GEORGE W. GLASSCOCK, SR.,

AUSTIN.

G. W. Glasscock, Sr., was born in Hardin County, Ky., on the 11th day of April, 1810, and in that State was reared and spent his boyhood days. In 1830 he emigrated to St. Louis, Mo., and two years afterwards moved to Springfield, Ill., where he engaged in the mercantile business. Soon the tocsin of war sounded. The Indian was on the war path. The noted Chief Black Hawk with his warriors had to be met. A call for volunteers was made. Glasscock was among the first who enlisted. He was elected First-Lieutenant in Capt. J. M. Early's Company, and did his duty as a faithful soldier during that short but trying and wearisome campaign, in which his brother, Gregory Glasscock, lost his life in the defense of his country. Next we find him flat-boating in partnership with President Abraham Lincoln on the Sangamon and Illinois rivers. When he quit this business he returned to his uncle near St. Louis, Mo., where he remained until tidings of deeds of daring going on in the Southwest started him on a new field of adventure.

He emigrated to Texas in 1834 and settled at Zavalla, in the municipality of Jasper, again following the occupation of merchant in partnership with T. B. Huling and Henry Millard. It was here in 1837 that he married Miss Cynthia C. Knight, the daughter of John Knight, of Davidson County, Tenn., who departed this life in 1866 and left him and seven children surviving her.

In the latter part of 1836 his firm engaged extensively in the land locating business, and Glasscock was the surveyor. It was in this capacity that he first became acquainted with Western Texas, locating most of the land certificates of the firm in Travis, Williamson, Burnet, Hays, Lampasas, and Milam counties. Once when locating land certificates in Williamson County, the locating party

divided to search for good locations on Berry's creek, and his party escaped a band of Indian warriors while the other party was massacred by them.

When the fate of Texas was quivering in the scales of destiny in 1835-6, the young surveyor threw aside the compass and surveying-chain to seize the musket and sabre and hurry to the front. Of how he conducted himself the survivors of the Grass Fight and those who participated in the storming and capture of the Alamo with him in December, 1835, can best tell, in both of which engagements he did his full duty as a soldier and patriot. He was First-Lieutenant in Capt. James Chesshire's Company from Jasper, and was in ten feet of Col. Milam who fell on the 10th of December, 1835, in the city of San Antonio, Texas, at the storming and recapture of that city by the Texians. He was in many engagements against the Indians in the pioneer days of Texas.

Enchanted by the beautiful prairies and valleys of the Colorado and San Gabriel rivers, he moved to the town of Bastrop, in 1840, where he remained until 1844, when he moved to a tract of land that he purchased and improved, one and one-half miles west of Webberville, in Travis County, Texas. In 1848 he moved to Williamson County, near Georgetown, and built the first flour-mill in Western Texas. In the same year he donated to Williamson County one hundred and seventy-two acres of land upon which the city of Georgetown is located and which place was named in honor of him. To the building up of Georgetown and Williamson County he devoted much of his energy, time and means. He moved to Austin, Travis County, in 1853, where he resided until his death, in 1868. From 1850 to the time of his death he filled many important positions. He represented Travis and

Williamson counties in the Tenth and Eleventh Legislatures. He was public-spirited and generous, taking great interest in all public enterprises.

In 1887, the Twentieth Legislature, in appreciation of the distinguished services rendered by him to Texas, created and named Glasscock County in his honor. The following language was used in the act creating the county: "The county of Glasscock is named in honor of George W. Glasscock,

who participated in the struggle for Texas Independence, and was at the storming and recapture of the Alamo on the 10th of December, 1835, and was in the Grass fight and other engagements which resulted in the Independence of Texas."

He was a Mason and Odd Fellow. His death was a great loss, not only to his family, but to the country.

GEORGE W. GLASSCOCK, JR.,

GEORGETOWN.

Hon. George W. Glasscock, Jr., was born January 10, 1845, in Travis County, Texas, where he was reared, and resided until 1879, when he moved to Georgetown, in Williamson County, where he has since resided. He served as county attorney of Williamson County in 1879-80; was elected county judge in 1880, and re-elected in 1882, and in 1884 was elected to the State Senate from the Twenty-fourth District, composed of the counties of Travis, Williamson and Burnet ("capitol district") and was re-elected to the Senate in 1888. He is the only man born in the district who has represented it in the State Legislature. He served in the Senate during the sessions of the Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second Legislatures. In the Nineteenth Legislature he was a member of the Senate Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds. At that time the construction of the new capitol was in progress and it was perhaps the most important committee of the session. He was Chairman of the Senate Committee on Education during the sessions of the Twentieth and Twenty-second Legislatures. Considering the interests to be guarded, this position was also one of great responsibility.

At least \$2,500,000 of school money was being expended annually by the State of Texas. The permanent fund amounted to \$7,000,000 in securities; about 25,000,000 acres of school lands that remained unsold and about \$10,000,000 in land notes.

No chairman of the Committee on Education ever labored more zealously or effectively to guard this rich heritage, designed by the wise statesman-

ship of former years to descend to and bless many passing generations. His labors and accomplishments in other directions were equally patriotic, painstaking and productive of good and lasting results. He made a record second to that of none of his colleagues. He is a clear thinker and graceful and powerful speaker and would make his influence felt in any popular assemblage or legislative body. In public life he has, in the support or opposition that he has offered to pending measures, been guided alone by a desire to secure the greatest good to the greatest number, to protect the weak and restrain and, if possible, prevent the injustice of the powerful and rapacious. He served in the Confederate army during the war between the States as a member of Duff's Thirty-third Texas Cavalry, Gano's brigade, Walker's division, and made a gallant and faithful soldier. He is a member of the Missionary Baptist Church, Past Grand Master of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and a Knight Templar and a member of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Mystic Shrine in Masonry, being a member of Colorado Commandery No. 4, at Austin, and of Ben Hur Temple of the Mystic Shrine at Austin. He was united in marriage to Miss J. H. Boatner, a daughter of Mr. J. R. Boatner, at Tennessee Colony, Anderson County, Texas, on the 19th day of March, 1865.

As a private citizen he has managed his business affairs so as to be in independent circumstances and is public-spirited, often giving of his time and means to enterprises inaugurated for the building up of the country.



DR. M. A. TAYLOR.

M. A. TAYLOR, M. D.,

AUSTIN.

Dr. M. A. Taylor was born at Columbus, Ohio, November 12, 1830. His father was of Scotch, his mother of English, descent.

His grandfather, Matthew Taylor, emigrated to America before the Revolution (1760) and settled with his large family near Richmond, Va., and after the War for Independence purchased large land claims from the Virginia soldiers. This land had been set apart by act of Congress and certificates issued therefor. He purchased these certificates in quantities and located the land in Ohio, between the Scioto river on the east and the Miami on the southwest. He removed to this land and settled on the spot where the flourishing city of Chillicothe now stands.

Dr. Taylor's father, also named Matthew, was an officer in the War of 1811-12 under command of Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, and was promoted to the rank of Colonel as a reward for conspicuous gallantry. Col. Taylor was stationed for a time at Franklin, on the south side of the Scioto river, the county seat of Franklin County, Ohio, and during the winter he and an uncle (John Taylor) and Lyon Starling, laid off the site where now stands the city of Columbus, on the east bank of the Scioto, and here through their efforts and the active interest and co-operation of State Senator John McKnight (father-in-law of Col. Taylor) the State capital was subsequently located.

Dr. Taylor, the subject of this memoir, was the youngest of a family of five children, three sons and two daughters. The sons were in the order of their respective ages: John McKnight, Harvey Milton and Matthew Addison; the daughters, Rebecca, who became the wife of Jesse Cherry, and Elizabeth, who married William Watkins.

Col. Taylor upon retiring from military life engaged in the peaceful pursuits of milling and farming. He died December 28, 1832. His widow, a lady of great force of character and deep piety, survived him something more than six years, dying in March, 1839.

Dr. Taylor, thus left an orphan when nine years of age, went to live with his oldest sister, Mrs. Rebecca Cherry; remained with her for two years and then Matthew Taylor (a second cousin of his father, and uncle by marriage to the lad) having been appointed guardian, he thereafter lived with her at his home near Columbus. He had been

placed at school during his stay with his sister and his guardian also gave him the benefit of school advantages, entering him as a pupil in the district school, where he remained for two years and then entered the high school conducted by the celebrated instructor, Rev. Mr. Covert, and two years later matriculated at the University of Oxford, Ohio, where he finished his literary education. In 1846, at the age of sixteen, he entered the office of his brother, Dr. Harvey Taylor, and commenced the study of medicine and, later, his brother being honored by a call to a position on the staff of Gen. Winfield Scott, studied under Dr. W. H. Howard, professor of surgery at Starling Medical College. To be a private pupil of Dr. Howard was a distinction which gave additional stimulus to the student's ambition and he applied himself to the acquisition of knowledge with such zeal and interest that in a short time he was pronounced sufficiently advanced to enter college, and accordingly, matriculated at Starling Medical College, and, after two courses of lectures, was graduated M. D. in 1849, at the age of nineteen years. He had shown such proficiency in his studies, especially in applied anatomy, that at the suggestion of his distinguished preceptor, he was retained some months as prosector for the chair of surgery and to make dissections for the demonstrator. He then chose Logan, the county seat of Hocking County, Ohio, as a suitable field, and locating there about fifty miles from Columbus, opened an office and began the practice of his profession.

December 25th, 1851, Dr. Taylor was united in marriage to Miss Phoebe Lowe, daughter of Peter B. Lowe, formerly a prosperous merchant at Bond Brook, New Jersey.

The young doctor soon established a fine practice; but, "alas, all things bright and fair must fade," the worm was already at the heart of the rose, the fell destroyer had marked his fair young bride for an early grave, and, seeing the hectic glow upon her cheek and noting the unmistakable indications of pulmonary consumption, he determined to make every effort in human power to save her. He closed up his business, and having investigated the claims of many so-called health resorts, determined to come South in the hope that the genial air and the sunny skies of far-famed Texas would restore her to health, and in 1852 reached Galves-

ton, but soon became convinced that the excessive humidity of the atmosphere there was prejudicial, removed to Austin. The outlook was anything but encouraging. In fact, the surroundings were such as to make a less courageous heart quail. A young man, a total stranger, with nothing but his profession to rely upon for support, in a remote village of fifteen hundred inhabitants, with an invalid wife, and no money! He was, however, undismayed, realized the necessity of providing food and raiment, shelter, and even luxuries, for his invalid wife and went to work at manual labor, at anything honorable, no matter how humble or how hard, that would supply their needs until the dawn of brighter days. In a year he was able to open an office and resume the practice of medicine and to purchase a small home, for cash. His wife presented him with a winsome little daughter two years after their arrival in the State. Her health rapidly declined after that event, and in 1857, being attacked with pneumonia, she perished with the roses in the autumn of that year.

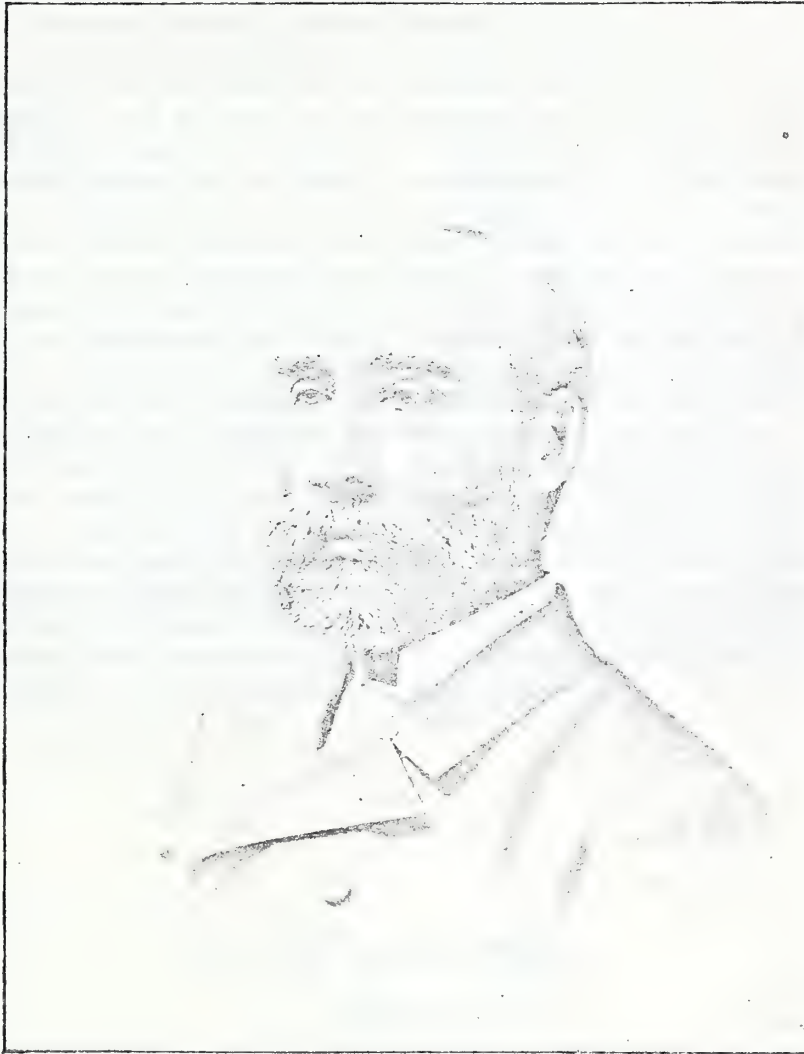
On the 27th of April, 1859, Dr. Taylor married Miss M. H. Millican (his present wife) daughter of Capt. O. H. Millican, a staunch Mississippi planter who had adopted the Lone Star State for his home. Two sons and four daughters were born of this marriage, Edward H., born in 1860; Mary O., born in 1862, now the wife of James Howell Bunton, Esq., of Travis County, Texas; Addison, who died at the age of eighteen months, born in 1864; Elizabeth, born in 1868, now the wife of John W. Phillips, Esq., of Austin; Laura, who died in infancy, born in 1871; and Daisee Belle, born in 1878.

The daughter by the first marriage, Harriett Ann, married Wm. A. Dixon, Esq., of St. Louis, a brother of Dr. Charles Dixon of that city. He was killed accidentally, five years after their marriage, and his widow now resides in Austin.

Dr. Taylor was largely instrumental in 1855 in bringing about the first organization of medical men ever effected in Texas. With a few leading physicians, among whom the matter was often freely discussed, he called a meeting of the practicing physicians of the State to be held at Austin. There were present a respectable number of representative men, and an organization was effected. Facilities for travel and intercommunication between the different parts of the State were few and difficult at the time and the population much less dense than at present. Hence, for lack of support, this laudable movement failed to accomplish the purposes intended. There were but two meetings of the organization held before its practical

dissolution. Notwithstanding this discouragement, Dr. Taylor insisted on keeping up the Travis County Medical Society, the local organization of physicians, the first in the State. When the present Texas Medical Association was organized at Houston in June, 1869, he promptly joined it and has since been one of its most active and valuable members, making rich and varied contributions to its literature, working for the enactment of needed legislation by the State Legislature, laboring for the maintenance of the dignity of the profession, and filling, at various times, important offices in the association. He served one term as first vice-president, and was nominated for president in 1875, and came within one vote of being elected, although he was not a candidate and knew nothing of the intention of his friends until afterwards informed of their action. He represented Texas in the American Medical Congress in 1876 and 1886; and was a delegate to the Ninth International Medical Congress that met in Washington City in June of the latter year. He was one of the first movers in the direction of railroad building in Texas and largely influenced by his means and advocacy the construction of the first road to Austin, the central tap-road to Hemstead. He was also largely instrumental in the building of the Austin & North Western Railroad, and served for a time as its vice-president. He was the first man in Austin to urge the construction of a dam across the Colorado. He has contributed thousands and thousands of dollars to the building of railroads, churches and school houses. The causes of religion and education, the development of the country, and the promotion of the happiness and prosperity of the people have been kept near to his heart, and no man in Texas has worked more untiringly or zealously in these noble fields of effort.

Shortly after the founding of the State Asylum for Deaf Mutes at Austin, Dr. Taylor was appointed one of the trustees of that institution by Governor Sam Houston. He was also made visiting physician to the Blind Institute. Governor E. J. Davis, after the war between the States, made him one of the Board of Managers of the Insane Asylum and he was unanimously chosen president of that board. He was also a member of the Board of University Regents and filled this and other positions of trust until the time of Governor Coke's administration. His services in these capacities were invaluable. Under the law, as it existed when he entered upon his duties as one of the University regents, the University lands, of which the University fund of Texas mainly consists, were on the market and being sold for \$1.50 per acre. No one



S. W. SLAYDEN.

before him, it appears, had taken note of the fact that with railroad extension and the consequent development of the country, these interior lands had greatly augmented in value. He discussed the subject with members of the legislature, and believing that the State was being literally robbed through a drowsy indifference on the part of those whose duty it was to look after such matters, at once set to work to put a stop to it. The outcome was a bill drawn up by him and introduced in the legislature by Jack Harris of Galveston, repealing the law. The bill passed and no more lands were sacrificed. Dr. Taylor was strongly opposed to secession. He was family physician to, and a warm personal friend of Gen. Sam Houston, and shared the opinions of that hero and statesman on the subject. When secession was attempted and war followed, Dr. Taylor's sympathies, however, were fully with the people of the South and he organized an association at Austin, to see to the maintenance of the wives and children of Confederate soldiers, and gave them, besides, his services as a physician freely and without charge. Prior to the war he had accumulated about \$100,000. The close of the struggle found him a comparatively poor man. His courage and business acumen did not fail him at this juncture, however. He had great faith in the ultimate rehabilitation of the country and its rapid development, and invested all the means that he could command in Austin city property and realty in other parts of Texas and did not relax his labors as a general practitioner. As a result he is now

one of the wealthiest men in the State. In 1855, he connected himself with the First Presbyterian church at Austin and did much to keep that then feeble organization in existence. The officers of the church early manifested their appreciation of his zeal and liberality and elected him president of the board of trustees. In that capacity he has done faithful service, giving of his means with princely generosity and laboring by day and by night, in season and out of season, in his Master's cause.

As a professional man, Dr. Taylor deservedly ranks very high. His opinion in diagnosis, as well as his aid in prescribing, is valued highly by his colleagues, and in many difficult cases he is called in consultation. There are few families in Austin, or indeed in Travis County, who have not, at some time or other, had the benefit of his wise counsel and the benefit of his skill at the bedside of some loved one. He is uniformly courteous in social and professional life and in his family is a model husband and father. He loves his home and his children, and what leisure time he has, which is little, he spends with his family. His palatial home, situated in the center of the city, is an ideal mansion surrounded by all that is bright and attractive or ministers to refined enjoyment. His life is one long record of noble efforts. He is one of the men who have not only achieved success, but deserved it. He is admired and beloved by thousands of people throughout Texas and is a citizen who is an honor to the State.

S. W. SLAYDEN,

WACO.

For the subject of this memoir the author has selected a man who is well known to all Texas, and who has already made his impress, deep and clear, upon the times in which he lives. We refer to Mr. S. W. Slayden, of Waco, president of the State Central Bank, and secretary of the Slayden-Kirksey Woolen Mills of Waco, Texas; vice-president of the Dallas Cotton Mills of Dallas, Texas, and the Manchester Cotton Mills, of Forth Worth, Texas. He was born in Graves County, Ky., July 22, 1839.

His father, Mr. T. A. Slayden, was born in Virginia in 1819, and moved to Kentucky in 1830,

and was a merchant and planter who controlled large business interests.

Mr. T. A. Slayden married Miss Letitia Ellison Beadles, also a native of Virginia, daughter of Mr. William G. Beadles, at the time of her marriage a wealthy planter in Kentucky.

Of this union six children were born, five of whom are now living. Mr. T. A. Slayden died at Mayfield, Ky., in 1869, and his wife in New Orleans, La., in 1874.

The subject of this memoir, S. W. Slayden, was the second of their children; secured an academic

education; studied law under the celebrated practitioner, Edward Crossland; and in 1858 was admitted to the bar at Mayfield, Ky., when nineteen years of age.

He continued professional work until the beginning of the war between the States, and then enlisted in the Confederate army as a soldier in Company C., First Regiment of Kentucky Infantry, commanded by Col. Blanton Duncan, and was with Stonewall Jackson and, later, with Longstreet in Virginia, until the disbandment of his regiment, when he returned to his home in Kentucky and resumed the practice of law.

In 1869 he went to New Orleans and formed a law partnership with Mr. Kerr, the firm name being Slayden & Kerr, a relationship that continued until 1874.

In the latter year Mr. Slayden acquired an interest in coal mines near St. Joe, Mo., and removed to that place to look after their development, and entered into partnership with Mr. R. D. Blair. Here also he became a large stockholder in a company organized for the purpose of handling coal.

From this time he entered upon a brilliant and successful career as a financier, and his business interests became so large and varied as to render it inexpedient for him to further continue his professional career, although his practice had become large and he had won for himself a commanding position as an able and skillful lawyer.

After a residence of four years at St. Joe, he moved to St. Louis, Mo., and in 1882 from that city to Waco, where he has since resided.

Here he engaged in various financial operations, and in 1887 purchased a controlling interest in the

State Central Bank, of which, as previously stated, he is the president.

He has been a colaborer with Mr. Wm. Cameron in many important undertakings that have been pushed by them to success. Besides Mr. Slayden's connection with the industrial plants heretofore enumerated, he has various other large investments and business connections in Central Texas.

He was married June 19, 1872, to his first wife, Miss Susan A. Bailey, daughter of Mr. David Bailey, of Champaign, Ill. She died in Waco, Texas, in 1886. Two children were born of this union, of whom one is now living, Bailey Slayden.

At Denver, Colo., November 12th, 1891, Mr. Slayden was united in marriage to Mrs. Emma C. Whitsitt, widow of Mr. R. E. Whitsitt, who was a prominent resident of that city. Mr. Slayden is a member of the Masonic fraternity. He has been a leader in every worthy enterprise inaugurated in Waco, and there is not a man in that city who has contributed more largely to the upbuilding of the city and the development of the resources of the central portion of the State.

His service to Texas at large has been great and invaluable, as he has done much to demonstrate the feasibility of the firm establishment and successful operation of manufactories within her borders. While not a politician, in the sense that conveys the idea of an office seeker, he has been a tireless, able and effective worker in the cause of good government, using all the force of his influence in that direction. He is a leading spirit in all that pertains to the material welfare of Texas.

H. KEMPNER,

GALVESTON.

Harris Kempner was born in the town of Kisnet-ski, Poland, March 7th, 1837. His educational advantages were limited, hardly, in fact, worth mentioning. At the age of seventeen he came to the United States, making his first stop in New York City, where he found employment as a common laborer, at twenty-five cents a day. Later he picked up some knowledge of the brick-mason's trade and followed this for several months, until, having saved enough from his earnings to buy a

small stock of merchandise and pay his passage to Texas, he came to this State in 1856. He established his headquarters at Cold Springs in San Jacinto County and for about four years preceding the war followed peddling in that section of the State.

With the opening of hostilities between the North and the South in 1861, Mr. Kempner entered the Confederate army, enlisting in Capt. J. Em. Hawkins' Company, from Ellis County, which

became part of Parsons' Brigade, and with which he served from the date of his enlistment until the close of the war. He took part in all the operations in which this celebrated command participated, including the series of engagements incident to Bank's Red river campaign, in one of which his horse was shot from under him and he was severely wounded, necessitating his transfer to the Quartermaster's department where, in recognition of his gallantry and ability, he was made Quartermaster-Sergeant.

After the war Mr. Kempner returned to Cold Springs, opened a store and engaged in the general mercantile business at that place until 1870, when he moved to Galveston. There he formed a partnership with M. Marx under the firm name of Marx & Kempner, and for eight years conducted one of the largest wholesale grocery establishments in the city of Galveston. Mr. Kempner began to interest himself in local enterprises in Galveston immediately upon settling there and for a period of more than twenty years his name was connected in some capacity with a number of the city's leading business concerns. He was a charter member, director and energetic promoter of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railroad Company, and did much toward building and extending the road and effecting its consolidation with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. In 1885, after the failure of the Island City Savings Bank, he was made its president on its subsequent reorganization, placed it on a safe basis and was its official head at varying periods until failing health led to his retire-

ment. He was for many years president of the Texas Land and Loan Company, resigning this position also on account of his health. His other investments were large and covered almost every field of legitimate enterprise. Public enterprises, whatever would elevate, adorn or improve the society in which he moved or the country in which he made his home, met his cordial approbation and received his prompt advocacy and assistance.

Mr. Kempner was always known as simply a plain man of business. He never sought office and took but little interest in partisan politics. As the directing spirit of the enterprises with which he was connected he brought to the exercise of his duties a ripe experience, wise foresight and calmness and deliberation of judgment found only in few men. He did his own thinking and acted promptly and vigorously as occasion demanded. He was attractive in presence and hearty and winning in manner. His uprightness and general worth were everywhere known and admitted, and his friends were legion.

In 1872, Mr. Kempner married Miss Eliza Seinsheimer of Cincinnati, Ohio, and the issue of this union was seven sons and four daughters. His home life was charming and pleasant; under his own roof and by his own fire-side he realized the best phases and the truest enjoyments of this life.

On April 13th, 1894, after a brief illness of ten days, Mr. Kempner died, passing away in the prime of manhood, yet leaving a name full of honor and a record of many years spent without shame or blemish.

MARX MARX,

GALVESTON.

Marx Marx is a native of Prussia, born on the Rhine, October 10th, 1837. His father, a Prussian tradesman, a man of good character, was engaged in mercantile pursuits for some years in his native country when he emigrated to the United States and settled at New Orleans. From there he came to Texas and is now a resident of Galveston, making his home with the subject of this sketch, and is in his eighty-sixth year. The mother of Marx Marx bore the maiden name of Gertrude Levi and was a native of France. She died several years ago in New Orleans.

The subject of this memoir was chiefly reared in New Orleans, in the schools of which place he received his education. He attended Franklin High School in that city to the age of fourteen, when he entered his father's grocery store as a clerk. After a year of this employment, not liking the confinement, he left New Orleans and went to Central America to seek his fortunes. After spending eight months there and meeting with but little success he determined to go to California where he landed in 1852, a perfect stranger with only ten cents in his pocket. He soon found a

home with a widow, a former friend of the family in New Orleans, and accepted the first position that was offered him — that of clerk in a butcher's stall at a salary of \$25.00 per month.

He saved his earnings and in less than a year was enabled to go into business for himself on a small scale. He remained in California until 1856, when he returned to New Orleans, making the trip from San Francisco to that city in thirty-one days, the quickest on record at the time. After a short visit to his old home he returned to California and settled at Sacramento. Investing his means in a small cigar jobbing trade, he followed this with marked success for some months. He then induced two friends to join him in the purchase of a stock of goods and the three went to British Columbia, then an attractive field for Western adventurers. The country at that time was mostly in the possession of the Hudson Bay Company, whose agents watched all American enterprises with jealous eyes, and used every means except force to prevent traders from settling in their locality.

Young Marx, however, established himself on the extreme northern line of the United States, and for the first time, planted the Stars and Stripes in that vicinity. He soon acquired a large and lucrative trade, bartering his goods for furs with Indian trappers. After acquiring a considerable amount of money at this, he determined to return to civilization, and accordingly, with his two companions, and four friendly Indians, attempted to cross the Gulf of Georgia in a canoe in order to get into what is now Whatcom, Washington, but was overtaken by a storm and at night was washed ashore on one of the numerous islands in that bay. Here they were surprised by hostile Indians from neighboring islands, who were deadly foes to the Indians of his party. Mr. Marx' presence of mind did not desert him, but meeting them in a friendly manner and addressing them in their own language he told them that he was not a "King George Man," the name given by the Indians to Englishmen, but was a "Boston man," meaning a citizen of the United States. The Chief warmly welcomed him, consented to accept as presents several bolts of red calico and some blankets and permitted the party to proceed unmolested on their way. After

many other trying experiences he reached San Francisco in 1861.

About this time news was received there of the large silver finds in the territory of Nevada, and Mr. Marx went there, where he engaged in trade and added considerably to his possessions. In 1863 he went to Utah and established himself at American Fork, a small village thirty-five miles south of Salt Lake, where he did a prosperous business for two years. He then went to Virginia City, Mont., at that time the capital of the territory, and established a wholesale grocery house. Here he took an active part in the affairs of the day and made money rapidly. At the end of three years he left Montana and returned to New Orleans, where, on July 7th, 1868, he married Miss Julia Newman and on the following day set out for Galveston, Texas. On his arrival at that place he engaged in the mercantile business and with only one brief interval has been so engaged since. From 1868 to 1871 he was associated with Sampson Heidenheimer in the grocery business. From 1871 to 1886 he was in partnership with Harris Kempner under the firm name of Marx & Kempner, and during this time built up a very large wholesale grocery trade. Since 1890 he has been senior member of the firm of Marx & Blum, wholesale dealers in hats, caps, boots and shoes, one of the largest mercantile establishments in the South.

Mr. Marx has taken stock in many local enterprises, in some of which he has held and still holds positions of trust, among the number: The Citizens' Loan Company; The Texas Banking and Improvement Company; The Galveston Loan and Improvement Company, and the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railway Company, besides various banks, both in Galveston and in different parts of the State.

Mr. Marx has been successful in business, and his success has come to him in response to the exercise of industry, sagacity and sound business judgment. He has never engaged in politics. He is of the Jewish faith in religion, and is a member of the Masonic fraternity. He and his wife have had four children: Fannie, who died at the age of eight, in March, 1878; Nettie, now Mrs. Nat M. Jacobs; Gertrude, now Mrs. Samuel H. Frankel, and Josetta, now Mrs. A. Blum.

LEON BLUM,

GALVESTON.

The muse of history, lifting the veil which time has drawn between us and that remote past which fades toward and shades imperceptibly into the night of a still deeper past, discloses a state of society that, to the careless observer and superficial thinker, has nothing in common with that of the age in which we live, and yet the essential difference is more apparent than actual.

From that dim long-ago to the pearl-white glimmer of the dawn of modern civilization on down to this time, when the sun of human progress approaches its meridian, the world has been but a vast arena in which all have had to struggle, and in which the strong have ever triumphed and the weak have ever perished. At first, and for many weary centuries, cunning and brute force determined results. Now it is mind that sways the destinies of men and nations. The weapons used are of later make. Now that the moral sense has been more fully developed, the combats are not so revolting, but the ability and skill required are greater and the battles fought equally fierce and unrelenting.

The savage desired to maintain his occupancy of a piece of soil that suited his purpose, to seize the flocks of a neighbor or to reduce an adjoining tribe to slavery — to make others toil for him — deal out destruction at will and to himself enjoy ease, comfort and security. Such was his idea of power and happiness. The modern ideal is to meet disappointments and reverses with fortitude and courage, conquer difficulties, accumulate wealth, be widely useful and helpful, and maintain, from the cradle to the grave, a probity of character that will excite the respect of contemporaries and be a source of just pride to descendants. It is a loftier ideal, truly, and one more difficult to attain, but, many noble-minded men and women have reached it. The youth, when he girds him for the fight, and steps out into the world's great arena, little dreams of what awaits him in the fray. Confidently he rushes into the mass to struggle with competitors. How many are disappointed! How many prove too weak of purpose, of mind, of will! How many listen to the siren songs of the demons of unrest, dissipation, vice and idleness! Out of a hundred, fifty will barely manage to live on to the final summons by acting as the agents and instruments of others, thirty, their early hopes blown aloft like feathers of fancy and whistled

down the chill blasts of Destiny's December, will be moderately successful; nineteen prove a curse to society and only one gains the laurel-wreath of victory. These are truths that hold good as to all pursuits, professions and avocations. Not one quality alone, but many are required for the attainment of what is worthy to be dignified with the name of success. In commercial pursuits, more, perhaps, than in any other department of human effort, are varied abilities essential. The dangers that threaten wreck and disaster lie thick upon every hand and the competition is nowhere more determined, or the clash of mind with mind keener or more constant.

Natural aptitude, clearness of mental prevision, soundness of judgment, capacity alike for planning and executing and the power to control men and make them faithful, willing and capable instruments for the accomplishment of fixed purposes are some of the prerequisites necessary for the attainment of any considerable eminence as a merchant, financier or in any of the higher commercial walks.

Few men are so widely known in Texas or have done more for the development of the agricultural, industrial and trade resources of the State than Leon Blum, the subject of this brief memoir. He is a member of the great importing and mercantile house of Leon & H. Blum, of Galveston, whose business, through its agents and correspondents, ramifies Texas and the Southwestern States and extends to many distant lands.

He was born in the year 1837, in Gunderschoffer, Alsace, at one time a department of France, and since the Franco-Prussian War a part of the German Empire. His parents were Isaac and Julie Blum. The law requiring all males, without distinction of rank or social position, to learn some useful trade, he was apprenticed to a tinsmith; but, the pursuit not being congenial, he ceased to follow it after serving his time. Believing himself capable of succeeding in mercantile life, for which he had aptitude, he at once embarked in it. Believing that wider and better fields were to be found in the United States, he set sail for this country in the spring of 1854, and, arriving in Texas, established himself in the town of Richmond. The author of "Triumphant Democracy" never uttered a greater truth than when he said that the timid, unenterprising and indolent of foreign countries are con-

tent to live at home, however harsh the social and political institutions, or meager the opportunities of acquiring financial independence, and that it is the aspiring, active, energetic, able and liberty-loving young men who go across seas, mountains and deserts to improve their fortunes, and that America owes as much to the latter class of her citizenship as to any other for the wonderful progress she has made over other nations. This truth is amply demonstrated by the lives of such men as Leon Blum. His ventures, being carefully watched and managed, he largely increased his capital at Richmond and, having now become thoroughly acquainted with the people and requirements of trade in the new country, felt the need of a basis to operate from that would enable him to extend his transactions and, accordingly, moved to Galveston in 1869. He became at once the largest importer of dry goods in Texas, supplying the merchants of this and adjoining States, receiving in return, immense shipments of cotton and developing an export trade in that staple. He has invested largely in lands in Texas, and engaged in cultivating them with considerable profit. He has been a liberal contributor to every worthy public, and many private, enterprises, giving liberally of his time and means. His faith in the future of Galveston and Texas is strong and abiding and he has shown it by his works, few men having made larger investments in realty and in enterprises of a permanent nature. His business has grown from year to year until for many years past he has ranked among the foremost and wealthiest of the merchants and financiers of the Southwest.

The firm of Leon & H. Blum was formed in 1865, by the admission of his cousin, Mr. H. Blum, a gentleman of wide business experience and capacity, to a copartnership. Mr. Leon Blum was married to Miss Henrietta Levy, of Corpus Christi, in 1862 and has two children: Cecile, now Mrs. Aaron Blum, and Leonora, the wife of F. St. Goar, Esq., of New York. The soldier is said to become steeled to carnage, the surgeon indifferent to human suffering and the man, who has by long years of toil acquired wealth, indifferent to the mis-

fortunes, misery and destitution of his fellow-men, yet there have been soldiers, great ones, too, who have been just and merciful and slow in shedding blood; surgeons with hearts as gentle as a woman's, and rich men, who have earned their riches, who have performed noble acts of charity. Such men, and such alone, are really deserving of respect and among such the subject of this biographical notice deserves a worthy place. He has never been unmindful of the merits of the deserving but unsuccessful, nor deaf to the appeals of the unfortunate, for he has been a liberal giver from his store to the worthy and a generous friend to those in distress, irrespective of their religion or nationality. His private charities have been innumerable and are of almost daily occurrence. To such benevolent institutions as the Baylor Orphan Home it has been a pleasure to him to make contributions and, being an ardent advocate of popular education, he has donated large sums for school purposes. While he has spent money with a lavish hand in these directions, his good deeds have always been quietly performed, and never preceded by a fanfare of trumpets or prompted by a desire to excite commendation. What he has done, has been done because he earnestly desired to lighten burdens bowing fellow-beings in sorrow to the dust, and to make the world brighter and better as far as in him lay. In personal appearance he is of the Saxon type. He is five feet eleven inches in height, with fair complexion and bluish-gray eyes. His physique is well proportioned and he is what one may call a fine-looking man. He has been identified with Texas for more than forty-one years. He landed on our shores well-nigh penniless and friendless and with scarcely any knowledge of the country. The difficulties that confronted him would have proven insurmountable to a man of ordinary mold. He made opportunity his slave, not his master. He made a high position in the business and social community and the acquisition of wealth objective points, but honor and truth his guides. He determined not to sustain defeat, but at the same time not to accept success except upon the terms he prescribed to Fortune, viz., that it should come to him because he deserved it.

WILLIAM VON ROSENBERG,

AUSTIN.

From the days when the immortal Hermann inflicted upon the legions under Varrus one of the first and most crushing defeats ever sustained by the Roman arms, the great Germanic race has been famous in history for its devotion to the principles of liberty and self-government. Its blood and strength of purpose have found expression in the annals of the composite English-speaking people who have encircled the globe with their conquests and promises to direct the future course of human progress. Its sons, from the first settlement of America—upon the field of battle, in legislation and in all the varied walks of private life—have contributed their full share to the prosperity and glory of the country. They have come to the United States from all ranks of life in the fatherland—not only the peasant, dissatisfied with his lot; but, men of noble birth, who wished to cast their fortunes with the people of this country and exercise their energies in a wider and freer field than the old world offered them. Of the latter class is the subject of this sketch, Mr. William von Rosenberg, for many years past a respected and influential citizen of Austin, Texas.

The genealogy of the Rosenberg family dates back to the twelfth century, when in the year A. D. 1150, Vitellus Ursini, of Rome, emigrated to the German Empire, built the town of Rosenberg in Bohemia, acquired the name of Ursini von Rosenberg, and became the founder of the family of that name. In the early history of Austria for several centuries members of the family occupied prominent positions in church and political affairs. Reichsgraf (Count) Andreas Ursini von Rosenberg, who lived in the year A. D. 1685, may be mentioned as closing the fifth century of the family history. The von Rosenbergs, members of the order of German Knights, scattered over Germany and the Baltic coast States. One of them, Wilhelm Dietrich von Rosenberg, in the year A. D. 1620 became a member of the Bench of Knights of Courland and from him the subject of this sketch is lineally descended, as shown by the family genealogy preserved in the archives of the Bench. His father, Carl von Rosenberg (at the age of sixteen) and his father's elder brothers, Gustav and Otto, volunteered in the service of their country in 1813 in the war against Napoleon I.

His father's youngest brother, Ernest, relin-

quished his commission as Lieutenant in the Prussian army for political reasons, came to America and in October, 1821, landed, together with about fifty-three other adventurers, on the Texas coast. The party, known as "Long's Expedition," after having taking possession of La Bahia (Goliad), were taken prisoners by Mexican troops, but were released upon the promise that they would peacefully settle in the country.

Ernest von Rosenberg, being a soldier, joined the Mexican army and was promoted to the rank of Colonel; but, espousing the cause of the ill-fated Iturbide, was shot to death upon the downfall of the latter. He was among the first Germans to visit Texas.

About this time, October 14, 1821, William von Rosenberg, the subject of this notice, was born on his father's estate, known as Eckitten, near the town of Memel, in East Prussia. After completing the high school course at Memel, he engaged as an apprentice to a government surveyor. In 1838 he was the private secretary of an administrative officer in landed affairs and, when the latter was transferred to the province of Saxony, went with him to his new appointment and remained his private secretary until 1841 and then entered the army to serve his term as a soldier, and in 1844 was appointed a Lieutenant in the reserves. In 1845 he entered the examination for government surveyor and obtained the unusual qualification "excellent." After filling a government appointment for some time, he, in 1846, entered the University of Architecture in Berlin, and two years later qualified as royal architect. He was then employed in supervising the erection of two government school buildings in Berlin, upon the completion of which he found himself, in June, 1849, proscribed as a Democrat and unable thereafter to secure any further employment under the Prussian government, which had assumed reactionary tendencies in the direction of despotism. Owing to his outspoken Democracy he was advised by the major commanding the reserve battalion in which he served, that, if he would apply therefor, he would receive an honorable discharge from the army; meaning, of course, that otherwise he would be dismissed without such discharge.

At this time he was twenty-eight years old with a prospect before him that whatever he might en-

gage in he would be opposed by influences beyond his power to control. With his career in the fatherland thus abruptly ended, he concluded to leave the country. At that time a great deal had been written and printed in Germany about Texas, in consequence of the efforts of the German Emigration Company, and he therefore selected Texas as his future home. His parents and family looked upon him as a self-reliant man who had made his own way in the world and, he being the oldest of seven children, they did not attempt to persuade him to remain in Germany, where they knew that he would be the victim of persecution; but, deeply attached to one another, they concluded that the whole family, consisting of thirteen persons, would emigrate together and seek happiness under freer institutions. Previous to their departure he married Miss Auguste Anders, to whom he was betrothed. After a sixty days' voyage in a sailing vessel they landed at Galveston, Texas, on the 6th of December, 1849. They settled in Fayette County at and in the vicinity of Nassau Farm. He there followed farming for six years, learned the English language and in 1855 became a citizen of the United States. Being a skillful draughtsman, he was called upon to draw a design for the courthouse of Fayette County which was built at La Grange. This work gave such general satisfaction that he was recommended by American friends to the Commissioner of the General Land-Office of Texas, the Hon. Stephen Crosby, as a well-qualified draughtsman and, in consequence thereof, moved to Austin in April, 1856, and was appointed to the first vacancy as such in October of the same year. The Land Office was then in a small building in the Capitol yard and the business of the office had not then developed to the proportions which it has assumed in later years. The personnel of the office at that time consisted of the commissioner, chief clerk, translator, chief draughtsman, six assistant draughtsmen and twenty clerks.

In November, 1857, Stephen Crosby was succeeded by F. M. White, who held the office of Commissioner for four years. Mr. Crosby was then again elected to the office, took charge in November, 1861, and appointed Mr. von Rosenberg whom he had selected therefor to the position of chief draughtsman, which he held until the fall of 1863, when he was requested to serve as topographical engineer under Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder, in the Confederate army.

When the question of secession came to be decided by the voters of Texas, Mr. von Rosenberg cast his ballot for it, his reasons therefor being that he had left Prussia on account of having been

proscribed for his political opinions, had selected Texas for his future home with full knowledge of the existence of the institution of slavery in the State and had not come as a reformer, but to live with its people, who received him as a stranger unconditionally. He felt it to be his duty, whether right or wrong, to stand with the people of Texas in upholding the cardinal principles of self-government as laid down in the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States.

When the clouds of sectional animosity and misconstruction that had so long hovered like a pall over the country burst in the tempest of war and the brave and true, both North and South, were hurrying to the front, Mr. von Rosenberg's father, although too old for active service in the field, dressed himself as a Prussian Uhlán and, riding through the streets of Roundtop, the village where he then resided, called upon the young men of the place to enlist in the Confederate army and to remember how their fathers had dared to do and die in the old land in 1813, when their country was threatened by invasion. Known to be an old hero of the Napoleonic wars, his martial bearing and stirring words fired the hearts of the patriotic young men of the town and many of them afterwards testified their devotion to the cause of constitutional freedom upon hard fought fields in the war between the States. Some of them lived to, in later years, receive honors at the hands of their fellow-citizens; others filled soldiers' graves.

Mr. William von Rosenberg's three younger brothers, Eugene, Alexander and Walter, were among the first to enlist in the Confederate army. Eugene was a member of Waul's Legion and was at the siege of Vicksburg. Alexander and Walter were soldiers in Creuzbauer's company of artillery and took part in the Louisiana campaign. Another brother, John von Rosenberg, served in the Engineer corps with him. After having served as topographical engineer, in the department of Texas, during the war, Mr. von Rosenberg, at the close of the struggle, was called back to the General Land Office as chief draughtsman, but was swept aside by the military usurpers, who trampled civil government under their feet in Texas at the time. At the election in 1866, Stephen Crosby was recalled to administer the affairs of the Land-Office and again made Mr. von Rosenberg chief draughtsman, a position that he filled until during the "reconstruction" period, when the officials selected by the people were removed and aliens appointed in their stead.

At this time Maj. C. R. Johns, formerly Comptroller of the State, had opened a land agency bus-

ness in Austin and induced Mr. von Rosenberg to enter into partnership with him, under the firm name of C. R. Johns & Company. The firm was composed of C. R. Johns, J. C. Kirby, F. Everett and W. von Rosenberg and did a large and profitable business for a number of years. They then thought that by combining the business of banking and exchange with their land agency they would greatly increase their profits. In this they erred. The land department of the business was under Mr. von Rosenberg's exclusive management. The banking department was not successful and in November, 1876, the firm of C. R. Johns & Company made an assignment.

Being thus broken up and without financial resources, Mr. von Rosenberg commenced the land agency business on his own account in February, 1877, at Austin, in which business he is still engaged.

Politically he is a Democrat, but has ever reserved to himself the right to act in accordance with the dictates of his conscience. He has never sought nor desired office. He was solicited to run for the Legislature on the Horace Greely ticket; but, being opposed to Mr. Greely's nomination, declined to make the race.

He has cared little for society, preferring the quiet enjoyments of home. His wife is devoted to her husband and children and seeks happiness within her family. She, however, has never forgotten the prospective positions apparently in store for them in the fatherland at the time of her betrothal to him.

His family consists of eleven children, six sons and five daughters, all of whom are married but the youngest daughter. This generation, born and bred in Texas, have cut loose from the advantages of nobility and maintain as a self-evident truth "that all men are created, and by right ought to be, free and equal." As they have grown up they have had instilled in their hearts by their parents the undying principles that underlie civil government and are free from the prejudices of caste, as it becomes citizens of this free country to be. The children are: Charles, born July 13, 1850, in

Fayette County, farmer and stock raiser, lives near Manchaca, Texas, married Walleska Sutor;

Arthur, born September 1, 1851, in Fayette County, clerk in his father's office and notary public, lives in South Austin, married Mary Holland;

Ernest, born November 25, 1852, in Fayette County, compiling draughtsman in the General Land-Office of Texas, lives in Austin, married Hellena Lungkwitz;

Paul, born August 10, 1854, in Fayette County, farmer and stock raiser, lives near Manchaca, married Cornelia McCuiston;

Laura, born February 26, 1856, in Fayette County; married C. von Carlowitz, attorney at law, resides in Fort Worth, Texas;

Emma, born May 15, 1857, in Austin, Texas, married August Giesen, druggist and business manager in the hardware establishment of Hon. Walter Tips, resides in Austin;

William, born January 14, 1859, in Austin, attorney at law, was justice of the peace for precinct No. 3, of Travis County, from 1882 to 1886, and county judge from 1890 to 1894, lives in Austin; married Louise Rhode;

Anna, born October 10, 1860, in Austin, married Wm. C. Hornberger, farmer and stock raiser, resides near Fiskville, Travis County;

Lina, born October 27, 1864, in Austin, married George G. Bissel, stenographer with D. W. Doom, Esq., resides in Austin;

Frederick C., born November 3, 1866, in Austin, attorney at law, resides in Austin, married Nina E. Stephens;

Mina Agnes, born January 17, 1869, in Austin, unmarried, lives with her parents.

There are thirty-nine grandchildren living and three deceased.

Mr. von Rosenberg has at all times manifested a deep interest in the prosperity and general welfare of the city of Austin and the State of Texas, and has come up to the full stature of good citizenship. Kind, genial and courtly, he is loved by many and respected by all.

GEORGE S. WALTON,

ALLEYTON.

George S. Walton, postmaster at Alleyton, Colorado County, Texas, was born in Jefferson County, Ala., March 22, 1821, and emigrated to Missouri with his parents, Jacob and Jane Walton, in 1827.

His maternal grandfather, Thomas Goode, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War of 1776, and his paternal grandfather was one of the signers of the American Declaration of Independence.

Mr. Walton served with conspicuous gallantry in the Mexican War as a soldier in Company N., Second Missouri Cavalry, commanded by Col. Price, and particularly distinguished himself at Puebla, Colorado, on the 24th of January, 1847. On that occasion he mounted to the top of a seven-story building, tore down the black flag (signifying no quarter) which the Mexican commander had hoisted above it, and planted the stars and stripes in its place. This he did under a heavy fire of

musketry. Fourteen bullet-holes were shot through his clothing, but fortune, which is said to favor the brave, stood him in good stead, and he escaped without a wound. His intrepid act was followed almost immediately by the surrender of the enemy, and a three-months' siege was brought to a glorious close.

He was married, June 20, 1849, to Miss Abigail Walton, and came to Texas with his wife, in 1858. They have no children.

During the war between the States, Mr. Walton was Second-Lieutenant in the Sixteenth Texas, and fought for the success of the Confederacy until its star paled in the gloom of defeat.

He has resided at Alleyton since 1860 (except during the period covered by the war); is a popular and efficient public official, and has done much to promote the development and prosperity of his section.

JAMES H. ROBERTSON,

AUSTIN.

The subject of this sketch is neither a "pioneer" nor an "Indian fighter," but is one of the younger men now prominent in Texas, who came here early in life without money or acquaintances, and who have succeeded well professionally and from a business point of view. He was born in Room County, Tenn., May 2d, 1853. His parents were James R. and Mary A. (Hunt) Robertson. His father, who was a physician and local Methodist preacher, died April 15th, 1861, leaving the nurture and training of six small children to the widowed mother. She was a woman of remarkably strong character and possessed in a high degree of common sense and practical judgment. She devoted her life to the welfare of her children and died surrounded and mourned by them in Austin, November 16, 1894, at the age of eighty years and sixteen days. Whatever of success the subject of this sketch has attained in life he attributes to the teaching and care bestowed upon him by his devoted mother.

James H. Robertson received a practical English education, and at twenty years of age began the study of law in the office of Col. P. B. Mayfield, at Cleveland, Tenn. In June, 1874, he moved to Austin, Texas, where he continued the study of the law and was admitted to the bar in the summer of the year following. In September, 1876, he moved to Williamson County, where he resided for eight years, during which time he enjoyed a large and lucrative practice. In 1882 he was elected to the Eighteenth Legislature, from Williamson County, and served his constituency with credit to himself and to their entire satisfaction in that body, but deserved further honors in this line. In 1884 he was nominated by the Democracy and elected to the office of District Attorney of the 26th Judicial District, embracing the counties of Travis and Williamson, and was successively re-elected to that office in 1886, 1888 and 1890.

Upon his election to the office of District Attorney



JAMES HENRY MITCHELL.

In November, 1884, he moved to Austin, where he has since resided. During his six years service as District Attorney he conducted many important criminal prosecutions, and, of the many criminal cases tried, although defended by a bar of ability equal to any in the State, the records show that more than seventy-five per cent of the trials resulted in convictions and that crime diminished more than fifty per cent in the district.

In addition to the criminal business of the office, he, as a representative of the State, brought and tried many important civil suits, most of which were appealed to the Supreme Court, and all of which, except one case, resulted in final judgments in favor of the State for all that was claimed. The Twenty-second Legislature at its regular session in 1891, created the Fifty-third Judicial District, consisting of Travis County, which required the appointment of a judge, and Governor James S. Hogg tendered the District Judgeship of the district to Mr. Robertson. He accepted the appointment and qualified May 27, 1891. He was subsequently nominated for the position by the Democracy of the district in convention assembled and elected in November, 1892, by a flattering majority, a just and fitting recognition of his eminent services on the bench. On March 16th, 1895, he resigned the judgeship to enter

into copartnership with Ex-Governor Hogg, for the purpose of practicing law at Austin under the firm name of Hogg & Robertson, since which time he has devoted himself exclusively to the large and paying practice which has come to them as a result of a knowledge upon the part of the public that they constitute one of the strongest law firms in the country. Added to unusual legal learning and superior capacity of mind, Judge Robertson is a powerful, persuasive and elegant speaker, and can sway judge and jury as it is not given to every man to do.

In social life he is urbane and approachable, a good friend and a good citizen, and is popular with all classes of his fellow-citizens of Austin, among whom he has passed many years of usefulness, and to whose welfare and best interests he has at all times shown himself to be devoted. In the prime of intellectual and physical manhood, he has but fairly started upon his life-work and there is scarcely any distinction in his profession that he is not capable of attaining. In addition to his success in his profession he has been successful as a business man and has accumulated a large property and is now one of the largest property owners in the city of Austin. No man in Texas enjoys more fully the confidence of his neighbors than does James H. Robertson.

JAMES HENRY MITCHELL,

BRYAN.

The true heroes of America are those who from time to time have left the comforts of civilized life and, penetrating deep into the wilderness, have there planted the seeds of new States. Of this number was James Henry Mitchell, who came to Texas in the infancy of the Republic and here passed the greater part of a long and exceptionally active life. Mr. Mitchell was born in Connorsville, Tenn., October 22, 1817. His father was James Mitchell and his mother bore the maiden name of Jane McIntyre Henry, both of whom were descendants of early-settled American families of Scotch-Irish origin. James Henry Mitchell was reared in his native State and came thence in January, or February, 1837, to Texas, as a member of Capt. Griffin Baines' company of volunteers which had been raised in Tennessee for Texas frontier service.

Shortly after his arrival in this country, he re-enlisted at old Tinnanville, Robertson County, in Capt. Lee C. Smith's company, with which he served for about a year. He then returned to Tennessee but came again to Texas in the fall of 1838, when he again enlisted in the public service as a member of a local company of "Minute Men," with which he was identified more or less during the following year. In the meantime opposition to the independence of Texas on the part of Mexico having in a measure subsided and the troublesome Indians having been put under control, the more enterprising spirits of whom the subject of this sketch may justly be reckoned as one, began to turn their attention to the pursuits of peace. He bought an interest in a general store at Old Wheelock where for a year or more he did a profit-

able business trading with the settlers and Indians. The attachment for his native State seems to have been strong for about this time he made another visit back to his old home, but returned in a few months, reaching the country just in time to become a member of the famous Snively Expedition with which he was connected from its inception to its inglorious end. He was in one other expedition of a similiar nature about the same time which was equally as fruitless in results.

Late in 1842, or early in 1843, Mr. Mitchell settled at Old Springfield in Limestone County, where he engaged in farming and afterwards in the mercantile and hotel business. It was while residing at that place in 1853 (February 3d) that he married Miss Mary Herndon, who thereafter till the end of his years on earth shared his joys and sorrows, and who still survives him. Mrs. Mitchell was a daughter of Harry and Elizabeth Herndon and a native of Kentucky, having accompanied her parents to Texas in early childhood. Mr. Mitchell resided at Springfield for twenty-odd years, during which time by thrift and industry he accumulated what for the time was a very considerable amount of property. The greater part of this, however, was lost by the late war, and he left there for Bryan in Brazos County in 1867 with but little more than enough to establish himself in his new home and meet his current expenses. During the war he rendered to the Confederacy such service as was required at his hands (being past the age for military duty) becoming agent for the government for the collection and distribution of supplies, and assisting, also, in the fortification of the Gulf coast country against attack by the Federals. From first to last he saw a great deal of service of a military and quasi-military nature during his residence in Texas, but he was very little in public life. To his brother Harvey who at one time discharged the duties of every office in Brazos County and was more or less connected with public affairs in that county for a number of years, this sort of service

seems to have fallen, James H. directing his attention chiefly to private pursuits when not actually in the field under arms. Mr. Mitchell was a man of an active, restless disposition in his early years, and the habit of busying himself with something clung to him down to the close of his life. He was always employed at something and believed thoroughly in the philosophy of doing well what he undertook to do. His last years were passed mostly in retirement. He died at Bryan, March 12, 1885, and his remains were buried at Old Boonville, in Brazos County, where lie those of his father, mother and other relatives. His widow, three sons and four daughters, survive him. His sons, John Carson, James Henry, and Marsh, constituting the firm of Mitchell Brothers, merchants at Wheelock, and of the firm of Mitchell Bros. & Decherd, merchants and bankers at Franklin, are among the foremost business men of Robertson County, and in every way worthy of the name they bear.

Two of the four daughters are married, the eldest, Mrs. Samuel Downward, residing at Franklin, and the second, Mrs. John T. Wyse, at Bryan, while the single daughters, Jennie L. and Kate, with the eldest son, who is also unmarried, make their home at Franklin.

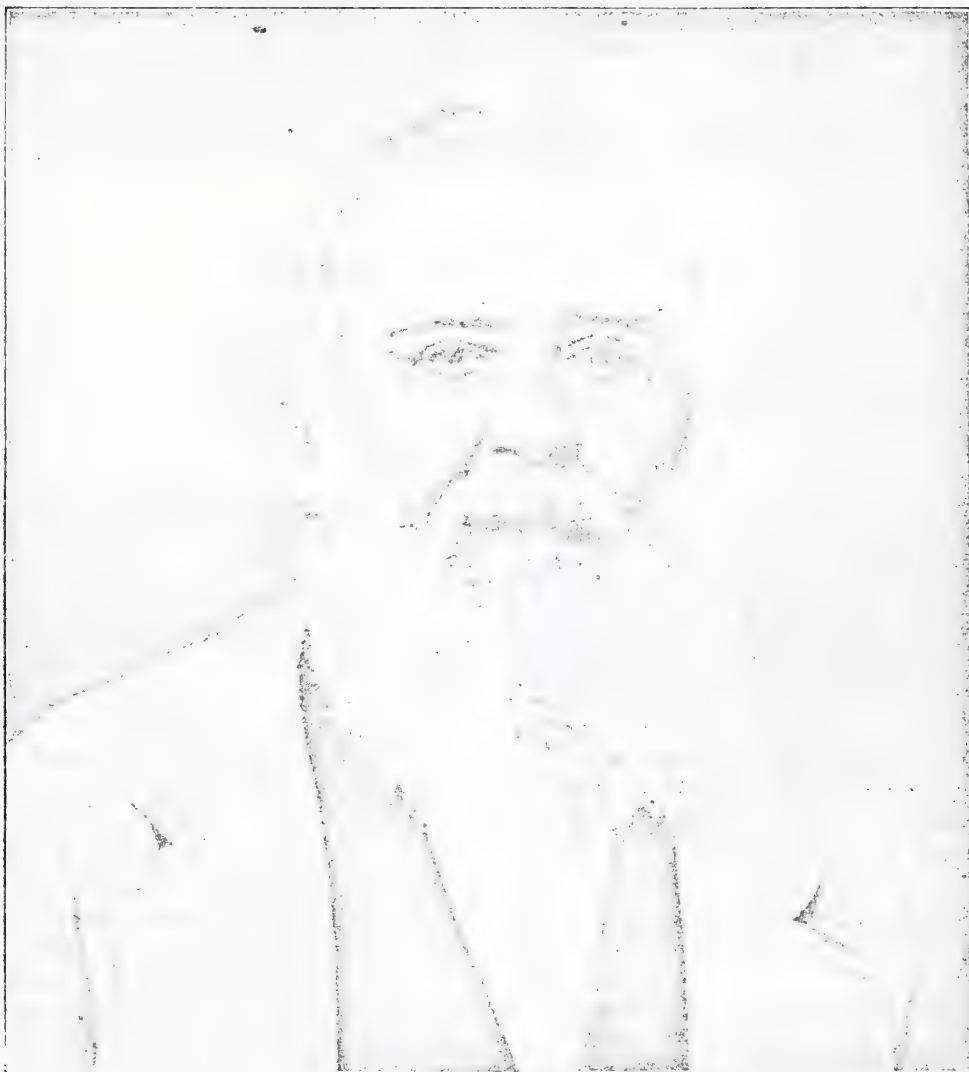
Mr. Mitchell was for many years in middle and later life a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. He was reared in the Presbyterian faith, but never actively identified himself with any church organization. He was a man, however, of broad views and generous impulses and would go as far as any one to help a struggling fellow-mortal or to further the cause of morality and good government. He was a well-nigh perfect type of that class of early Texans who were so well equipped by nature for the life they lived and the services they performed, being of rugged constitution, adequate courage, persevering energy, generous, hospitable, kind and faithful, with clear and well defined convictions, sound judgment and honorable impulses.

CHARLES GROOS,

SAN ANTONIO,

A native of Germany, came to Texas in 1848, landing at Galveston, November 21st of that year. It was his intention to settle in Fisher and Miller's Colony, but, on reaching Galveston, he learned

that the colony was not yet organized and abandoned that intention. He proceeded to Houston on a Buffalo bayou steamer, accompanied by his four sons and four daughters, who then constituted his



R. KLEBERG.

family, his wife having died in the old country. His next move was to make a two weeks' prospecting trip through Texas, rent a piece of land near Round Top, in Fayette County, and return for his family. He found his sons had not been idle during his absence but on the contrary had gone to work, having secured employment on the streets of Houston, where they were at work with pick and shovel at \$1.00 per day, payable in city scrip. Mr. Groos made his first crop in Fayette County in 1849. He bought a tract of land of two hundred and ten acres lying in the corner of Fayette County the following year and there established a permanent abode, where he resided until 1865,

when he removed to San Antonio and a little later to New Braunfels, at which latter place he died in 1882, at the advanced age of eighty-eight years. At his death the four sons and four daughters, who accompanied him to Texas, were all living and had married. He had living at that time forty-five grandchildren. Others have since been added to the number and a score or more have attained their majority. Some of them are heads of families and all of them maintain a good standing as citizens in the communities in which they live. The eldest of the name now living is Mr. F. Groos, the banker of San Antonio, who was also the eldest of the four sons and four daughters who came over in 1848.

ROBERT JUSTUS KLEBERG, YORKTOWN.

Robert Justus Kleberg (christened Johnun Christian Justus Robert Kleberg), was born on the 10th day of September, A. D. 1803, in Herstelle, Westphalia, in the former Kingdom of Prussia. His parents were Lucas Kleberg, a prominent and successful merchant, and Veronica Kleberg (nee Meier) a lady of fine culture, sweet temper and good sense. They moved from Herstelle to Beverungen in Westphalia, where they were quite prosperous for a time. Besides Robert they had the following children: Ernest, Louis, Joseph and Banise. For a number of years Robert's parents, living in affluent circumstances, were permitted to give their children good educational advantages, but unhappily misfortune and death deprived the children at an early age of kind parental protection, and the subject of this sketch was thrown upon his own resources, which consisted chiefly of a healthy mind and body, a strong will and unsullied name. At an early age he entered the Gymnasium of Holzminden, where after a five years' course in the classics he completed his studies with high honors. Choosing the law as his profession he now entered the University of Goettingen, and in two years and a half received his diploma as *doctor juris*. Soon after he was appointed as one of the justices of the assizes of Nirhiem, where he remained one year, after which he was promoted to various judicial positions, in which he prepared himself for the practice of his profession, and in which he served with credit and distinction.

In 1834 when he was about ready to enter upon a distinguished judicial career, he concluded to emigrate to the United States. His reason for this sudden and important change in his life can best be found in his own language, which is taken from a memorandum of his own writing:—

"I wished to live under a Republican form of government, with unbounded personal, religious and political liberty, free from the petty tyrannies, the many disadvantages and evils of old countries. Prussia, my former home, smarted at the time under a military despotism. I was (and have ever remained) an enthusiastic lover of republican institutions, and I expected to find in Texas, above all other countries, the blessed land of my most fervent hopes."

Texas was yet partially unexplored, but the reports that reached the old country were of the most extravagant and romantic nature, and were well calculated to enthrall the impulsive and courageous spirit of the young referendary. The ardor of his desires to emigrate was heightened by a letter written by a Mr. Ernst, a German from the Duchy of Oldenburg, who had emigrated to Texas a few years previous, and who at that time resided in what is now known as Industry, Austin County, Texas. This letter recited the advantages of Texas in the most glowing colors, comparing its climate to the sunny skies of Italy; it lauded the fertility of the soil and spoke of the perennial flora of the prairies of Texas, etc. About this time,

September the 4th, 1834, the subject of this sketch married Miss Rosalia von Roeder, daughter of Lieut. Ludwig Anton Siegmund von Roeder, the head of an old family of nobility who, too, were anxious for the same reasons to emigrate to Texas. The party had first contemplated to emigrate to one of the Western States of the United States, but it was now determined to go to Texas. Again, the memorandum above referred to runs as follows:—

“We changed our first intention to go to one of the Western States, and chose Texas for our future home. As soon as this was determined upon we sent some of our party, to wit, three brothers of my wife, unmarried, Louis, Albrecht and Joachim, and their sister Valesca, and a servant by the name of Pollhart, ahead of us to Texas for the purpose of selecting a point where we could all meet and commence operations. They were well provided with money, clothing, a light wagon and harness, tools, and generally everything necessary to commence a settlement. They aimed to go to Mr. Ernst, the writer of the letter which induced us to go to Texas. Six months after our party had left the old country, and shortly after we had received the news of their safe arrival, we followed on the last day of September, A. D. 1834, in the ship ‘Congress,’ Capt. J. Adams.”

The party consisted of Robert Kleberg and wife, Lieut. L. A. S. v. Roeder and wife, his daughters, Louise and Caroline, his sons, Rudolph, Otto and William v. Roeder, Louis Kleberg, Mrs. Otto v. Roeder, nee Pauline von Donop and Miss Antoinette von Donop (afterwards wife of Rudolph von Roeder). The other passengers were nearly all Germans from Oldenburg, and one of them was the brother-in-law of Mr. Ernst. They were all bound for the same point in Texas, and after a voyage of sixty days landed in New Orleans.

The narrative of said memorandum here proceeds:—

“Here we heard very bad accounts about Texas, and we were advised not to go to Texas, which it was said was infested with robbers, murderers and wild Indians. But we were determined to risk it, and could not disappoint our friends who had preceded us. As soon, therefore, as we succeeded in chartering the schooner ‘Sabin,’ about two weeks after we landed in New Orleans, we sailed for Brazoria, Texas. After a voyage of eight days we wrecked off of Galveston Island, December 22d, 1834. The ‘Sabin’ was an American craft of about 150 tons. The captain and crew left the island, I think, in the steamer, ‘Ocean.’ The wreck was sold in Brazoria at public auction and bought by a

gentleman who had come in the ‘Ocean,’ for thirty-odd dollars. Perhaps she was not regularly employed in the trade between New Orleans and Texas, and was only put in order to get her wrecked in order to get the amount for which she was insured. This was the opinion of the passengers at the time. It is impossible for me to determine the exact point of the island at which we stranded, but I think it was not far from the center of the island, about ten miles above the present site of the city; it was on the beach side. The island was a perfect wilderness and inhabited only by deer, wolves and rattlesnakes. All the passengers were safely brought to shore, and were provided with provisions, partly from those on board ship and partly by the game on the island. Most of the men were delighted with the climate on the island, and the sport they enjoyed by hunting or fishing. A committee of five was appointed to ascertain whether we were on an island or on main land. After an investigation of two days the committee reported that we were on an island. The passengers then went regularly into camp, saving all the goods and provisions from the wrecked vessel, which was only about fifty yards from shore. From the sails, masts and beams they constructed a large tent, with separate compartments for women and children. Thus the passengers were temporarily protected against the inclemency of the weather. Two or three days after our vessel had sunk the steamer ‘Ocean’ hove in sight and, observing our signal of distress, anchored opposite our camp and sent a boat ashore with an officer to find out the situation. The captain would not take all the passengers, but consented to take a few, charging them a doubloon each. I, with Rudolph v. Roeder, took passage on the steamer, which was bound for Brazoria. I went as agent of the remaining passengers to charter a boat to take them and their plunder to the main land. Finding no boat at Brazoria, or Bell’s Landing, the only Texas ports at that time, I proceeded on foot to San Felipe, where I was told I would find a small steamer, the ‘Cuyuga,’ Capt. W. Harris. I found the steamer, but did not succeed in chartering her, the price asked (\$1,000) being too high.

“In San Felipe I heard for the first time of the whereabouts of my relatives, who had preceded us. Here I also formed the acquaintance of Col. Frank Johnson and Capt. Mosely Baker, under whose command I afterwards participated in the battle of San Jacinto. These gentlemen informed me that two of my friends, Louis and Albert von Roeder, had located about fourteen miles from San Felipe on a league and labor of land, but that Joachim and Valesca von Roeder had died. We





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found them in a miserable hut and in a pitiful condition. They were emaciated by disease and want, and without money. Tears of joy streamed from their eyes when they beheld us. After a few days rest I continued my errand to charter a boat. I had a letter of introduction to Stephen P. Austin and Sam Williams from a merchant in New Orleans to whom our ship had been consigned, which I presented to Mr. Austin's private secretary, Mr. Austin and Mr. Williams being absent. From him I received a letter of introduction to Mr. Scott, the father-in-law of Mr. Williams. From Mr. Scott I finally succeeded in chartering a small vessel for \$100.00 for three trips, and immediately returned to Galveston, landing on the bay side opposite the camp four weeks after I had left it. I found the passengers of the old 'Sabin' in good health and spirits. They had spent their time in hunting and fishing. Those who could not shoot were employed to drive the deer to the hunters. There were deer by the thousands. I left the next day with the first cargo of passengers, including my wife, her parents and Caroline von Roeder. After a stormy trip we arrived on the evening of the same day at Mr. Scott's place, where we were hospitably treated. The next day we reached Harrisburg, where I succeeded in renting a comfortable house, intending to remain there until all the passengers had arrived from the island. The last passengers did not arrive until the winter of 1835, though had I hired another small sloop from Capt. Smith in Velasco, which also made three trips. The winter of 1835 was unusually severe."

This, it seems, ended the eventful and lengthy voyage from the old country to Texas, of which only the main incidents are given, to show the difficulties and many privations to which Texas emigrants in those early days were subjected.

Robert Kleberg, by reason of his superior education, was the only one among those early German colonists who could make himself understood to the few American pioneers who inhabited the interior, and acted as spokesman for the rest. Indian tribes, both savage and civil, swarmed through the country, and it was necessary for the colonists to explore and settle the country in communities for self-defense. This condition of things is apparent from the narrative, which relates:—

"To the place which had been settled upon by Louis and Albrecht v. Roeder we now repaired, leaving the ladies and children in Harrisburg, under the protection of one of the gentlemen. We had formed a partnership with the view of assisting each other to cultivate farms and build houses for each

head of a family in our party, and we were to work in good earnest to break up land and fence it, and to build houses, as it was our intention to move the balance of our party from Harrisburg to our new settlement as soon as we could erect houses, but not being accustomed to manual labor, we proceeded very slowly. There was an Indian tribe, the Kikapoos, encamped on our land about a mile from our camp, who furnished us with game of all kinds, which the country afforded in abundance. The squaws were very useful to us, as they would hunt and bring in camp our oxen and horses when they strayed off. We rewarded them with ammunition and trinkets, which we had brought with us for that purpose.

"We had supplied ourselves with everything necessary to commence a settlement in a new country. We had wagons, farming implements, all sorts of tools, household and kitchen furniture, and clothing which we had brought with us from Germany. Early in September, 1835, we had finished building two log houses, one of them had even a floor and ceiling, as we had sawed by hand the planks from post-oak trees. We had also inclosed and planted a field of ten acres in corn and cotton, and we now moved the members of our party who had remained at Harrisburg to our settlement, with our wagons and teams. Such of our goods, for which we had no room, or no immediate use, we left at the house which we had rented at Harrisburg. Among the objects we left was a fine piano, belonging to my wife, many valuable oil paintings and engravings, music books, etc., all of which fell a prey to the flames which consumed Harrisburg during the war, which followed in the following spring."

Many were the privations and severe the task which these early settlers had already undergone in permanently settling in the adopted country, but their trials had only begun; the furies of war threatened to devastate the settlements of the colonies, and Santa Anna was marching his minions into Texas to destroy the constitutional liberty of her people, and Texas patriots, though few in number, bore up her flag to rescue it from thralldom. Among them we find Robert Kleberg and his brother-in-law and compatriots. Albert and Louis von Roeder had participated in the sanguinary storming of San Antonio and returned to their settlement near San Felipe, when in the spring of 1836 occurred the massacre of Goliad and the fall of the Alamo. Texas independence had been proclaimed, Santa Anna was preparing his march of conquest to the Sabine, when the young Republic, under her noble leader, Sam Houston, was making her last patriotic appeal to her bravest sons, in whose

hearts were now gathered all the hopes of Texas. It was at this juncture that at a family meeting of the Roeders and Klebergs, presided over by Ex-Lieut. Von Roeder, that these distressed colonists held a counsel of war to decide whether to fight for Texas independence, or cross her borders into the older States to seek shelter under the protecting aegis of the American eagle. The meeting was held under the sturdy oaks that stood on the newly acquired possessions. It was a supreme moment in the lives of those who participated. In the language of the historian: "The flight of the wise and worthy men of the country from danger, tended to frighten the old, young and helpless, furnished excuses to the timid, and sanctioned the course of the cowardly. The general dismay following the adjournment of the convention, induced many brave men impelled irresistibly by natural impulses to go to their abandoned fugitive wives and children, to tender them protection." This little band, like their compatriots, found themselves in the midst of a terrible panic and they were now called upon to decide between love of country and love of self and it may well be presumed that the debates in this little convention were of a stormy nature. The subject of our sketch, though bound by the strongest ties of love to an affectionate young wife and her infant child, was the champion of Texas liberty, and it was due to the eloquent and impassioned appeals of himself and the venerable presiding officer that it was decided that the party would remain and share the fate of the heroic few who had rallied under San Houston to fight for the independence of Texas against Mexican despotism. As Albrecht v. Roeder and Louis v. Roeder had just returned battle-worn from the bloody fields of San Antonio de Bexar, they and others, except L. v. Roeder, were detailed under the aged Ex-Lieut. Roeder to remain with the fugitive families while Robert Kleberg, Louis v. Roeder and Otto v. Roeder were chosen to bear the brunt of battle. Now a parting, possibly for life, from all that was dear on earth and a voluntary march in the ranks of Capt. Mosley Baker's Company was the next act in the drama of our warrior's life and, while the curtain fell on the pathetic scene, a brave young wife mounted a Texas pony with her tender babe to go with the rest of the Texas families to perhaps across the borders of Texas, driving before them the cattle and horses of the colonists. The acts and deeds of Robert Kleberg from this time to the disbanding of the Texas army of patriots are a part and parcel of the history of Texas. Endowed with a spirit of patriotism which bordered on the sublime, possessed of a healthy and robust

physical constitution, a cultured, polished, cool and discriminating mind, he despised fear and was anxious to engage in the sanguinary and decisive struggle for freedom which culminated so gloriously for Texas and civilization on the historic field of San Jacinto. After this memorable battle, in which he and Louis v. Roeder participated to the glory of themselves and their posterity, he was with Gen. Rusk and the Texas van guard following the vanquished armies of Santa Anna to the Mexican border and, returning by Goliad, assisted in the sad obsequies of the remains of Fannin and his brave men. In the meantime his family had moved back to Galveston Island, and we will again draw from the memorandum for the better appreciation and understanding of the conditions of the country that prevailed at this time: "It had been the intention of our party who went to Galveston Island in the absence of those who were in the army, to abandon the settlement commenced on the Brazos and settle on the island on the two leagues which were chosen there. This move had been undertaken in my absence, partly from fear or danger from hostile Indians, also a want of provisions, and partly with an idea to permanently settle on the island. For that purpose the party had built a boat of about forty tons in order to move our cattle and horses and other property from the mainland. They were ignorant of the laws of Mexico, which reserved the islands for the government." To show the state of civilization on Galveston Island at that time, in the summer of 1836, the judge relates the following incident which occurred while he was in the army: "One night during a time when all were enwapt in sound slumber, they were suddenly aroused by the frantic cries of one of the ladies of the party, Mrs. L. Kleberg; she was so frightened that she could not speak, but only screamed, pointing her finger to a huge, dark object close to the head of the pallet upon which lay my wife and Mrs. Otto v. Roeder and their babes. To their great astonishment they discovered it to be an immense alligator, his jaws wide open, making for the children to devour them. Mr. v. Roeder, Sr., and Mr. Chas. Mason, who had hastened to the spot, dispatched the monster with fire and sword."

The narrative, speaking of their residence on the island after Mr. Kleberg returned from the war, proceeds: "We remained about three months on the island after building our house. Most of us were sick, especially the women and children—long exposure, bad food and water were the probable causes. Not long after we moved into the house, Mrs. Pauline Roeder, wife of Otto v.



KLEBERG BROTHERS.



Roeder, died there. We buried her under the 'Three Lone Trees.' We were all down with chills and fever. Four Mexican prisoners waited on us. Their principal occupation was to gather oysters, pack wood from the beach of the gulf, make fires, wash dishes and clothing, and pack the deer which Mr. v. Roeder and myself killed, which, together with the fish and oysters, was our chief means of subsistence. We had neither bread nor coffee, nor sugar, and the water, of course, was brackish. Finally under these distressing circumstances we became despondent and disheartened; so, late in October, 1836, we again boarded our boat, taking along every thing we had with us, including our Mexican prisoners, who acted as oarsmen, and once more made for the main land, landing at a place called Liverpool, a small village at the head of Chocolate bayou. The house on Galveston Island was abandoned, there being no one to whom we could sell; there were no other families at that time residing on the island. Only Morgan's Fort was situated near the east end of Galveston Island. There were about 400 Mexican prisoners held there. Capt. Turner, Col. Morgan, and Judge Chas. Mason were there, but no families that I recollect."

The colonists, including the subject of this sketch, again located where they had made the first settlement, at a point known as Cat Spring, now in Austin County. This was in the month of November, 1836. Here Judge Kleberg and his family resided until the fall of 1847, when they removed to DeWitt County. At Cat Spring were born the following of his children: Clara Siegesmunde, November 28, 1835; Johanna Caroline, November 29, 1838; Caroline Louise, January 15, 1840, and Otto Joseph, October 27, 1841; Rudolph, June 26, 1847. In DeWitt County, Marcellus Eugene, February 7, 1849; Robt. Justus, December 5, 1853, and Louise Rosalie, September 2, 1855.

While living in Austin County, Judge Kleberg did much to develop the new country, which was then but sparsely settled, and was still inhabited by Indians. He frequently spoke of one occurrence during his residence at Cat Spring, where a numerous tribe of Comanches passed by his house to the city of Houston to interview the President of the Republic of Texas on the question of making peace. He speaks of the appearance of these savages upon their return from Houston as most ludicrous. Many of them had adorned themselves with stove pipe hats, red ribbons and all kinds of fancy dress articles, all of which was in strange contrast with their usual wearing apparel. They stopped at the Judge's house on their way from Houston, and

requested his wife to mend their flag, which she readily consented to do. Being well acquainted with the prominent citizens such as Sam Houston, Burnet, J. S. Hill, J. P. Borden, Judge Waller, and many other distinguished citizens of that day, Mr. Kleberg's services in the War for Independence and his ability were soon recognized by the young Republic and as early as 1837 he was appointed by President Sam Houston as Associate Commissioner of the Board of Land Commissioners. In 1838, he was appointed President of said commissioners by J. P. Borden, Commissioner of the General Land Office. In 1841, he was commissioned by Mirabeau B. Lamar, President of the Republic, Justice of the Peace, which was then an important office as there were few lawyers, and few law books, and important and perplexing suits to be decided in these courts. In 1846 he was elected Chief Justice in Austin County, and commissioned by Sam Houston, Governor. In 1848 he was elected County Commissioner of De Witt County, and commissioned by Governor G. S. Wood.

In 1853 he was elected Chief Justice of De Witt County, and commissioned by Governor Bell. He was re-elected as Chief Justice of De Witt County in 1854. When the war broke out he became a strong Confederate and raised a company of militia, but was on account of his advanced age not received in active service, but finally commissioned as collector of war taxes, which position he occupied during the entire period of the war, and administered with skill and fidelity. After the war he accepted the situation and filled several positions of trust and honor, such as member of the county school board, etc. Upon his arrival in DeWitt he found but few settlers, among them the following prominent citizens: John Pettus, the Yorks and Bells, Judges Wofford and Baker, Dr. Robert Peobles, Capt. Dick Chrisholm, Judge Young and others. At that time there were hardly any schools and churches in De Witt County and Judge Kleberg, together with Messrs. Albrecht v. Roeder, John Pettus, the Bells, and Yorks, erected with their own hands a log cabin on the Colita creek, near the old York and Bell farm, which was probably the first school-house in the county.

Hostile Indians still made their accustomed raids on the settlements and as late as October, 1848, the pioneers of De Witt County had a fight with the savages, in which Judge Kleberg participated, and of which he gives the following account:—

"One October morning Capt. York and Mr. Albrecht v. Roeder and my brother, Ernst Kleberg, summoned me to go with a party of volunteers to

fight a tribe of hostile Indians, who were depredating in the neighborhood of Yorktown. We were soon mounted and equipped and off for the place of rendezvous. We reached the Cabeza that same night, where our troops, consisting of some thirty men, camped and elected Capt. York as commander, and Messrs. William Taylor, Jno. Thomlinson and Rufus Taylor were detailed as spies and skirmishers. Next morning the company, as organized, started to meet the foe, whom we encountered about three o'clock p. m. on the Escondido east of the San Antonio river, about fifteen miles west of the present town of Yorktown, just as our company filed around a point of timber. The Indians, about sixty to seventy strong, lay in ambush. Our company was not marching in rank and file, but in an irregular way, not expecting to meet the enemy so soon. Capt. York and Mr. Bell were in front, followed immediately by John Pettus and myself. The Indians raised the well-known and hideous war-whoop and immediately opened on us with a terrible fire of musketry. The majority of our men took to flight and left not more than ten or twelve of us, who made a stand, taking advantage of a little grove near by, where the Texans returned a sharp fire upon the Indians, who still remained in ambush, only exposing their heads now and then as they fired, thus having a decided advantage over the men who were only protected by a few thin trees. It was here that Mr. Bell and Capt. York were killed. The former, a son-in-law of Capt. York, was shot at the first fire and mortally wounded, but he was carried along to the little mott, where Capt. York and myself bent over him to dress his wounds, but he died in our hands. At this juncture Mr. Jim York, son of Capt. York, was shot in the head. Capt. York called me to assist him in dressing his son's wounds. I tore off a piece of his shirt and bandaged his wounds as well as possible. Capt. York, overcome by grief, ran continually from his son to his son-in-law, and thus exposed himself to the fire of the enemy, notwithstanding I kept warning him, and was soon struck by the fatal ball which instantly killed him. A counsel of war was now held by the remaining troops, consisting of eight or nine men all told, and we decided to proceed to a little mound or elevation near by, where we might flank the Indians in their ambush. In attempting to gain this point the Indians kept up a continuous fusillade, which we returned, and by the time we reached the elevation and directed our fire from behind a cluster of large live oaks on the exposed flank of the savages, they soon retired from their position and disappeared from the field. Thus

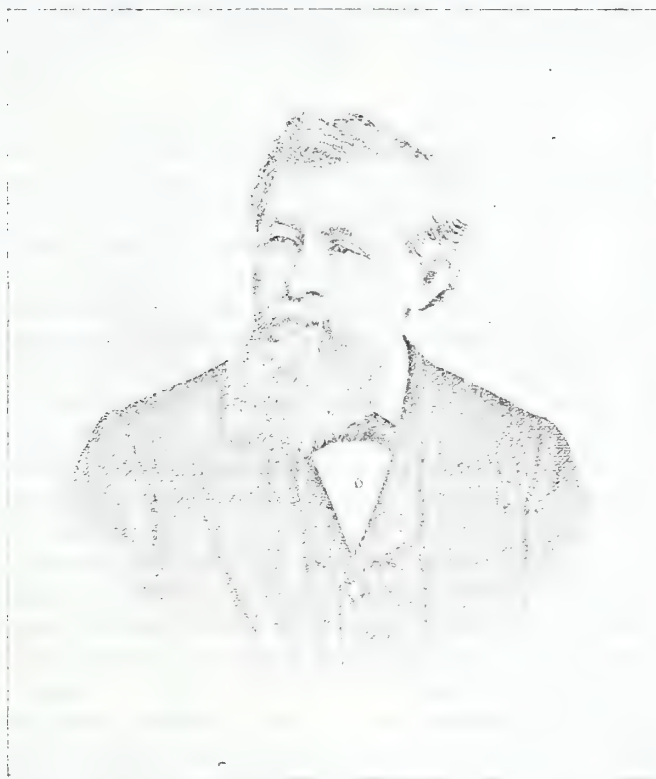
ended probably the last Indian fight in Southwest Texas, and such were the stirring scenes of that time."

Mr. Kleberg had the good fortune to outlive this period of romance and adventure, and to see his adopted State and country developed to grand proportions in population and wealth under the magic wand of civilization.

In politics Judge Kleberg was always a consistent and intelligent Democrat; a strong believer in State rights and local self-government, and an ardent admirer of the American system of government, and in his severest trials as an early settler, and in the gloomiest hour of the Republic and State of his adoption he never faltered in his faith in the free institutions of this country, and spurned the idea of returning to a monarchical form of government. In religion he was free of all orthodoxy and most tolerant to all denominations; candid and firm in his individual convictions, yet respectful and considerate of the opinions of others. Pure and lofty in sentiment, simple and frugal in habit, honest in motive, and positive and decided in word and deed, his character was without reproach, and indeed a model among his fellow-men.

Mr. Kleberg was a man of deep and most varied learning. Besides a knowledge of Greek and Latin he controlled three modern languages and read their literatures in the originals. Reading and study were a part of his daily life, and he enjoyed a critical and discriminating knowledge of ancient and modern literature. In field and camp and the solitudes of frontier life his well-trained mind ever found delight and repose in the contemplation of its ample stores of knowledge and the graces of a refined civilization under which it was developed were never effaced, or even blurred by the roughness or crudities of border life. A man of urbane manners and courtly address, his intercourse with men, whether high or low, educated or ignorant, was ever characterized by a plain and noble dignity, free of assumption or vanity.

The principles which found expression and exemplification in his long and eventful life rested upon a broad and comprehensive philosophy of which absolute honesty of mind was a controlling element, and when the shadows of death gathered around him he met the supreme moment with a mind serene and in peaceful composure. He died at Yorktown, De Witt County, October 23, 1888, in his eighty-sixth year, surrounded by his family, and was buried with Masonic honors. His wife, Mrs. Rosa Kleberg, and the following children sur-



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vive him: Mrs. Clara Hillebrand, Mrs. Caroline Eckhardt, Miss Lulu Kleberg, Hon. Rudolph Kleberg, Marcellus E. Kleberg, and Robert J. Kleberg.

His eldest son, Otto Kleberg, who served with distinction in the Confederate army, preceded him in death in 1880.

MORITZ KOPPERL,

GALVESTON.

The history of other countries as well as our own bears ample evidence to the fact that great abilities displayed in the higher walks of commerce have been employed, on occasion, with equal effectiveness in other directions.

The merchants of Venice, when the Venetian Republic was mistress of the seas and controlled the commerce of the civilized world, were not only traders, but many of them also lawmakers, navigators, cunning artists, leaders of armies, and commanders of navies. Instances are not wanting in our own country and later time where successful merchants have become projectors of large enterprises, have filled positions requiring a higher order of executive ability, have accumulated wealth and at the same time have assisted in making the laws and carrying on the affairs of the State and nation. Such men would distinguish themselves in any avocation because of their strength and breadth of mind, versatility of talents and those qualities that enable them to surmount difficulties and command success. The subject of this brief notice, while strictly a business man, would have made himself felt in almost any pursuit.

Moritz Kopperl was born October 7, 1826, in the town of Trebitsch, Moravia, where he was reared and received his early mental training. First a student at the Capuchin Institute at Trebitsch he completed his education by taking a classical course at Nicholasburg, Moravia, and at Vienna, Austria. In 1848 he came to America on the invitation of his uncle, Maj. Charles Kopperl, of Carroll County, Miss., whom he succeeded in business, and with whom he resided for a number of years in Mississippi.

In 1857 Mr. Kopperl came to Texas in company with A. Lipman, with whom he had been associated in business in Mississippi and engaged at Galveston in merchandising as a member of the firm of Lipman & Kopperl, a connection that existed until a period during the war between the States. With the closing of the port of Galveston by the Federal

blockade in 1861, all business at that place practically ceased and many of the city's most prosperous and promising houses were ruined, the house of Lipman & Kopperl being of the number. It is to the credit of Mr. Kopperl, however, that although all debts due by Southern merchants at the North were supposed to have been settled by the war he hunted up his creditors after the surrender and paid them their claims in full.

In 1865 he resumed active business pursuits in Galveston, engaging first in the cotton commission business and later taking up the coffee trade, which latter he developed into large proportions, making the city of Galveston one of the largest importing points for this article in the United States. In 1868 he was made president of the Texas National Bank when that institution was in a failing condition, and by his good management, aided by a few stockholders, placed the bank on a solid footing and made of it one of the soundest and most prosperous financial institutions in the city. In 1877 he was made president of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railroad and served that corporation as its chief executive through the most critical period of its history. When he took hold of the road the line had been built only a few miles out of Galveston, was without means, credit or prospects, and was harassed by the tax-collector, who threatened to sell it for past due taxes, yet by his untiring energy, and at the sacrifice of his time and health, and at the risk of his private means and reputation, he contracted for the construction of the road and, in order to save its charter, carried it through the storm until a syndicate of prominent and public-spirited citizens was formed, who, co-operating with him, placed it on a safe basis. The work and responsibility which this task imposed can hardly be estimated; for, in addition to the labor and care inseparably connected with such an undertaking, the road had, as is well known, at that time to meet the strongest possible opposition from lines of which it would, if successfully carried through, become

a close competitor. Mr. Kopperl felt this opposition at every step he took, and but for the persistent efforts made by him reinforced by the weight of his name and influence, the road would inevitably have gone down in the great fight that was at that time made upon it.

Besides the Texas National Bank and the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railroad, Mr. Kopperl was connected with a number of other corporations and was an active worker in a score of private undertakings, his interests and investments covering every field of legitimate business enterprise. He was for some time president of the Galveston Insurance Company and a director in both the Union Fire & Marine and the Merchants Insurance Companies.

He was among the staunchest advocates of the claims of Galveston as a shipping point and emphasized these claims on all proper occasions. He had the statistics of shipping, and of the resources and development of Texas at his fingers' ends, and his aid was always sought in the furtherance of those enterprises and schemes of improvement where facts and figures formed the basis of operation. Having had his attention somewhat directed through his coffee business to the necessities and possibilities of trade between the United States and the South American countries, he made a study of the conditions of that trade in all its bearings, and was one of the first to set forth in logical form the principles since embraced in the doctrine of "Reciprocity" and the benefits that would accrue to this section of the Union from its practical application by treaty regulations.

Although Mr. Kopperl was a business man in the strictest sense of the word, he still found time to interest himself to some extent in politics and filled acceptably a number of positions of public trust. He was a member of the City Council in 1871 and 1872, during which time he was chairman of the Finance Committee and aided materially in devising means to meet the city's indebtedness and maintain its credit. He was a delegate to the National Convention at Baltimore in 1872, which nominated Horace Greely for President, and served also as a delegate to the Congressional Convention

at Corsicana which nominated Judge A. H. Willie for Congress. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1876 and served as a member of the Fifteenth Legislature, in which he was chairman of the Committee on Finance and Revenue; formulated the measure which was enacted into a law whereby the State school fund was reinvested in State securities and made to yield a better revenue for present school purposes; and also the bill which in the form of a law enabled the Governor to dispose of \$500,000 worth of State bonds to meet the State's accrued indebtedness and to defray the running expenses of the government. These \$500,000 worth of bonds were sold to the American Exchange Bank of New York upon Mr. Kopperl's personal recommendation and guarantee, without his asking or receiving from the State any part of the commission authorized by law for negotiating the sale.

Thus as a business man, as an official and as a citizen, Mr. Kopperl lived and labored for the city and State of his adoption. That his labors were well rewarded and are still bearing good fruit the present prosperous condition of all those enterprises, institutions and interests with which he had to do bears abundant witness.

In 1866 Mr. Kopperl married Miss Isabella Dyer, of Galveston, a niece of the late Isadore Dyer and of the late Mrs. Rosanna Osterman, both early settlers of Galveston and remembered for their many charities. The issue of this union was two sons, Herman B. and Moritz O., who, with their mother, survive the husband and father.

Mr. Kopperl's death occurred July 3, 1883, at Bayreuth, Bavaria, whither he had gone in search of health. But his remains rest in the city of Galveston, where he spent his maturer years and with whose history his own was so intimately connected. On his monument is engraved this sentence:—

"I pray thee, then, write me as one who loved his fellow man"—

a most befitting epitaph for one whose generous heart beat in unison with the best impulses of his race.

THOMAS GONZALES, GALVESTON.

Early in the present century during the political disturbances in Mexico which finally culminated in the independence of that country, there came over from Spain with the historic Barados expedition two surgeons, Juan Samaniego and Victor Gonzales, who, after the failure of the expedition, settled in that country. Both were natives of Valladolid, the capitol city of Castile, and were descended from old Castilian families. Juan Samaniego was Surgeon-General of the Spanish army, a talented and capable man, as was also his junior associates who was himself a son of a celebrated military surgeon, Don Antonio Gonzales.

Victor Gonzales married the widowed daughter of Juan Samaniego, Senora Rita Samaniego de Reyes, in the City of Mexico, about 1825. He was stationed for a time at Tampico, Mexico, in the performance of his official duties and there lived until his untimely death by shipwreck of the schooner "Felecia" while he was on his way across the Gulf to Havana, his final destination being his native place, Valladolid. The vessel on which he sailed was never heard from after leaving port.

The issue of the marriage of Victor and Rita Samaniego Gonzales was two sons, Francisco Gonzales and Thomas Gonzales. The younger of these, the subject of this biographical notice, was born at Tampico, Mexico, November 10th, 1829. His mother's death occurred in 1860 at Havana, Cuba. Soon after the death of his father he was taken into the family of his half-sister, Mrs. Elena Blossman, then residing in New Orleans, by whom he was reared and educated. His brother-in-law, R. D. Blossman, who was a large cotton dealer in New Orleans and had some interests also at Alton, Ill., between which places he made his home.

In the schools of the latter place young Gonzales received his early mental training, finishing with a three years' course in the select school at Valladolid, Spain, the old family seat. He took up the cotton business at New Orleans about 1845 under his brother-in-law in whose interest he came into Texas in 1846; arriving in this State, he spent two years at Lavaca, and then revisited New Orleans, where, August 28th, 1850, he married Miss Edith Boyer, who accompanied him back to Texas, their future home. They located at Point Isabel, then the seat of considerable commercial activity, being a United States port of entry, where he went into the re-

ceiving and forwarding business, and was so engaged for two or three years. In 1853 he moved to Galveston, where he at once became connected with the cotton interest in the city, with which he has had to do in some capacity for the past forty-odd years. He was vice-president of the Galveston Cotton Exchange for two terms, and is the oldest cotton dealer in the city. Scarcely a movement has been set on foot affecting the great staple on which the commerce of this port so much depends that his name has not been in some way associated with it. He has also been an active worker in a number of important private enterprises of benefit to the city. He was one of the organizers of the Taylor Compress Company of Galveston, established in 1875, and has since its organization been secretary and treasurer of the company.

During the late war Mr. Gonzales organized the Gonzales Light Battery, composed of 150 men, which was mustered into the Confederate army and did good service both in the defense of Galveston and in the support of Gen. Dick Taylor in Western Louisiana. This battery, which was made up of picked men and thoroughly equipped, was the pride of Gen. Magruder, commander of the department of Texas, and being stationed along the water front was one of the chief sources of his reliance in the great naval battle fought at Galveston, January 1st, 1863.

The following is a copy of the official report made by Capt. Gonzales of the part taken by his battery in the engagement:—

GALVESTON, January 6th, 1863.

COL. X. B. DEBRAY, Commanding.

COLONEL:

I have the honor to report the part taken by my battery of light artillery, in the engagement, on this island, on the morning of the first inst. I received orders to proceed with my battery and to establish it in three sections on the strand, as follows: One section, the left, at the foot of the brick wharf near the Hendley building; the center section at the foot of Kuhans wharf near Parry's foundry; and the right at the foot of Hutching's wharf near what is known as "The Iron Battery." Maj. George R. Wilson commanded the left; Lieut. R. J. Hughes was in command of the center

and the right was under my own command. The fire was opened at about half-past three in the morning from my left section, the Major-General commanding in person, firing the first gun. This being the signal to commence firing, the battery opened and the firing was continued until about daylight when orders were received to cease firing and to withdraw the pieces, the battery having fired 317 rounds.

I have to report the following casualties:—

In Maj. Wilson's section: Private Louis Gebour, leg broken at the knee, amputated and since died.

In my section: Private J. R. Smith, wounded in the hip; Private T. Frederick, head and shoulders—severe but probably not mortal; Private P. Lynchcomb, head, slight.

No other casualties occurred. The officers and men behaved well and though under fire for the first time, and very much exposed, handled their guns with coolness and did their work bravely.

I have the honor, Colonel, to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOMAS GONZALES,
Capt. Light Artillery, C. S. A.

Mr. Gonzales' career has been principally of a business nature. He served as a commissioner of Cameron County for one term during his residence at Point Isabel and since coming to Galveston has been frequently importuned to become a candidate for various local offices, but has uniformly declined to yield to such solicitudes and has taken only a passing interest in political matters. He is a conservative Democrat, believing in the fundamental principles of the Democratic party and, within the bounds of reason and common sense, in party organization; but opposes bossism and blind partisanship and all else inconsistent with individual liberty and the purity of the ballot-box.

As stated, Mr. Gonzales' marriage took place in New Orleans just previous to his permanent removal to Texas in 1850. His wife was born in Philadelphia, December 20th, 1833, and was a daughter of Pierre Boyer. She was connected by blood and marriage with some of the oldest and best families of the United States; among them were the Verplanks and Rumseys of Fishkill, N. Y., the Weathereds of Baltimore, the Sykes of St. Louis and the Caverlys of Delaware. Her brother, Dr. P. C. Boyer, was a physician of prominence in New Orleans during and since the war. Mrs. Gonzales was mainly reared in New Orleans, in the schools of which city she received her education. She was an accomplished young lady who, though accustomed to all the comforts and luxuries of wealth, cheerfully came to this new country to help her husband make a home and win a fortune. To Mr. and Mrs. Gonzales six children were born, four sons and two daughters; one of the children, a son, died in infancy; another, a daughter, at the age of seven fell a victim to the yellow fever epidemic of 1867, and a son, Thomas E., died February 19th, 1892, when thirty-three years of age. Their surviving daughter, Daisy, was married to Francis Coolidge Stanwood, a cotton dealer, and resides in Boston, Mass., while the two remaining sons, Boyer and Julian Caverly, are business men at Galveston, the former a member of the firm of Thomas Gonzales & Sons, cotton dealers, and the latter paymaster and accountant for the Taylor Compress Company.

On January 3d, 1895, after a brief illness, Mrs. Gonzales, died at her home at Galveston, sincerely mourned by her family and a large circle of friends, to whom she had endeared herself by her kindness, charity, fortitude and other womanly virtues.

The religious connection of Mr. Gonzales' family is with the Episcopal Church, upon the services of which all are regular attendants.

BENNETT BLAKE,

NACOGDOCHES.

Judge Bennett Blake, of Nacogdoches, was born at Sutton, Vt., November 11, 1809. His parents, Mr. Samuel Dow Blake and Mrs. Abigail (Lee) Blake, natives of New Hampshire, emigrated to Vermont in 1792 and established themselves in

Sutton, Caledonia County, where they resided until their respective deaths. They left eight children.

The subject of this memoir attended local schools for three months in the year during a number of years and acquired a fair common-school education





JUDGE BENNETT BLAKE.



MRS. BLAKE.

and, when twenty-five years of age, went to Boston, Mass., where he remained until March 16, 1835, and then, determining to try his fortune in Texas, took passage on a sailing vessel bound for New Orleans. Very rough weather was encountered on the voyage and it took the ship forty-two days to reach its destination. From New Orleans he proceeded up Red river to Natchitoches, La., and from thence overland to Nacogdoches, at which place he arrived May 3, 1835, with \$20.00 in his pockets, and shortly thereafter employed a guide, and with three companions, started out afoot to look at the country. The guide proved to be incompetent and got the party lost in the woods. After wandering about for over four days without food they succeeded in making their way back to Nacogdoches. Here Judge Blake obtained employment as a clerk in the land-office, under George W. Smith, who was commissioned to put old settlers in possession of lands north of the San Antonio road. In September of that year (1835) two surveyors, whose compasses were at Natchitoches, La., one hundred and ten miles distant, offered \$150.00 to anyone who would bring the instruments to Nacogdoches within four days. Judge Blake undertook the journey, accomplished it in three days and a half and was paid the sum promised.

Of a bold and resolute spirit he was among the foremost in every expedition designed for the protection of the country.

Davy Crockett, when on his way to take part in the Texas revolution, stopped in Nacogdoches for several days. During the time he took his famous oath in the old stone fort to support the cause of the Texians, not for the restoration of their rights under the constitution of 1824, as was then being sought, but until their absolute independence should be achieved. While in the town he delivered a speech to which Mr. Blake had the pleasure of listening. He reports "Old Davy" as having closed his speech as follows: "We'll go to the City of Mexico and shake Santa Anna as a coon dog would a possum."

The fall of the Alamo, the massacre at Goliad, and the butchery of Johnson's and Grant's men on and beyond the Nueces and the continued retreat of Houston before the Mexican army, sweeping victoriously eastward in three divisions, cast a gloom over the country and the arrival of the merciless invaders in the eastern part of the province was daily expected. The roads about and beyond Nacogdoches were lined with women and children fleeing to Louisiana for safety. None were afterwards seen in any part of that country until the God of Battles smiled upon the Texian

arms at San Jacinto. The Indians taking advantage of the unsettled condition of the country were committing numerous murders and depredations. Mr. Blake and two companions at this time were appointed to protect the retreat of the fugitives and watch the Indians, whom it was feared would rise and attempt an indiscriminate massacre. He and his comrades discharged the trust with vigilance and courage. Judge Blake served under Gen. Rusk, in 1839, in his expedition against the noted Cherokee Chief Bowles who had organized a formidable Indian insurrection. On one occasion during the campaign Gen. Rusk offered a furlough of ten days to any of his soldiers who would carry a dispatch from where he was stationed, north of the Sabine, to Nacogdoches, seventy-five miles distant, and deliver it upon the day of starting. The purport of the message was a warning to volunteers not to leave Nacogdoches for his camp except in parties fifteen or twenty strong, as there were many Indians upon the road. It was a perilous mission to undertake, but Judge Blake volunteered to perform the service. He was mounted on a fine horse and made the trip in the time appointed. He saw but one Indian on the road and gave him a lively chase, but says that he felt no exaggerated longing to overtake him and was rather gratified that the distance widened rather than diminished between them, and the Indian finally lost to view. On arriving at Nacogdoches he found Mrs. James S. Mayfield standing guard, with a belt of six-shooters around her waist and a shot-gun on her shoulder. The young men had all taken the field against the Indians and left the old men and women to protect the settlement. Many of the women of those days were good shots and of undoubted courage. At his request Judge Blake was permitted to relieve her and stood guard for the rest of the night, but says that he was very tired and is inclined to the belief that he put in the greater part of the time that intervened to day-dawn sitting on the ground with his back against a tree. Mr. Blake remained in Nacogdoches about four days, and finding it very lonesome, returned to his companions. Shortly thereafter he participated in the two days' battle that resulted in a signal victory for the whites and so completely crushed the spirit of the Indians that no general uprising ever after occurred. On the second day when the Cherokees and their allies had retreated, Bowles, while heroically trying to rally them, received two or three gun-shot wounds and fell from his horse. A moment later the Texians, firing right and left as they rode, charged directly over his body. Bob Smith and Judge Blake were side by

side and Smith, seeing around the fallen chief's waist a red belt holding a sword that Gen. Houston had given him (Bowles) in former days, stooped over to jerk it off. As they tugged at the belt Bowles rose and Smith shot him through the head and the noted Indian warrior tumbled forward upon his face and expired without a groan. In the two days' fight one hundred and eight Indians were reported killed. Two of the whites were killed and twenty-eight wounded.

In February, 1841, the Indians made a raid through the Nacogdoches country and murdered a man named Jordan. A party of settlers, fifty-two in number, Judge Blake among them, hastily assembled and started in pursuit. They had a severe experience, having to walk a greater part of the time, as the roads were so boggy they could not use their horses. They were three days without food and at the end of that time had only succeeded in traversing a distance of seventy-five miles. The expedition proved fruitless. This was the last expedition against the Indians in which Judge Blake participated. The only change in use in the country from 1835 to 1838 was made by cutting a Mexican dollar into quarters. These circulated as twenty-five cent pieces. Judge Blake says that it is just to state that the Mexicans never to his knowledge cut a dollar into more than four pieces, while Americans in many instances would make five and put them into circulation as twenty-five cent pieces. He recounts an amusing incident that marked his acquaintanceship with Gen. Houston.

In 1835 the cholera epidemic that then prevailed made its way to Nacogdoches and several citizens fell victims to the scourge. Everybody, who could, left town and Judge Blake with eight companions, among the number Gen. Houston, went to Niel Martin's, eight miles from town, where they secured board and lodging and comfortably established themselves. The entire party slept in the same room. The first night, and a number of nights thereafter, Gen. Houston sat up and read until midnight and then went to bed and called his negro Esau, to pick ticks off him. These performances, however agreeable to the General and improving to Esau, were not at all edifying to the General's room-mates and they decided to try the effects of a practical joke. Accordingly they gathered all the ticks they could find and put them in a box and while Houston was eating his supper scattered them in his bed. The General had not long retired before he called loudly for Esau, who literally had his hands full until some time near daylight. Houston never disturbed the rest of his companions

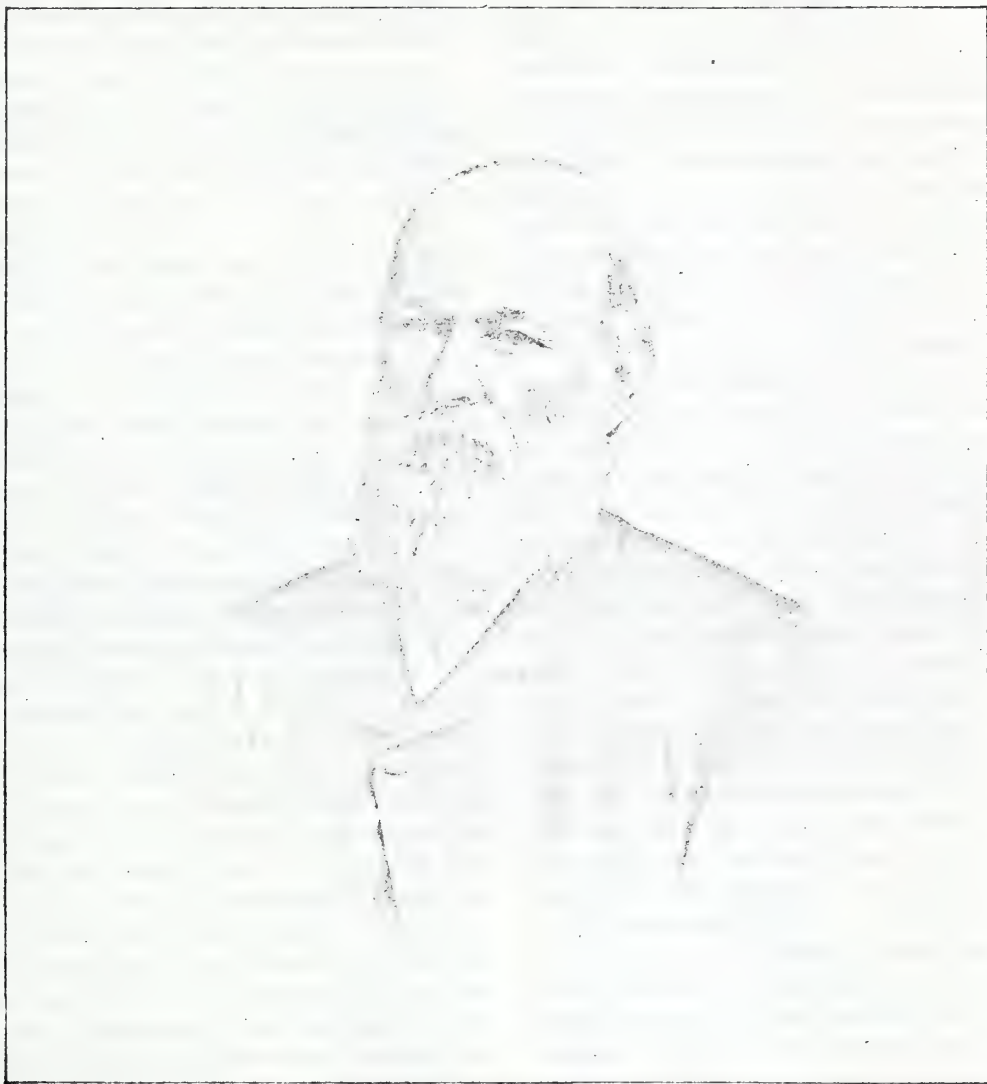
again and the stay at Martin's proved delightful to all concerned.

Judge Blake was honored by his fellow-citizens with office almost continuously from 1837 to 1876, serving as justice of the peace, member of the Confederate Legislature in 1863-4, county judge, and member of the constitutional convention of 1875. Confederate money was worth very little when he was in Austin as a member of the Legislature and he paid \$100.00 per day for board and lodging for the sixty-five days of the session. During his terms of service as justice of the peace and county judge, he tried seven thousand civil suits and five hundred criminal cases. A great many appeals were taken from his decisions but not one was ever reversed. Judge Blake for many years has refused to be a candidate for any office.

He has been married three times: first in New Hampshire in 1833, to Miss Mary Lewis, who died a short time after their union; next, in Montgomery County, Texas, in 1849, to widow Harrison, who died in 1852, and in 1853 in Nacogdoches to Miss Ella Harris, who died in 1886. Three children were born of the latter union; Bennett Blake, a prominent farmer in Nacogdoches County; Myrtle, wife of Judge James I. Perkins of Rusk, and Addie Louisa, widow of Mr. W. E. Bowler of Nacogdoches. Miss Ella Harris, who became the wife of Mr. Blake and mother of his children, a noble Christian lady, was born in Georgia in 1832. Her father was Dr. Eldridge G. Harris, and mother Mrs. Mary (Hamilton) Harris. She was brought to Nacogdoches, Texas, in 1836, by her mother, who was joined at that place by Dr. Harris, who had preceded them. Dr. Harris was a surgeon in the Texas revolutionary army and a pioneer greatly beloved by his fellow-soldiers and neighbors. He died in 1838 and his wife in 1872, at the home of Judge Blake in Nacogdoches.

Judge Blake has seventeen living grandchildren. He is a member of the Democratic party and Royal Arch degree of the Masonic fraternity.

Judge Blake has been successful in a financial way, having accumulated a considerable fortune. He has passed through many stirring and thrilling scenes, scenes that can have no counterpart in the after history of the country, and always bore himself as an upright, manly man. Privation and misfortune only nerved him to stronger exertions and danger but caused his blood to run swifter and his nerves to steady themselves as he encountered and overcame it—not his the spirit to become dejected, nor the heart to quail. His virtues, abilities and services to the country entitle him to the place accorded him upon the pages of its history.



J. R. FENN.

JOHN RUTHERFORD FENN.

HOUSTON.

J. R. Fenn, one of the leading citizens of Houston, a Texas veteran and a patriot whose fidelity to the principles of liberty has often been evinced upon Texas soil during the past half century, is a native of Mississippi, born in Lawrence County, that State, October 11th, 1824. He is of Scotch-Irish descent, a strain so eloquently eulogized by S. S. ("Sunset") Cox, in his "Three Decades of Federal Legislation," as having furnished to this country some of its most successful generals, purest statesmen, eminent lawyers and useful and distinguished citizens.

His parents, Eli Fenn and Sarah Catherine (Fitzgerald) Fenn came to Texas in 1833 with their children, and in June of that year opened a farm on the Brazos river, three miles below the site of the present town of Richmond. Mr. Eli Fenn served in the Creek War, participating, among other engagements, in the battle of the Horse Shoe, and in the war of 1835-6 fought in the Texian army as a member of Capt. Wiley Martin's Company. He died at his home in Fort Bend County, Texas, in 1840. His wife was a daughter of David Fitzgerald, a Georgia planter who came to Texas in 1822, settled in Fort Bend County, and shortly prior to his death in 1832, took part in the battle of Anahuac, a brilliant affair that was a fit precursor of the more decisive struggle against Mexican tyranny that was to follow a few years later. She died in 1860, and sleeps beside the beloved husband with whom she braved the terrors of the wilderness. Two children were born of the union, John R. (the subject of this memoir) and Jesse T. Fenn, the latter of whom died in Fort Bend County in 1873. Mr. J. R. Fenn was not quite twelve years of age when the battle of San Jacinto was fought, but preserves a vivid recollection of the stirring scenes of those times. His mother and others who had prepared to cross the river and retreat before the advancing Mexican army mistook a body of troops under Col. Almonte for a part of Gen. Houston's army, narrowly escaped into the woods from the house in which they were and came near being captured. His father, a member of Martin's spy company which was near, and seeing the approach of a portion of Santa Anna's army, and knowing the danger his wife and other ladies were in, swam a swollen creek with his gun on his back and arrived on the scene at the moment his wife and others

were fleeing across the field, raising his gun to his shoulder shot a Mexican dead. This attracted the attention of the pursuers to him and enabled his family and others to make good their escape. J. R. Fenn, subject of this memoir, and a negro boy who had gone out in the morning to drive horses, returned to the deserted house about eight o'clock in the morning and rode into the Mexican lines and were made prisoners. Late in the afternoon young Fenn made a break for liberty and, although he was shot at by a score or more of Mexicans and the leaves cut from the trees by their musket balls fell thick about him, he kept going and was soon safe in the depths of the forest. He passed his home and went ten or fifteen miles further where he found several white families. An hour later they were joined by Joe Kuykendall. The party traveled all night, at daylight arrived at Harrisburg, and during the day reached Lynchburg. Here young Fenn found his mother and some of the other ladies who had fled with her. They had walked for miles through mud and water, a keen norther blowing, some of them (men, women and children) without shoes and half clad. The entire company continued east, crossed the San Jacinto river and hurried forward as rapidly as their exhausted condition would permit. Coming to one of the bayous that empty into the bay, and having no rafts to effect a crossing, they attempted and at last succeeded in wading across on the bar at the mouth of the stream. Although a big wave would come rolling in ever and anon and knock them over they would scramble to their feet and start again.

Despite such difficulties the party finally reached the Neches river in safety. Here Mr. Eli Fenn joined the party. Gen. Gaines commanding United States troops near San Augustine had given the Indians a scare and they had all left that part of the country, and Capt. Martin, whose duty it was to keep between the Indians on the north and the white families that were fleeing from the Mexican invader, seeing no further need of his men in that section, gave them permission to go in search of their families. Mr. Fenn took his wife and son to Louisiana and returned to the army, where he served until October, 1836. He then procured a discharge and went after his family, which he brought back to the old homestead on the Brazos.

The subject of this notice acquired a fair com-

mon school education in such schools as the country afforded, to which varied experience and extensive reading and observation have since largely added.

He marched to San Antonio in the spring of 1842, and again in the autumn of that year with Gen. Somervell as sergeant in Capt. William Ryan's company, to oppose Gen. Adrian Woll, who attempted another Mexican invasion. Mr. Fenn served throughout the campaign.

In 1846, when war was declared between Mexico and the United States he went with Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston to the seat of war and served with Capt. Jack Hays' company.

During the war between the States, he enlisted under the flag of the Confederate States and did good service as Second Lieutenant in Strobel's Company.

Mr. Fenn was united in marriage to Miss Rebecca Matilda Williams, of Fort Bend County, Texas, April 13th, 1853, and has four children: Francis Marion Oatis, who married Miss Lottie Benson, of Charlottesville, Va.; May, wife of Mr. Jas. McKeever, Jr., of Houston; Ann Belle, and Jos. Johnston Fenn, the latter of whom married Miss Mollie Walker, of Houston.

Mrs. Fenn was born in Woodville, Miss., in 1835. Her parents were Mr. Daniel Williams and Mrs. Ann Fitz Randolph (Ayers) Williams. She is a great granddaughter of Gen. Nathaniel Randolph, a Lieutenant and Aide de Camp on the staff of Gen. Lafayette during the war of the Revolution, and also a great granddaughter of Ezekiel Ayers, who also served with distinction in the Continental army. Her grandfather, Isaac Williams, was one of the pioneers of the Province of Mississippi, of which he served for some time as Colonial Governor. An uncle, Governor Henry Johnson, was Governor of Louisiana and a member of the United States Senate, retiring from that body in 1860 when eighty years of age. Her parents came to Texas in 1845, and settled on Oyster creek, in Fort Bend County, bringing with them four children: Joseph Smith, who died in the Federal prison at Fort Butler, in Illinois, during the war between the States; Johnson Coddington, who also died in that

prison; Edwin J., now living on Oyster creek; and Annie Williams, who died in Houston, February 17th, 1893. Johnson Coddington Williams, who was a member of Terry's Rangers when first enlisted, but at the time of his death at Fort Butler was a member of W. H. Wilke's Regiment, Carter's Brigade.

Mrs. Fenn's first year in Texas was spent in the old homestead of Moses Shipman, one of the original "Austin 300." The logs and boards of the house were all made by hand and joined together with wooden pins, there being no iron bolts or nails in the country. Here she and the family were obliged to drink water from creeks and ponds and suffered all the inconveniences and hardships incident to life in a new and entirely undeveloped country.

Mrs. Fenn is a member of the Presbyterian Church, president of San Jacinto Chapter, Daughters of the Republic of Texas, and since 1877 has been a member of the Texas Veterans' Association. She is a lady of rare culture and intellectual attainments.

Mr. Fenn has been a member of the Texas Veterans' Association since 1876. He is a member of the Democratic party, with the highest sense of every duty, and well merits the confidence and esteem in which he is held by those who know him best within the social and business world. He has met with a reasonable measure of success in a financial way, having \$100,000 judiciously invested. He has lived in Houston since 1872. Mr. and Mrs. Fenn have a delightful home in that city. Here they are quietly and happily passing their declining years. They have witnessed villages, towns and cities rise where the red Indian pitched his wigwam; there are now waving fields of golden grain on sun-kissed prairies over which once wandered the buffalo and coyote; they have beheld the coming of the railroad and the telegraph, and not only the dawning but wondrous growth and expansion of a refined and elegant civilization for which they helped clear the way. They and others like them are entitled to lasting gratitude and remembrance.



MRS. FENN AND DAUGHTERS.



JAMES R. MASTERSON.

JAMES ROANE MASTERSON,

HOUSTON.

James Roane Masterson, though reared in Texas, is not a native of the State. He was born in Lebanon, Wilson County, Tenn., April 15, 1838.

His paternal grandmother was a Miss Washington, niece of President George Washington. His father, a lawyer of Brazoria County, Texas, was a native of Tennessee, but removed with his family to Texas in 1839, and was elected County Clerk of Brazoria County. His mother, Christiana J. Roane, born in Nashville, Tenn., January 10, 1818, is the daughter of James Roane, son of Governor Archibald Roane, of Tennessee, in whose honor a county of that State is named; a grandniece of Governor Spencer Roane, of Virginia, who was at one time United States senator from that State, and of David Roane, who was appointed by President Jefferson, United States District Judge for the State of Kentucky, and a cousin of Governor John Roane, of Arkansas. The maternal grandmother of James R. Masterson was a Miss Irby, of Virginia, a relative of President John Tyler. One of her sisters is the mother of John Morgan, United States Senator from Alabama. Two of her nieces married Thomas Chilton of the Supreme Court of Alabama, one of whom was mother of Mrs. Abercrombie, of Huntsville. Another of her sisters, Mrs. Mary Hooker, of New Orleans, formerly Mrs. Noble, was the mother of John I. Noble, of New Orleans.

His paternal uncle, William Masterson, married the eldest daughter of the celebrated Felix Grundy, of Tennessee. His brothers, William, Washington (now dead), Archibald, and Branch T. Masterson, were all in the Confederate army and were gallant soldiers, William and Washington serving as officers. Harris was a small boy when the war began.

James R. Masterson's opportunities for obtaining a thorough education were very limited. When he was a youth there were no good schools in Texas, and what education he received is due to his mother. His early predilections were for the law, and he began the study of that science at the age of seventeen. In 1856 he entered the law office of Gen. John A. Wharton and Clinton Terry, at Brazoria. He had for four years been an assistant to his father in the County Clerk's office, and there gained much information in regard to forms and practice, knowledge that greatly facilitated his advancement. He was admitted to the bar in

1858, having been declared of age for that purpose by the Legislature of Texas. As soon as admitted to the practice, he located in Houston and there applied himself to his profession with great diligence and assiduity. He was studious, careful and attentive to business. The industry and caution he displayed in the preparation of his cases gave him a standing at the bar at once, and secured for him a large and lucrative practice. By the unanimous request of the Houston bar, he was, in 1870, appointed by Governor E. J. Davis, Judge of the Nineteenth Judicial District of Texas, composed of Harris and Montgomery counties. He entered upon the duties of that office with the same energy and industry that he had exhibited as a practitioner. His predecessors in office, prior to the war between the States, were men of acknowledged ability and were eminently qualified for the station; and from the time of his appointment, he exhibited a laudable ambition to worthily emulate their virtues. His executive ability in the disposition of judicial business is rarely equaled, and in applying the law to the facts of the case, few men are more careful and accurate, and none more conscientious.

Judge Masterson served under the appointment of the Governor until the adoption of the present constitution, in 1876. By that instrument his office was made elective by the people, and he was the first judge of his district elected under it. He was nominated by the Democrats and chosen Judge of the Twenty-first (old Nineteenth) District.

His personal character and official course have been so eminently satisfactory to the people that no man in the district could have been elected in his stead. He has but a very brief military record. He enlisted in the army to go to Virginia with Hood's scouts, but was transferred to Elmore's Regiment, Twenty-first Texas, commanded by Lieut.-Col. L. A. Abercrombie, and served one year, and was honorably discharged. Politically, Judge Masterson has always been a Democrat, and in the days of secession was a follower of Sam Houston and favored co-operation rather than secession. He did not endorse the constitutionality or the expediency of secession, but advocated the co-operation of Texas with the northern tier of Southern States. He belongs to the State's Rights school of politics, but does not believe that secession is a constitutional remedy.

Judge Masterson is a Knight Templar and Past Master of Holland Lodge No. 1, Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Masons (Houston), of which Presidents Sam Houston and Anson Jones had been masters. He has been Captain-General and Generalissimo of Ruthven Commandery No. 2, chairman of the committee of Foreign Correspondence of the Grand Commandery, and is a member of the committee of Grievances and Appeals of the Grand Lodge of Texas and of the Knights of Honor and German Turn Verein. He was baptized and reared in the Episcopal Church, of which Mrs. Masterson was also a member. Judge Masterson was married in Galveston, Texas, January 17, 1865, to Miss Sallie Wood, a native of Galveston, daughter of E. S. Wood, the noted hardware merchant of that city. She graduated at Miss Cobb's Seminary in her native city. Mrs. Masterson died in 1890. Four children were born of this union, all at Galveston: James Roane, Annie Wood, Lawrence Washington (died in 1891), and Mary Heard Masterson.

The life of the gentleman whose biography is here briefly sketched demonstrates the value of perseverance and determination to succeed in the face of what seem to be insurmountable obstacles. Deprived of school in early life, learning from books only what a mother could teach amid a multiplicity of household cares incident to the rearing of a large family, and starting without any capital, but having ambition and energy, he has not only earned a high position professionally, and an honorable name among men, but also a considerable fortune. He is now reckoned among the wealthy men of Houston. In 1879 when the Court of Commissioners of Appeals was established, twenty-six out of the thirty State Senators, the Lieutenant-Governor and a large number of Representatives signed a recommendation, or request, to the Governor to appoint him one of the judges of that court. This paper was sent to Judge Masterson with the

expectation and desire that he would present it to the Governor, who would hardly have hesitated to comply with the wish of the petitioners and place him on the bench. The recommendation was never delivered to the Governor, however, as Judge Masterson did not want the place, although, in point of dignity, it is equivalent to a seat on the supreme bench. As a further evidence of the high esteem in which he is held by his fellow-countrymen of all parties, it may be stated that at the Democratic district convention held at Houston, July 30, 1880, he was unanimously renominated for Judge of the Twenty-first District, and the Independent convention indorsed him with equal unanimity, and he was re-elected, beating his Republican opponent over three thousand votes, out of a total of seven thousand, and leading the Democratic State ticket twenty-five hundred votes. On the bench he knows neither Democrat nor Republican. His undoubted integrity of character, his knowledge of law, his quick perceptions, his decided convictions, the urbanity of his manners and the care with which he studiously avoids wounding the feelings of others, are traits that account for his great popularity. He is a shrewd business man, commanding the respect and receiving the confidence of the community in his financial transactions.

His life will bear microscopic inspection, whether as an officer or a citizen. He is a close observer of men and things and a hard student in his profession, a man worthy of the trust reposed in him in all his relations of citizens, Christian, lawyer and judge.

He is a man of spare build, being only five feet seven inches in height, and weighing only one hundred and forty-six pounds. His complexion is fair, his eyes greyish-blue, and forehead high and intellectual. He is quick spoken, and his manner is frank and affable.

In January, 1893, Judge Masterson resumed the general practice of his profession.

SAMUEL E. HOLLAND,

BURNET.

Samuel Eli Holland was born in Merriweather County, Ga., December 6th, 1826, and came to Texas in 1846, having been preceded by his parents, John R. and Elizabeth Holland, who came

in 1841. In April, 1847, he went to Austin and entered the United States army as a soldier in Samuel Highsmith's Company, Sixth Texas Cavalry (Jack Hay's Regiment), and with that command



joined the army of Gen. Taylor, then in Mexico. He was engaged with Hays' Regiment in guerrilla warfare until discharged in May, 1848, when he returned to Texas.

During September of that year he settled in Burnet County, then unorganized, where he purchased land on Hamilton creek, three miles below the present town of Burnet, twenty-five miles from his nearest neighbor, and there commenced farming. He invested eight or nine hundred dollars, the amount he had saved out of his pay for services in the army. Capt. Holland has been married three times. He first married Mary Scott in 1852, by whom one son, George, who now lives in Mason County, was born to him. She died in March, 1855. December 6, 1855, he married Miss Clara Thomas. Nine children were born of this union, four sons and five daughters, viz.: David B., John H., Sam W., Porter D., Mary R., who married George Lester, of Llano County; Martha M., who married Henry Hester; Louisa, Catherine and Elizabeth. Mrs. Holland died January 8, 1887. September 22, 1887, Mr. Holland married Mrs. Susan A. McCarty, by whom he has had three children, Charles Hamilton, Thomas A., and William A.

Capt. Holland has been a successful business man. He was a member of the Texas Mining and Improvement Company, which built the Northwestern Railroad from Burnet to Marble Falls. He is largely engaged in farming and stock-raising and

owns fine lands on Hamilton creek, in Burnet County. He is a Royal Arch Mason and a leading man in the Grange. He has always espoused the cause of law and order, given a ready and active support to the constituted authorities and been looked to and relied upon in time of public danger. Burnet was, for a long time after he settled there, a border county and subjected to Indian raids. He responded to every call of his neighbors to repel the Indians and protect the settlers and their property and was engaged in numerous Indian fights. At one time there was a band of counterfeiters on the Colorado river. Some of them were arrested and brought to trial, but none but negro evidence could be obtained, and they were acquitted. But they were notified by Capt. Holland and others to leave the county, which they promptly did.

After the war a number of parties commenced rounding up the yearlings, branding them, and driving off the beef cattle. A number of these men were indicted, but Judge Turner refused to hold court unless he was protected. Capt. Holland, at the request of a number of respectable citizens, organized a small police force and Judge Turner, knowing of what kind of stuff the men were made, said to him: "Holland, I look to you to protect this court, else I can't hold it;" and he did protect the court, notwithstanding the threats and show of armed resistance that were made.

Capt. Holland, although past middle age, is yet vigorous and active.

PHILIP SANGER,

DALLAS.

We have selected for the subject of this memoir the head of the Dallas branch of a great mercantile establishment that, starting from a very small beginning a number of years since, has grown to be the pride of the State of Texas. We refer to Mr. Philip Sanger and to Sanger Bros., who own mammoth emporiums at Waco and Dallas. This house is considered the largest wholesale and retail establishment in the Southern States. Its working capital is several million dollars. It has three hundred and fifty employees at Dallas, and one hundred and fifty at Waco. It is conspicuous, not alone for its wealth and the magnitude of its yearly transactions, but

for the high personal character and the important services, both in time of peace and war, rendered to the country by the gentlemen who compose the firm. Men who follow any occupation or pursue any profession are apt to consider theirs as superior to all others. The soldier prides himself upon being a member of the profession of arms. He looks about him and says: "That man is actuated by the greed of gain; that man humbles himself to secure votes to put himself into some petty civil office; that man is spending his days in representing in court clients who have defrauded their neighbors or committed crimes for which they ought to be placed in the penitentiary or hanged, while we

soldiers are relieved from all necessity for taking stock in the sordid affairs of life and, like gentlemen, stand ready, with clean hands and brave hearts and willing swords, to respond to the call of danger and defend our country if need be with our lives. Our profession elevates and ennobles and this can scarcely be said of any other."

The physician says: "The soldier is only needed in time of war, and is an expense instead of an advantage in time of peace, and his presence is justified solely by the fact that it is necessary for the rest of the community to support him in order to avoid the danger of foreign aggression. The profession of medicine is the greatest of all professions. Men may get along without any thing else, but they are obliged to have doctors." So with the lawyer, so with the merchant and so with the members of nearly every other avocation; but, the truth of the matter is, that each and all are needed to develop and sustain our complex and many-sided civilization. It is difficult to institute comparisons and determine the relative value of any calling or pursuit. There is nothing more certain, however, than that the commercial importance of a country depends upon the ability and enterprise displayed by its merchants and that no nation can amount to much or take high rank without possessing such merchants. Ancient Tyre and Sidon owed their opulence and power to them and not to their fleets and armies. The same may be said of Carthage, of Venice, and of modern England, and, in a large measure, of our own country. It requires more capacity and more labor to successfully manage a large establishment like that of Sanger Bros., at Dallas, than to be Governor of Texas. The commercial world is a free Republic in which no man can expect special favors and in which every man must rise or fall according to his merits. He who enters it is compelled to meet the most skillful opponents, and contend against men of wonderful nerve, energy and brain. He must be constantly upon the *qui vive*. He must possess not only executive ability of a high order, but capacity for the minutest details and the hardest work. The subject of this notice stands pre-eminent in Texas as a financier and merchant. He was born in Bavaria, Germany, September 11, 1841. His parents were Elias and Babetta Sanger, who came to America and settled in Cincinnati, Ohio, from which place they moved to New York City, where they spent their remaining years. His father died in 1877, his mother in 1886. Both are buried in New York. They had ten children, seven sons and three daughters, of whom Isaac, senior partner of the

firm of Sanger Bros., resides in New York; Lehman resides in Waco, engaged in the real estate business; Philip and Alexander are heads of the Dallas branch of Sanger Bros. business; Samuel is a member of the firm of Sanger Bros. and lives at Waco; Sophia, resides at Waco, her husband, L. Emanuel, in the employ of Sanger Bros.; Eda, wife of Jacob Newburger, resides in New York (Mr. Newburger is one of the Eastern buyers for the firm of Sanger Bros.); Bertha, widow of Joseph Lehman, resides in New York; and Jacob and David died of yellow fever at Bryan, Texas, in 1867, aged, respectively, twenty and seventeen years. After his arrival from Germany Mr. Philip Sanger remained in New York City for eighteen months, during which time he clerked for board and washing and \$2.50 per month. He left New York in 1858 and went to Savannah, Ga., where he obtained employment in a clothing store where he received \$10.00 per month for his services. At the end of a year he was sent to the interior, where he clerked for his employer and made collections until the beginning of the war between the States, Mr. Heller having gone North and left him to settle up that part of the business. Mr. Sanger's sympathies were with the Southern States and he responded to the call to arms by entering the Confederate army as a soldier in Company G., Thirty-second Georgia, commanded by Col. George P. Harrison, Jr. A few years since the writer met a friend of Mr. Sanger's at Weatherford, Texas, who said: "I served in the army with Philip Sanger and I never knew a braver or better soldier." Besides other engagements, Mr. Sanger participated in that incident to the bombardment of Morris' Island, S. C., and the battles of Ocean Pond, Fla., and Bentonville, N. C., his term of service extended over three years and eight months. He was slightly wounded at Ocean Pond. Coming out of the war utterly penniless and the South being prostrated by the results of the conflict, he went to Cincinnati, where he clerked in a notion store for eight months. He then joined his brothers, Isaac and Lehman, who had established themselves in business at Millican, Texas, where they remained until 1867, then moved to Bryan, then the terminus of the Texas Central Railway. In 1869 the firm followed the terminus to Calvert and did business there a year, after which they moved to Kosse; stayed there six months; moved to Grosbeck in the spring of 1871; in the fall of that year changed their base of operations to Corsicana, and in 1872 established themselves in Dallas, doing the leading business in all of the towns mentioned and at Dallas laying broad

and deep the foundation for the immense business which they have since built up. Mr. Sanger was married August 26, 1869, to Miss Cornelia Mandelbaum, of New Haven, Connecticut. They have three children, one son and two daughters, all of whom are now living. Mr. Sanger has lost five children. He is a member of the I. O. B. B. He is modest and unpretentious in manner and an indefatigable worker. At the same time he is genial in manner, a most polished and elegant gentleman, and knows how to entertain royally at his palatial home. He has assisted with his personal influence in securing for Dallas many of the leading enterprises that now add to the

prosperity of the place and has given largely in the way of donations to railroads. He has been an active promoter of every worthy public and private movement for which his aid has been solicited. His charities have been many and unostentatious. He is recognized far and wide as a man of commanding talents in the field which he has selected for his life work. He has done as much, perhaps, of a practical nature, as any other man in the State to build up the material prosperity of Texas and deserves a place in this work beside those men who have proved themselves to be potent factors in our civilization.

SAMUEL SANGER,

WACO.

Samuel Sanger, a leading merchant of Waco and one of the best known and most thoroughly representative business men and financiers in Texas, was born in Bavaria, South Germany, September 11th, 1843, and educated in Wurzburg, Bavaria, and Berlin, Prussia, where he studied for and was admitted to the Jewish ministry. He came to the United States in 1866 and from 1867 to March, 1873, was the rabbi in charge of the synagogue at Philadelphia, Pa. In 1873, he came to Waco, Texas, and there engaged in business as a member of the famous mercantile house of Sanger Bros. of Dallas, who, in that year, established a branch house at Waco. Since that time he has had entire charge of the Waco store and has built up an immense trade for it.

He was united in marriage at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1867, to Miss Hannah Heller, daughter of K. L. Heller, of that city. They have four sons and one

daughter, viz., Charles L., a cotton broker at Waco; Ike S., connected with the New York office of Sanger Bros.; A. S., employed in the wholesale notion department of the firm's establishment at Waco; Alex, now attending school in New York; and Miss Carrie Sanger, who is living at home with her parents. Sanger Bros. is the largest dry goods house south of St. Louis and operates on a capital of millions of dollars. Mr. Sam. Sanger is a member of the Knights of Honor, is a member of K. S. B. and is also a member and Past-President of I. O. B. B. A business man of pre-eminent energy, enterprise and ability, he is a ripe scholar and polished gentleman as well, and is universally esteemed in commercial and social circles. He is a man thoroughly representative of the best thought and purpose of the sphere of action in which he has for so many years been a notable and commanding figure.

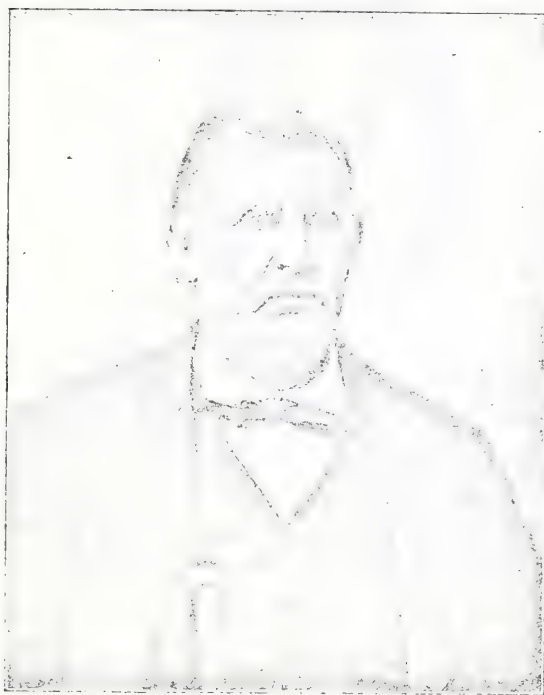
WILLIAM KINCHIN DAVIS,

RICHMOND.

It is difficult for men and women of this later generation, familiar with life upon peaceful farms and in towns and cities, to form a mental picture of the physical aspect of Texas sixty years ago, or to conceive of the hardships, privations and dangers, incident to colonial life at that remote period. Here and there, only, the smoke from a settler's cabin chimney curled upward on lonely prairie or in primeval river bottom and forest.

Weak and timid souls kept aloof from such a land. Brave, adventurous, hardy spirits poured

after the disbanding of Somervell's army on the Rio Grande, marched into Mexico with other Texian troops and in December, 1842, participated in the remarkable and brilliant battle of Mier, in which he was severely wounded and which resulted in the surrender of the Texians under stipulations that were afterwards violated with customary Mexican perfidy. The men were marched afoot, guarded by Mexican cavalry, toward the city of Mexico. He was one of those who made their escape at the hacienda of Salado and were recaptured, after suf-



WM. K. DAVIS.

into its confines—a race to which a San Jacinto was possible and that laid the foundation for the institutions we enjoy. We have selected one of these men, the late William Kinchen Davis, for the subject of this memoir.

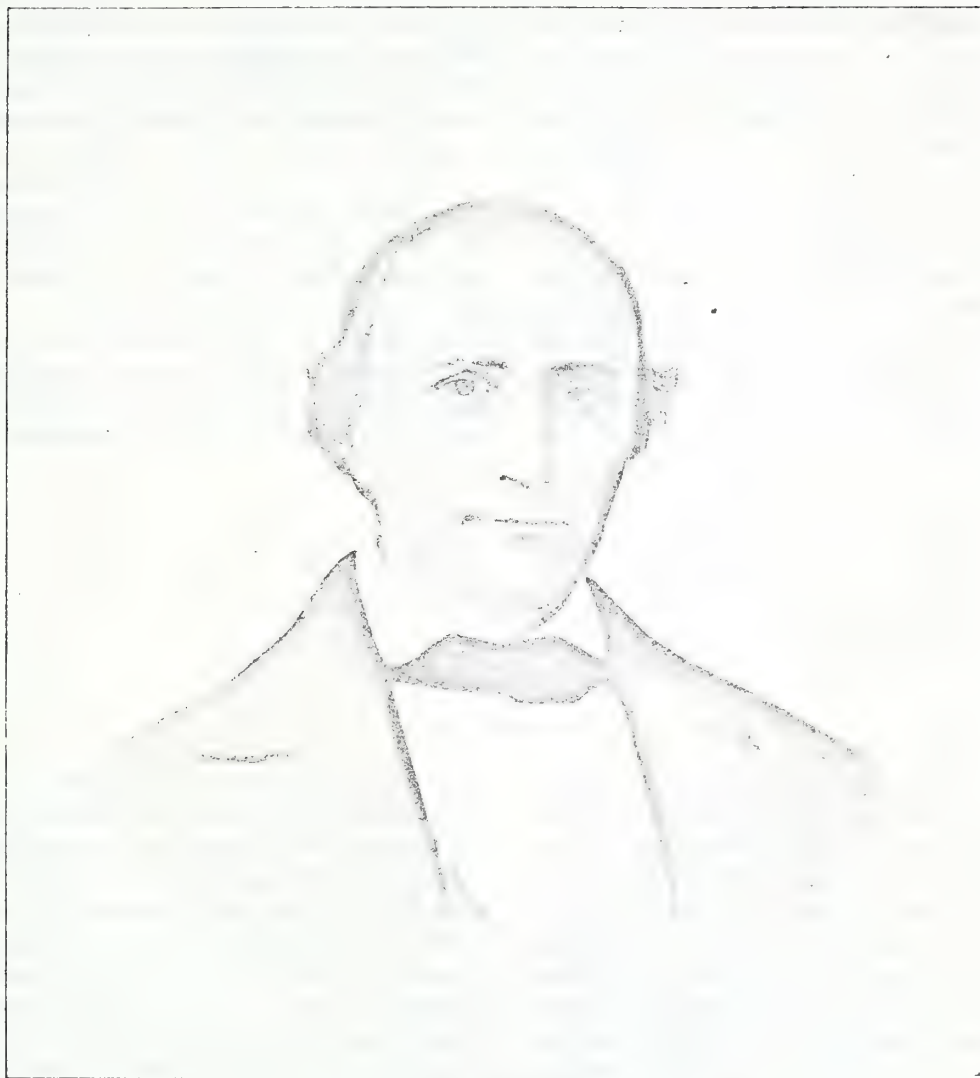
He was born in the State of Alabama on the 11th day of November, 1822; came to Texas during the month of February, 1830; when fourteen years of age (in 1836), helped build a fort at the mouth of the Brazos river and in 1839 served in a campaign against the Indians around the head of the Brazos.

Capt. Davis took part in the Somervell expedition in 1842, as a member of Boski's command and

fering untold horrors from thirst, hunger and exposure while wandering about lost in the mountains. After their recapture, Santa Anna sent an order for every tenth man to be shot, the victims to be selected by lot. As many beans as there were prisoners were placed in a jar—black beans to a number corresponding to the number of men that were to be killed and white beans for the rest. The jar was well shaken and the gaunt, and miserable, yet still dauntless veterans were ordered to advance one by one and take a bean from the jar. As soon as this grim lottery of death was at an end, the unlucky holders of black beans were foully



MRS. WM. K. DAVIS.



WM. RYON.

murdered in cold blood and the line of march resumed. Capt. Davis drew a white bean and in due time staggered into the city of Mexico with his surviving companions, where they were put to hard labor. They were afterwards imprisoned at Perote, where they received similar treatment. September 16th, 1844, they were released by Santa Anna and each man given one dollar with which to make the journey of fifteen hundred miles back to the settlements in Texas.

Capt. Davis returned to Richmond, Fort Bend County, where he ever after made his home. He was married to Miss Jane Pickens in 1845. She was a daughter of John H. and Eleanor (Cooper) Pickens and came to Texas with her parents at three years of age.

Her father had made all preparations for her to marry another gentleman, but she eloped with Capt. Davis. They left her home on horseback and proceeded to a neighbor's house, where they were married. They had five children: Fannie (died when three years of age), J. H. P. (living in Richmond), Eleanora (wife of B. A. Hinson, in business at Richmond), William Kinchen, Jr. (killed

by cars at Richmond, August 14, 1888), and Archietto (widow of W. L. Jones, of Richmond). Mrs. Hinson has two children, Mrs. Jones seven children, and William Kinchen Davis left surviving him a widow and four boys, who now reside in Houston.

Mrs. Davis died in 1860, and is buried on the old homestead in Fort Bend County. Capt. Davis commanded a company for about six months during the war between the States but was not in action. He married again, March 5th, 1865, his second wife being Mrs. Jane Green, of Richmond. They had no children. She died in March, 1895, and is buried in the cemetery at Richmond. Capt. Davis died August 2d, 1891, and is interred beside her. He was for many years prior to his death a member of the M. E. Church South and I. O. O. F. fraternity. While his educational advantages in early life (reared as he was in a pioneer settlement) were meager, yet he became a very successful business man and one of the leading men of his county.

As peaceful and law-abiding in civil life as he was gallant in time of public danger and war, he came up to the full stature of good citizenship.

WILLIAM RYON,

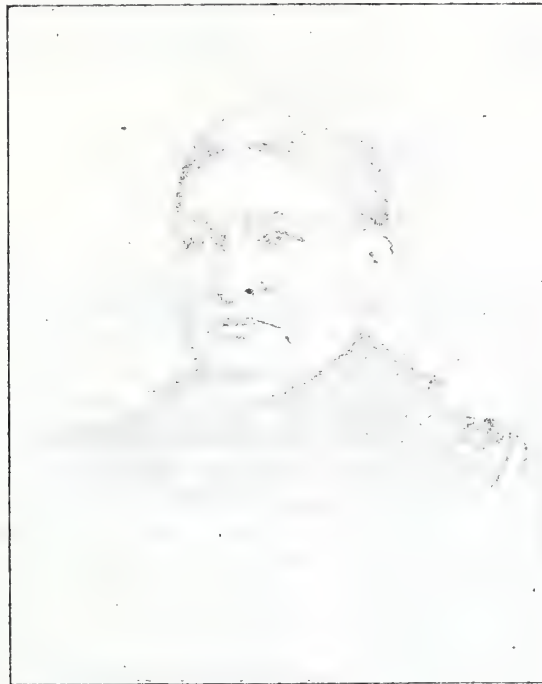
RICHMOND.

The late Wm. Ryon, of Richmond, Fort Bend County, one of the most gallant of the heroes known to Texas history, was born in Winchester, Ky., resided for several years in Alabama; came to Texas in 1837, landing at the mouth of the Brazos, where he clerked, kept hotel and followed various occupations for a time; in 1839 was a member of the surveying party that laid off the town of Austin, the newly selected site for the seat of government of the Republic, and later went to Fort Bend County, where he organized a company in 1842 and joined the army of Gen. Somervell for the invasion of Mexico. He was one of the three hundred men who did not return home after the formal disbanding of Somervell's army. They completed a regimental organization December 19th, 1842, composed of companies commanded by Captains Ewin Cameron, Wm. Ryon, Wm. M. Eastland, J. G. W. Pierson, Claudius Buster, John R. Baker and C. K. Reese, and selecting Wm. S. Fisher for Colonel and Thomas A. Murray for Adjutant, marched across into

Mexico, where they captured the town of Mier, for more than eighteen hours held at bay over two thousand Mexican soldiers under Ampudia (killing over seven hundred of the enemy), and finally surrendered under promises that they would be treated as prisoners of war and kept on the frontier until exchanged. The pledges of Ampudia, reduced to writing after the surrender, were redeemed by tying the men in pairs and marching them on foot to Matamoros where they arrived on the 9th day of January, 1843, and were marched in triumph through the streets, with bells ringing, music playing and banners flying. Some of the citizens, however, moved to pity, afterwards contributed clothing and money to supply their most pressing needs. The main body of the prisoners left Matamoros on the 14th, marched eighteen or twenty miles a day, were corralled at night like cattle and reached Monterey on the 28th of January. Here they were made more comfortable and rested until the 2d of February. Arriving at Saltillo they were

joined by five of the prisoners taken from San Antonio by Gen. Woll in the previous September. They left for San Luis Potosi under command of Col. Barragan and reached the hacienda of Salado, on the way, February 10, 1843. At a preconcerted signal on the morning of the 11th the prisoners, led by Capts. Ewin Cameron and William Ryon, rushed upon their guard, then eating breakfast, disarmed them and made their way into the court-yard, where they overcame one hundred and fifty infantry. Here they armed themselves and made a dash for the gate, overcame the guard stationed there and scattered the cavalry on the outside, capturing their horses. They had four

any of the stragglers found water. They hurried with mad joy to the spot, to find themselves in the midst of a body of Mexican cavalry, under command of Gen. Mexia. Nearly all, through exhaustion, had thrown away their arms, and none were in condition to offer resistance. They accordingly surrendered. During the day other stragglers came to the camp or were found and brought in by the soldiers. On the 19th, Capt. Cameron came in with quite a number and surrendered. The men were marched back to the hacienda of Salado, where they learned that Santa Anna had ordered all of them to be shot, but, yielding to remonstrances from Gen. Mexia and some of his officers, had commuted



MRS. WM. RYON.

men killed, three of whom were to have been their guides through the mountains on their homeward march. They secured one hundred and seventy stand of arms and one hundred horses. At 10 o'clock a. m. they left. They traveled sixty-four miles the first twenty-four hours on the Saltillo road. They next abandoned the road and sought escape through the mountains. On the night of the 13th, in the darkness they became separated; and, during the five succeeding days, suffering from hunger, thirst and the cold air from the mountains, they wandered about searching for water. Several became demented and a number became separated from their companions and were never heard of more. About noon on the 18th, those in the main body discovered a smoke, the signal to be given if

the order and ordered that one in ten be put to death. Gen. Mexia, who upon capturing the prisoners had treated them with great humanity, now tendered his resignation, refusing to officiate at so "cruel and unmartial" a ceremony. Seventeen Texans, selected from among their companions by drawing black beans, were marched out and shot, Col. Juan de Dios Ortiz executing the order. The prisoners, tied in pairs, were then marched to the city of Mexico, which they reached on the 25th of April. They remained in the city until March 12th, 1844, when they were taken to Perote, where was situated the strongly built and fortified castle of San Carlos. In September following, the prisoners were released by Santa Anna and permitted to return home. Capt. Ryon received three severe wounds

in the battle of Mier and suffered more than his full share of the miseries that afflicted the Texian soldiers after their surrender, seeking to ameliorate the condition of his companions as far as lay in his power. Returning to Fort Bend County he, in April, 1845, married Miss Mary M. Jones, of Richmond, and engaged in farming, stock raising and merchandising, which he followed for about four years. The family lived in Houston for about three years, but returned to Richmond. Capt. Ryon was a member of the Episcopal Church and Masonic fraternity. He died October 31, 1875, at the home of Capt. W. K. Davis at Richmond, universally

admired and respected. Mrs. Ryon's parents were Henry and Nancy Jones of Richmond, Texas. She was born at that place December 28, 1826, and reared in Fort Bend County. She bore Capt. Ryon nine children, only three of whom lived to be grown, viz.: James E., who married Miss Josie Dagnal, of Richmond, and died in 1895 at forty-four years of age; Susan E., who married J. H. P. Davis, of Richmond, and died Oct. 30, 1884, leaving two children, Mildred, who married, first, James Wheat, of Richmond, who was killed at his home, and next, F. I. Booth, and now lives at Richmond with her husband.

HENRY JONES,

RICHMOND.

This widely-known Texian, a pioneer, and member of Stephen F. Austin's first colony (known to Texas as "the original 300") was born in Richmond, Va., March 15th, 1789. His parents were natives of Virginia. Mr. Jones married Miss Nancy Stiles in Missouri, January, 1821, and came to Texas the following year, traveling overland from Missouri to Red river, and from Red river to Washington County, where he joined Austin's colony at San Felipe. He lived one year at Independence, where his first child, Wm. S., was born, the first male child born in the colony. Wm. S. Jones grew to manhood, married, reared a family of children, several of whom are now living, and was a successful farmer and stock raiser in Fort Bend County to the time of his death, which occurred in 1875. His wife died in 1878.

Eleven other children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jones, viz.: James, who died at Richmond, Texas, in 1857; Mary M. (widow of Wm. M. Ryon), who resides at Richmond; John H., who died at twenty-two years of age; Hettie E., who died

in 1870; Virginia C., who died about the year of 1859; Elizabeth R., who died in 1890; Susan A., who married R. W. Nealy, of Franklin, Ky., where she now resides; Wylie P., who now resides at Richmond and is the justice of the peace for that precinct; Emily, who died in childhood; Laura H., wife of Lafayette Hubbard, of Montgomery, Ala., and Thomas W., who died at Richmond, August 28, 1895, aged forty-five years. Mr. Jones settled in Fort Bend County, in 1823; brought the first cattle into that section, cut the first road from East to West Columbia and erected the second gin and horse mill in Fort Bend County.

Mr. Jones was with the Texian army during the revolutionary campaign until near its close, when he and others were detailed to look after the families that were fleeing before the advancing Mexicans and so missed the battle of San Jacinto, much to his regret.

Mrs. Jones died August 5th, 1851, and Mr. Jones June 8th, 1861, at his farm, eight miles from Richmond, where they were buried side by side.

JOHN H. P. DAVIS,

RICHMOND.

J. H. P. Davis, head of the banking firm of J. H. P. Davis & Co., of Richmond, Texas, and one of the wealthiest and most influential stock raisers and planters of Southeastern Texas, was born February 11th, 1851, in Fort Bend County, where he grew to manhood and has since resided. His parents were Capt. Wm. K. and Mrs. Jane (Pickens) Davis. Mr. Davis married Miss Susan E. Ryon, daughter of Capt. Wm. Ryon, February 10, 1875. She died Oct. 30, 1884, leaving two children, Mamie E. and Thomas W. She is buried in the family cemetery upon the old homestead eight

miles from Richmond. Mr. Davis married his present wife, *nee* Miss Belle Ryon, of Franklin, Ky., November 27th, 1888. Her parents were James and Elizabeth (Miller) Ryon; her father was a prominent farmer of his section of the "Blue Grass" State. Mr. Davis' ranch, in Fort Bend County, is one of the most valuable in the State, comprising about 50,000 acres, 1,000 of which are under cultivation. He has aided every worthy public enterprise and is a man thoroughly in touch with the best thought and purpose of the people.

JULIUS RUNGE,

GALVESTON.

The subject of this memoir was born at New Braunfels, Comal County, Texas, February 1, 1851. His father, George Runge, and mother, whose maiden name was Dorothea Spieckle, were natives of Germany. They came to Texas in 1850 and settled at New Braunfels. At that time — from 1845 to 1855 — there was a large German immigration into Southwest Texas.

Julius was sent to school at Cassel, Germany, but did not attend the university located at that place. Completing his studies at Cassel he attended a commercial school in Saxony until 1867, when he came to Galveston, where he has ever since resided and has, since 1874, been a member of the well-known firm of Kaufman & Runge. He was appointed consul at Galveston for the German Empire in 1875, and has since held that position at that post.

Mr. Runge served three years as a member of the Board of Aldermen of the city of Galveston, between the years of 1877 and 1880 (one term of one year and one of two years) and, while acting in the capacity of Chairman of the Finance Committee (in view of the fiscal condition of the city then the most important position under the city government, for it was a time when a majority of Southern cities were contemplating the repudiation of their

obligations) was chiefly instrumental in bringing the municipality into a sound financial condition, by reducing the rate of interest on her bonded indebtedness from ten and twelve to eight and five per cent, the latter being the rate now paid, with bonds nearly at par. To complete the good work thus initiated Mr. Runge afterward accepted the office of City Treasurer, which he filled from 1883 to 1891 and now holds. His investments in interests outside the firm of Kaufman & Runge are varied and widespread. Thus he is president of the First National Bank, an office that he has held since 1879, and of the Texas Land & Loan Co.; vice-president of the Southern Cotton Press & Manufacturing Co.; a director in the Texas Cotton Press Co.; a director in the Galveston City Railway Co., which built the Beach Hotel; acting president of the Galveston Cotton Exchange during the past five years; a director in the Island City Savings Bank, which he helped to reinstate upon a strong financial basis in 1885; one of the organizers of and now one of the directors in the Galveston Cotton & Woolen Mills Co.; a director of the Galveston & Western Railway, and a director in the Texas Guarantee and Trust Co. He was one of the stockholders and directors of the Santa Fe when that road was reorganized in 1878 or 1879; was

one of the charter members of the Garten Verein in 1876, and has been a member of the Galveston Deep Water Committee ever since its organization, and in 1882 and 1884 went to Washington City and labored zealously and effectively in the interests of securing deep water at Galveston.

He has been connected with almost every large corporation chartered or enterprise inaugurated in Galveston during the past twenty years, and thus he is by property as well as social ties identified with the best interests of the city, for whose welfare he has worked so unceasingly.

On starting out upon his business career Mr. Runge inherited some money from his father and was materially aided by his uncle, Mr. Henry Runge, of Indianola and Galveston, who advanced

him the necessary capital to secure his admission to the present firm of Kaufman & Runge. He early displayed remarkable business talents and has since made a brilliant record as a merchant, financier and public official.

In 1876 he was united in marriage to his cousin, Miss Johanna Runge, daughter of Mr. Henry Runge, who was a member of the firm before the subject of this memoir was admitted to the partnership. Mr. Julius Runge has seven children—three girls and four boys. He is a member of the German Lutheran Church and baptized and confirmed in that faith, but is a member of no secret order. In the prime of a vigorous, physical and mental manhood, he is a notable figure in the commercial world of Texas.

ELDRED J. SIMKINS,

CORSICANA.

Hon. E. J. Simkins, a distinguished ex-judge of the Court of Appeals of the State of Texas, and for two sessions a member of the State Senate, was born and reared in Edgefield District, South Carolina; acquired his preliminary literary education at Beaufort, in that State, and completed it at South Carolina College, graduating with the class of 1859. The Twenty-first and Twenty-second Sessions of the Texas State Senate presented a brilliant galaxy of talent in which his star shone as one of the first magnitude. He took an active and prominent part in the legislation enacted by those bodies and few of his colleagues were more magnetic or able in debate. He left his impress upon some of the most salutary laws that were placed upon the statute books.

Under an act of Congress, passed in 1862, all the property of his family at Beaufort and in the adjoining islands was confiscated on account of their loyalty to the State, made sacred to them by the nativity and graves of the family for generations.

He volunteered in the Confederate service in 1861, and served in the Hampton Legion until 1862, when he was appointed to the first regular artillery regiment and served during the war at Fort Sumpter and the posts around Charleston, S. C. In 1867 he moved to Florida and commenced the practice of law at Monticello with his brother, under the firm name of Simkins & Simkins. In

1868 he was elected Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Jefferson County and retained that position until he came to Texas in 1871, and settled at Corsicana. He was editor of the *Monticello Advertiser*, a Democratic paper, in 1869 and 1870, and, on his removal to Texas, edited the *Navarro Banner*, until his election as District Attorney. Being joined, in Texas, by his brother, he engaged in the practice of his profession under the firm name of Simkins & Simkins; at once took high rank at the bar, and in 1872 was elected District Attorney of the Thirty-fifth Judicial District. He was also elected to the Chairmanship of the Democratic Executive Committee of Navarro County, which he held until 1877. He was a competitor for the Democratic nomination for Attorney-General against Hon. John D. Templeton, in 1879. In 1882, he was appointed one of the regents of the University of Texas and was twice re-appointed and confirmed. In 1884, he was a member of the National Democratic Convention, representing in that body the Ninth Congressional District of Texas. In 1886 he was elected, by a majority of 2,800 votes, to the Twentieth and Twenty-first Legislatures, from the Fifteenth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Navarro, Limestone and Freestone.

Coming to the Senate at a time when popular prejudice was most rife against the University of

Texas, he was its recognized champion. By constant effort and labor, and by conciliatory methods, he disarmed hostility, changed prejudice into friendliness, and finally succeeded in winning, even from its enemies, a recognition of the right of the University to public support.

In 1890 he was re-elected, by a large majority, to the State Senate from his district, after one of the most prolonged and bitter contests ever recorded in the political annals of Texas. The Senatorial Convention (almost equally divided) cast more than 1800 ballots without making a nomination and finally adjourned *sine die*, each side placing its candidate before the people. He did yeoman service on the stump for the triumph of the Democracy in the exciting contest that followed before the people, and the signal victory that was achieved at the polls in November was mainly due to his effort and the efforts of the friends who espoused his cause.

In the Twenty-second Legislature he was Chairman of the Senate Committee on Constitutional Amendments, and was the author of the constitutional amendment to the judiciary article which was adopted in August, 1891, which totally changed the appellate system of the State, separating the criminal from the civil jurisdiction and preparing the way for its separation in the district and county.

On the assembling of the Legislature in extra session in February, 1892, he was made chairman of the committee to frame the laws putting the new system into operation, and the entire work of preparing the necessary bills was relegated to him,

and, after three weeks hard labor, his work was presented and accepted by the committee and the Legislature almost without a change, and is the law to-day.

Immediately upon the adjournment of the Legislature Judge White, the presiding judge of the Court of Appeals, having resigned, Senator Simkins was appointed in his place and went on the bench at Austin, in May, 1892. In November, 1892, he was elected to fill the vacancy, and remained on the bench until January 1, 1895, when he was succeeded by the Hon. J. N. Henderson. From his first opinion to the close of his term his great effort was to strike down "judge-made" technicalities and bring the administration of criminal law to the test of reason and common sense. This aroused a powerful opposition among the criminal lawyers and led to his defeat in 1894 before the State convention.

On leaving the bench he returned to his home in Corsicana.

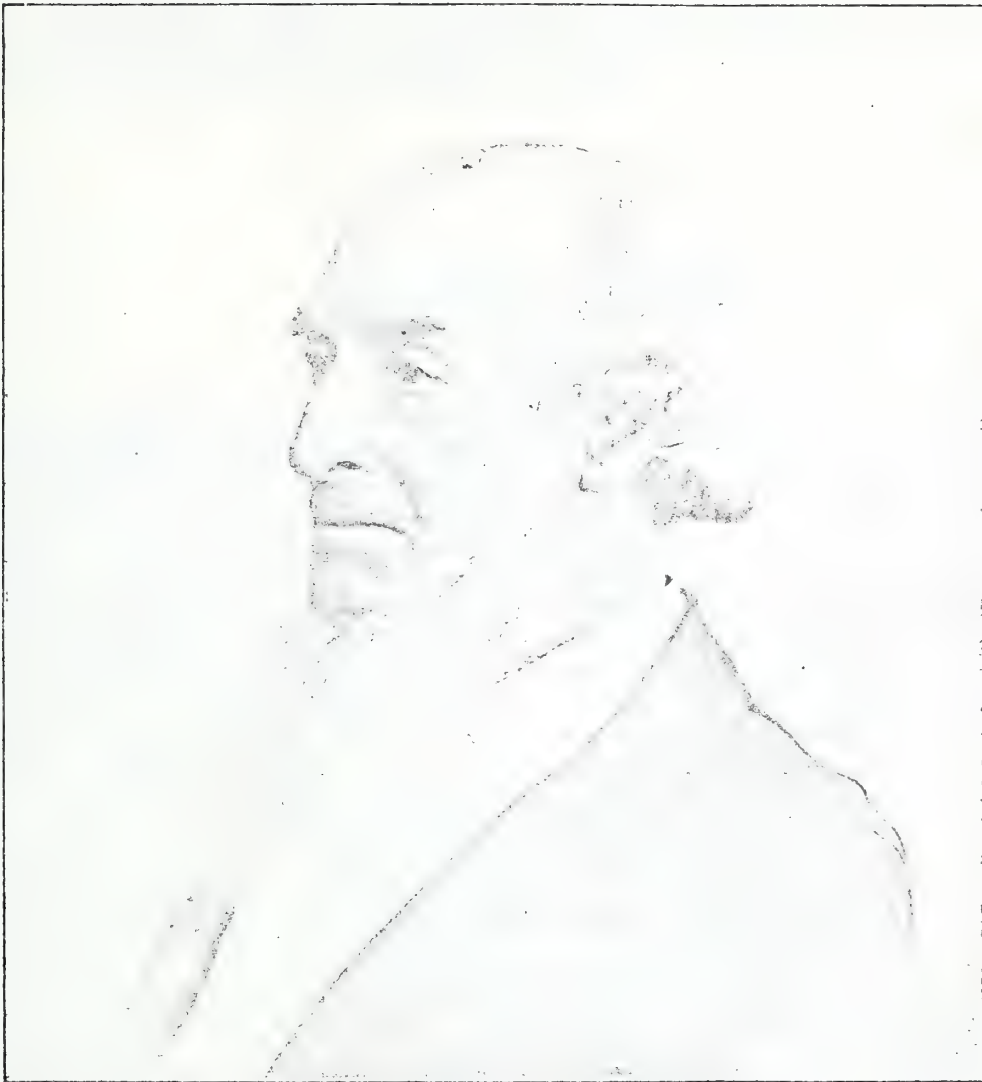
He married Miss Eliza Trescot, of Beaufort, S. C., and has a family of five living children. He is a member of the Episcopal Church and the Masonic Grand Lodge. The law firm of Simkins & Simkins having been dissolved in 1885, by the removal of his brother to Dallas, he formed a copartnership with Hon. R. S. Neblett, under the firm name of Simkins & Neblett, a connection that continued until March, 1892. Judge Simkins is now engaged in practice at Corsicana with Mr. Richard Mays under the firm name of Simkins & Mays.

WILEY JONES,

WACO.

The subject of this memoir was born in Blount County, Ala., and came to Texas with his parents, Acquilla and Dillie Jones. They came to this State in the spring of 1848 and settled near Cameron, in Milam County. They were married in 1827 in Alabama and had six children, three boys and three girls, all of whom were born in that State, except one daughter, Mrs. Jack Johnson of Waco, Texas. They moved to McLennan County, Texas, in 1854, and engaged in farming and stockraising. The father died in 1880 and the mother in 1890 on their farm, twelve miles from Waco, and are buried there.

Wiley Jones was born July 17th, 1829. He received a good common school education and had the usual experiences common to boys and young men during the time he grew to manhood in this State. Having a taste for adventure, he, in April, 1848, enlisted in Capt. John Conner's Ranger company, attached to Bell's regiment, and until December of that year was quartered with it at a point near the head of Richland creek, half way between the present cities of Waco and Fort Worth. That portion of the country was then covered with buffaloes and infested with hostile Indians. In December the company marched to Austin and was



SHAPLEY P. ROSS.

there mustered out of service. During the time that Mr. Jones was a member of it he distinguished himself for gallantry and met with many thrilling adventures.

He was married in 1849 in Cameron, Texas, to Miss Margaret Ellison, daughter of J. W. Ellison, of Brazos County. Mr. Jones lived in Milam County until 1850 and then moved to McLennan County, where he bought improved lands and engaged in stockraising and farming. Six children have been born to them, three boys and three girls, viz.: Travis and William, who live in Waco;

Bettie, now the wife of J. E. Egan, of Waco; Dee, now wife of W. H. Gibson, of Waco; Joney, ex-City Secretary, who resides at Waco, and Rosa, who is living at home. Mr. Jones, by thrift, energy and business ability, has accumulated a competency and by the exercise of many excellent qualities as citizen, neighbor and friend, has widely endeared himself to the people, among whom he has spent the best years of an active and useful life, and is now, at an advanced age, enjoying a well-earned rest among his numerous family and friends.

SHAPLEY P. ROSS,

WACO.

Perhaps no early settler did more to free Texas from the depredations of hostile Indians, rendered more valuable services to the commonwealth over a longer period of time, or is more generally or affectionately remembered, than the illustrious subject of this memoir, Capt. Shapley P. Ross, for many years prior to his death a resident of the city of Waco, in McLennan County. His life-history is a part, and a large part, of the history of Texas.

He was born in Jefferson County, Ky., six miles from Louisville, January 18, 1811. His parents were Shapley and Mary (Prince) Ross, natives of Virginia. His paternal grandparents were Lawrence and Susan (Oldham) Ross, the former born in Scotland and a scion of the historic Ross family of that country. Lawrence Ross came to America with his father when a boy and, while attending school in Virginia, was shot through the shoulder and taken prisoner by the Indians. He remained with the Indians until he was twenty-three years of age and was then given up by them upon the signing of the first treaty of Limestone. He and his wife both lived to an advanced age, his death occurring in Jefferson County, Ky., in 1817, at the age of ninety-eight, and his wife two years later.

Shapley Ross (father of the subject of this notice) was a Kentucky planter and large slaveholder. He moved to Lincoln County, Missouri, in 1817, and died in 1823, at the age of sixty-five years. His wife was descended from a distinguished Virginia family and was a lady of many estimable qualities. She was a member of the

Primitive Baptist Church. Her death occurred in Iowa at the home of her son, Capt. Shapley P. Ross, in 1837. She left surviving her six sons and three daughters, viz.: William, Lawrence, Mervin, Pressly, Nevill, Shapley P., Susan, Caroline, and Elizabeth.

After Shapley Ross' death the estate was divided among the heirs, all grown and married except Shapley P., who was then eleven or twelve years of age. He lived with his mother upon the homestead for a time, but she subsequently broke up housekeeping and he went to live with his brother Mervin, who was his guardian. At the age of sixteen he visited the Galena lead mines. He was always a lover of fine horses and while in his teens was engaged in trading in cattle and horses. He followed this and various other pursuits until, when twenty-nine years of age, he met, wooed and, November 4, 1830, married, Miss Katherine H. Fulkerson, a native of Buckingham County, Va., born September 23, 1814, daughter of Capt. Isaac Fulkerson, a wealthy planter of German descent, who moved from Virginia to Missouri in 1814, where he died in May, 1837. Capt. Fulkerson was at one time a Senator in the Missouri Legislature. Mrs. Ross is one of the most widely known and estimable ladies in Texas. Possessed of the courage requisite to facing the dangers of frontier life she at the same time is gifted with those sweet, womanly qualities that adorn the home and grace the higher walks of social life.

After his marriage Capt. Ross lived in Iowa and

Missouri, engaged in farming, hotel-keeping, trading with Indians, etc., until 1839. In 1834 he and some chosen friends, with their families, settled on the Indian reservation on the Des Moines river, in Iowa. The reservation was occupied by the Fox and Sioux Indians, then under the leadership of the noted chief, Black Hawk. They immediately constructed houses, began farming and the community became known as the "Ross Settlement." It was here that Col. Peter Ross and ex-Governor L. S. Ross were born. In 1838, Capt. Ross rented out his farm, placed his other interests in the hands of his agent and went to Missouri. In 1839, having been advised by his physicians to seek a warmer climate, he came to Texas, where he ever after made his home.

Upon his arrival here he took the oath of allegiance to the Republic of Texas, which was administered by Neil McLennan, and thus became entitled to a head-right of 640 acres of land. He settled at Old Nashville on the Brazos in Milam County and planted a small crop of corn and killed buffaloes to supply his family with food. Leaving his wife and children at Nashville, he went out with his nephew, Shapley Woolfolk, to look at the country, now embraced within the limits of Bell and McLennan Counties, and, being pleased with it, went back to Nashville and traded his wagon and horses for 640 acres on the Leon river and 600 acres in Burleson County. While at Nashville, the inhabitants being collected there for protection against Indians, Capt. Ross proposed to Capt. Monroe and others to move with him to Little river and form a settlement, each pledging himself not to leave unless all left, until a treaty was made with the Indians. Seven or eight of these men, with their families, moved to and settled on Capt. Monroe's league of land in Milam County, thirty-five miles above Nashville, the nearest white settlement. This little, but determined colony, had frequent fights with Indians. A detailed account of Capt. Ross' experiences in those pioneer days would read like a thrilling romance, and would fill the pages of a large volume. Only a brief sketch, however, can be presented here. On one occasion the Indians raided the settlement by night and stole all the horses. Fortunately for the pioneers, a man came into the settlement early next day with a number of mules. Capt. Ross and others at once mounted and hastened after the red-skins, who were overtaken on Buggy creek, where a bloody and desperate fight ensued. Capt. Ross singled out one big Indian, and his nephew, R. S. Woolfolk, another, and a hand-to-hand fight with knives followed. Both Indians were killed and their companions were

also dispatched. All the property stolen was recovered.

In 1842 Capt. Ross was a member of Capt. Jack Hays' company of rangers. In 1845 he sold his land, on which the town of Cameron now stands, for a two-horse wagon and a yoke of oxen. He then moved to Austin, the State capital, in order to afford his children better educational advantages. The following year he raised a company of volunteers for the protection of the frontier, was elected Captain and in that capacity rendered efficient and invaluable service to the State. With the Indian agent, he visited all the hostile tribes on the frontier in 1848 and assisted in effecting treaties of peace with them, in consequence of the adoption of which there was peace between them and the whites for nearly two years.

In March, 1849, Capt. Ross moved to Waco, being induced to locate there by the company that owned the league of land on which Waco is now situated. They offered to give him four lots and the ferry privilege and to sell him eighty acres of land at \$1.00 per acre, all of which he accepted. The town was laid out soon after. He selected his lots and built a cabin on them. He also bought 200 acres at \$2.50 an acre, in addition to the eighty already mentioned. On the former he spent the evening of his life, his home being a two-story frame building, located in a natural grove, filled with mocking birds, in the extreme south part of Waco.

In 1855 Capt. Ross was appointed Indian agent and given charge of the various tribes then on reservations in different parts of the State, which position he held until 1858. By his diplomacy he gained the good-will of all the friendly tribes and they followed his instructions in every way. In 1857 the Comanches, who were always hostile, raided the settlement and took away a large number of horses and other valuable property. Capt. Ross at once organized a force of one hundred of the best warriors from the friendly tribes, dressed himself in the garb of an Indian Chief and took the lead in pursuit of the foe. He was joined by Capt. Ford, of the United States Army, and soon came upon the Comanches' camp, which was deserted. A short distance away, however, they discovered the Indian thieves secreted in a ravine in full force and ready to give battle. Then followed one of the most desperate Indian fights which ever occurred upon the soil of Texas. Seventy-five Indians were killed and the property recaptured. During this struggle Capt. Ross was singled out by the chief of the Comanches, a powerful warrior, who charged down upon him at the full speed of his horse. The Indians covered with their arrows the chief, who,



EX-GOV. L. S. ROSS.

It was afterwards discovered, wore a coat of mail. Capt. Ross dismounted and, with his trusty rifle, calmly waited the oncoming of the Comanche until his antagonist was within proper distance and then fired, killing him instantly and driving parts of the coat of mail into his body. This armor was taken from the dead chief and deposited in the museum in the State capitol.

On the death of Robert S. Neighbors, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Texas, Capt. Ross was ordered to San Antonio to settle up the affairs of the Indian Superintendency, this work requiring his presence in San Antonio during the entire winter of 1859-60.

In politics he was ever a staunch Democrat. He opposed Texas joining the Confederacy but favored secession as a separate State under the "Lone Star." He was not engaged in the military service of the Confederacy. He joined the Masons in 1851 at Waco and remained a member of that fraternity as long as he lived. He departed this life September 17, 1889.

He was a man of wide self-culture, a delightful conversationalist and a writer of excellent ability, from whom contributions, relating to old times, and often to issues pending before the people, were eagerly sought by the press of the State.

Nine children were born to Capt. and Mrs. Ross, viz.: Mary Rebecca, Margaret Virginia, Peter F., Lawrence Sullivan, Ann, Mervin, Robert S., Kate and William H. Mervin died at the age of six years. The others grew up, received excellent educational advantages, married, have families and are now occupying useful and honored positions in life.

LAWRENCE SULLIVAN ROSS.

Hon. Lawrence Sullivan Ross, ex-Governor of Texas and now President of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Bryan, a man who retired from political office, enjoying the unlimited confidence, respect and affectionate regard of all the people of Texas, irrespective of party affiliations, although he was a pronounced and vigorous champion of Democracy, and who in the position he has now filled for several years as the head of one of the State's most important educational institutions, has still further endeared himself to the people and given the strongest possible proof of the scope and versatility of his talents, was born at Benton's Post, Iowa, in 1838. In 1856 he attended Baylor University at Waco and the same year was sent to the Wesleyan University at Florence, Ala. Returning home in 1858 to spend the summer vacation he assembled a company of one hundred

and twenty-five Indian warriors and hurried to the support of Maj. Earl Van Dorn, who was leading the Second United States Cavalry against the Comanches; joined forces with that officer and in October of that year played a conspicuous part in the battle of Wichita and, by an act of daring bravery, rescued a little white girl eight years of age, who had been with the Indians perhaps from infancy. He named her Lizzie Ross. In after years she married a wealthy Californian and died at her home in Los Angeles in 1886.

The Indians were completely routed in the battle, but both Van Dorn and Ross were badly wounded. When sufficiently recovered the subject of this sketch resumed his studies at Florence, graduated in 1859, hastened back to Texas and in 1860, at the head of Pease river, as Captain of a company of sixty rangers, employed to guard the Western frontier, administered a blow that forever crushed the warlike Comanches. In the battle he killed Peta Nocona, the last of the great Comanche chieftains, captured all the effects of the savages and restored to civilization Cynthia Ann Parker, who had been captured by the Comanches at Parker's Fort in 1836. Very few of the Indians escaped the fury of the rangers. As a recognition of his services, Governor Sam Houston appointed Ross an aide-de-camp with the rank of Colonel. Through the efforts of Capt. L. S. Ross and his men more than 800 horses stolen by the Indians were recovered and returned to their owners. He gave law and safety to the frontier after all others had failed and when the State had expended more than \$350,000 with little effect the year previous to his appointment. Gen. Houston wrote to him in 1860: "Continue to repel, pursue and punish the Indians as you are now doing and the people of Texas will not fail to reward you.—Sam Houston."

The old General's words were prophetic. Ross lived to perform many other valuable services in civil life and in a wider field of military operations, and the people of Texas have since showered honors upon him as they have upon few men who have figured in the history of the State. February, 1861, he tendered his resignation to Gen. Houston; served for a brief period under Governor Clark on the Indian Embassy and then entered the Confederate army as a private in Company G., commanded by his brother, Capt. (afterwards the distinguished Col.) P. F. Ross; rose rapidly from the ranks and, September 3d, 1861, was elected Major of his regiment, the Sixth Texas Cavalry.

In May, 1862, he was elected Colonel and was immediately assigned by Maj.-Gen. L. Jones to command of the brigade, but modestly declined

the honor, and Gen. Phifer was subsequently selected.

Gen. Van Dorn, with about 15,000 men, made a forced march on Corinth, Miss., but not receiving expected re-enforcements, was repulsed after a sharp engagement by Gen. Rosecrans, who, with 30,000 men, was strongly entrenched at that place. The enemy followed up the disorderly retreat of the Confederate troops toward the bridge on Hatchie river the following day. Here Ross, in command of Phifer's brigade, was stationed to guard the Confederate wagon-trains and rear and, with his 1,000 men, held over 10,000 Union soldiers at bay for over an hour and a half — long enough to enable Van Dorn to reform his troops and retreat safely and in good order. Gen. Maury was requested by the War Department at Richmond to give the name of the officer who had especially distinguished himself in this action and at once reported that of Col. Ross. Without the knowledge or consent of Ross, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston wrote to the Secretary of War, October 3d, 1863, and had him appointed Brigadier-General, a position filled by him until the close of hostilities. Ross served in the Trans-Mississippi department, and also "across the river," under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Gen. Hood, fighting through the famous Georgia campaign. He was elected Sheriff of McLennan County in 1875; served the same year as a member of the Constitutional Convention; was a member of the State Senate from 1881 to 1883; was nominated by the Democratic party and elected Governor in 1886; was re-elected Governor in 1888 practically without opposition, and on retiring from office early in 1891, was made President of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College at Bryan, the position he now fills.

The following, taken from a Texas paper and published during Ross' second campaign before the people for re-election to the office of Governor of Texas, fitly illustrates his character and shows by what means he won the respect and devotion of the men who served under him during the war: "An affecting scene occurred at Morgan the other day, when a prominent attorney of one of our frontier counties sought an introduction to Ross and, with the tears quietly stealing down his cheeks, said: 'I have just received a letter from a favorite brother, now in Mississippi, who was an old soldier under you and who was desperately wounded on the retreat from Nashville and left on the roadside to die. He says, sir, that when you came by him in charge of the rear guard, and the Yankees were pouring shot and shell into your brave little band that stood between Hood's disorganized col-

umns and the pursuing enemy, he hailed you and bade you a lasting good-bye, whereupon you rode to where he lay and, dismounting, examined his wounds and asked if he could find strength enough to ride behind on your horse. But he told you he was probably mortally wounded and that you could do nothing to aid him. This brother says, sir, that you then turned your pocket out and found \$6, all you had, and gave it to him, and then mounted and rode rapidly away under fire of the enemy, then not more than 200 yards from you. He now writes me to repay you in some measure, in his name, for your devotion to a private soldier.'"

MRS. KATE (ROSS) PADGITT.

Mrs. Kate (Ross) Padgitt, wife of Mr. Tom Padgitt (a wholesale merchant and for many years a leading citizen of Waco and Central Texas) was born at Waco, January 6th, 1852, and was married to Mr. Padgitt, January 3d, 1878. She was the first white child born in the then Indian village. At the time there were not more than four or five white families in the settlement. Miss Ross when quite young entered Baylor University, under the presidency of Dr. Rufus C. Burleson, and in due course of time graduated from that institution with high honors. The first steamboat that ever plied the Brazos river was named the *Katie Ross* in her honor. The boat was afterwards taken to Galveston and ran between that city and Houston.

Of congenial tastes, Mr. and Mrs. Padgitt's beautiful home in Waco is the seat of that delightful and refined hospitality that from time immemorial has been the boast and glory of the South. Mrs. Padgitt is one of the brightest ornaments of our Texas womanhood. As I write I have before me a letter from Herbert Howe Bancroft to a correspondent in this State in which he in grateful terms expresses his appreciation of the very valuable assistance that she rendered him in the collection and preparation of material for his Texas History. I, too, am indebted to her for many of the facts used in the compilation of the memoir of the life of her father, the lamented Capt. Shapley P. Ross. While she takes great interest in literary and artistic matters and social functions, she is at the same time thoroughly domestic and devoted to her husband, children, and household duties. Mr. and Mrs. Padgitt have five living children, viz.: Buena Vista, now wife of Mr. Foster Fort, of Waco; Catherine, Clinton, Lotta, and Ross. One child, Sallie, died at the age of thirteen, and another, Thomas, died at the age of twelve years.

JAMES GARRITY,

CORSICANA.

Capt. James Garrity, president of the First National Bank of Corsicana, and one of the most highly honored citizens of that thriving little city and section of the State, is a native of Ireland, born in Dublin, April 3d, 1842.

His earlier years were passed in Covington, Ky., and New Orleans, and in the schools of the latter city he received such educational advantages as could be had up to the age of thirteen from which time circumstances compelled his leaving school in order to earn a living. At the first call for volunteers he entered the Confederate army, enlisting May 4th, 1861, in a local company of cadets, which soon after became part of the Fifth Louisiana Regiment which operated with the Army of Northern Virginia. He entered the company as a private, and through meritorious and gallant service rose to the captaincy, and served with it in that capacity in the various engagements fought by the Army of Northern Virginia from the beginning until the end of the war between the States. He was three times wounded—at Sharpsburg, Malvern Hill and Fishersville—but his injuries were not such as to keep him out of active service for any considerable length of time.

At the close of the war he returned to New Orleans and for a year was employed as a clerk by Sibley, Guion & Co., cotton brokers and part owners and operators of the since well-known *Guion Line of Ocean Steamers*.

In the fall of 1866 he came to Texas and for five years was engaged in the mercantile and banking business, first as a clerk and later as partner in interest, at points along the line of the Houston & Texas Central Railroad, then being built through the counties of Brazos, Robertson and Limestone. Through good fortune, he says, but it would probably be more correct to say, through industry, good management and sagacity, he met with success while so employed, accumulating between \$10,000 and \$12,000, which formed the nucleus of the handsome fortune which he has since amassed.

In 1871, having sold his interest in the banking

business of Adams, Leonard & Company, at Calvert, he formed a copartnership with Mr. Joseph Huey and started the pioneer banking institution of Navarro County, this being the private banking house of Garrity, Huey & Company, which began business in Corsicana, in September of that year. Capt. Garrity has since given his attention chiefly to the banking business. In 1886 the firm of Garrity & Huey (the "Company" having been dropped from the style of the firm after the first year) was succeeded by the First National Bank, of which Capt. Garrity became president and Mr. Huey vice-president, the bank nationalizing with a capital of \$100,000. This was increased a year later to \$125,000, which remains the amount of its capital stock. Capt. Garrity is still the chief executive officer. In addition to his banking business he has various outside interests, owning a large amount of valuable real estate in the city of Corsicana, and being connected, as promoter and stockholder, with some of the city's leading industries and enterprises, among the number, the Corsicana Compress Company, the Texas Mill and Elevator Company, The Corsicana Manufacturing Company, The Merchants Opera House Company, and the Corsicana Cotton Oil Company. He is a member of the Masonic, I. O. O. F., Knights of Pythias and Elks fraternities, in all of which he takes much interest, particularly in Masonry, in which he has become Knight Templar and taken the thirty-second degree and is Past Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of the State.

June 15th, 1870, while still residing at Calvert, he married Miss Emma Moore, then a resident of that place, but a native of Alabama and a niece of ex-Governor Moore of that State. Mrs. Garrity departed this life on February 17th, 1893, lamented by every one who knew her, and is still mourned for by a husband to whom she was all the world. Few men in Texas are better known as financiers than Capt. Garrity and no man, certainly, has done more for the upbuilding of the best interests of the section of the State in which he lives.

ANDREW JACKSON HARRIS,

BELTON.

Judge A. J. Harris, a distinguished member of the Texas bar and for many years a prominent figure in political and professional life in this State, was born in Talbot County, Ga., January 27, 1839, and grew to manhood on his father's farm. His parents were Thomas and Lydia Jones Harris, members of Georgia families for many generations distinguished in the history of the country. His paternal great-grandfather, Richard Harris, served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War of 1776 that resulted in the American colonies throwing off the yoke of British tyranny, and the establishment of the United States of America, a monument to the patriotism, valor and wisdom of the people of that day which has no parallel in all the annals of the human race. His maternal grandfather, Judge James L. Burke, took part in the battle of the Horse Shoe and fought through the War of 1812.

His father, Thomas Harris, was born near Milledgeville in Georgia, September 15th, 1812, was a farmer by occupation and died August 26, 1894, aged 82 years, in Comanche County, Texas, where he then resided.

His mother, Mrs. Lydia Harris, was born in Jasper County, Ga., January 28, 1816. Her father moved to Talbot County, Ga., when she was a girl, and there she grew to womanhood, married in 1835 and remained until 1845, when she moved to Scott County, Miss., with her husband, where she died in May, 1861, leaving nine children. Judge A. J. Harris was six years of age when his parents removed to Mississippi. He resided there until after the close of the war. He graduated from the University of Mississippi in 1861, with high honors, and on returning home raised a company for service in the Confederate army and was elected Captain. It was mustered into service as Company I, Twenty-seventh Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, and did duty at Pensacola and Mobile, and in Tennessee and Kentucky. He participated with his command in several skirmishes and minor engagements and took part in the great battle of Murfreesboro, in all of which he bore himself with the coolness and gallantry that became an officer of one of the grandest armies that ever marched forth to battle for the rights and liberties of a people. On account of physical disabilities he resigned his commission in 1863; but subsequently, upon restoration to health, rejoined the army, attaching himself as an

independent volunteer to the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry and remained with it through the fall and winter of 1863-64. From the spring of 1864 until August of that year, he was not connected with the army, but, in August, Gen. Clark, then Governor of Mississippi, issued a proclamation calling on all who could bear arms even for thirty days to go to North Mississippi and join the army under Gen. Forrest, to meet the invading Northern army of Gen. A. J. Smith. Responding to this call, Judge Harris joined Duff's Regiment and served about three months. He joined the regiment the next day after he reached Forrest and marched with it to Hurricane-creek, north of Oxford, and remained there night and day for several days under a constant downpour of rain. The Confederate troops were then driven back south of Oxford and went into camp on Yocony creek. The next day the Federals burned Oxford and retreated with the Southern army hanging upon their flank. The Confederates overtook their rear guard at Abbeville and had a slight brush with them which ended the campaign.

Judge Harris came to Waco, Texas, January 1st, 1865, and taught one month in the Waco University. He then went to Salado and taught in the college at that place from February, 1865, until July, 1867, after which he removed to Belton and entered upon the practice of law, but was persuaded by the people to open a school, which he taught for two years. In 1869 he returned to the practice of law; but, in 1870, a vacancy occurring in the faculty of the school at Salado, the people of that place called upon him to fill it, promising to secure another teacher to take his place, which they failed to do, and he remained there one year, much against his will. This service marked the close of his career as a school-teacher. Returning to Belton, he entered vigorously upon the practice of his profession, in which he has since continued.

He was elected County Superintendent of public free schools in 1873, and filled the office until the adoption of the constitution of 1875, which dispensed with county superintendents. He was elected without opposition and without being a candidate. In 1880 he was elected to the State Senate and was elected for a second term in 1882, serving with marked distinction in the sessions of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Legislatures. In 1877 he formed a copartnership with X. B. Saunders, under

the firm name of Harris & Saunders. Judge Saunders succeeded Judge Alexander in the firm, Judge Alexander having been appointed to the District Judgeship to succeed Judge Saunders, who was the incumbent. This firm has occupied a leading position at the bar of Central Texas for many years.

Judge Harris was married July 31st, 1866, to Miss Olivia P. Sugg, daughter of William and Mary Sugg, of Calhoun County, Miss. They have six children living: Mary, wife of S. S. Walker, a merchant of Belton; Martha Elizabeth, wife of Pike L. Phelps, a gentleman engaged in the insurance business, at Belton; Olivia Frances, wife of John P. Hammersmith, a Belton merchant; Lucy Bell and Annie Jackson, who live at home and are now students at Baylor College, and Andrew Jackson Harris, Jr. One son, Thomas, died July 9th, 1886, of membranous croup, aged two years and six months.

Judge Harris has been a member of the Baptist

Church since 1876 and is one of the trustees of Baylor Female College, at Belton.

He has never sought office and has never been a voluntary candidate; nevertheless, at the State Democratic Convention, held in 1886, his name was submitted by his friends for nomination for one of the judgeships of the Supreme Court of Texas, and they claim that he received a majority of the votes cast by the members of the convention, but on account of some irregularities in counting them, another ballot was taken and Judge R. R. Gaines elected as the party's nominee.

Judge Harris occupies a position at the bar of Texas, which he has so long graced with his learning and talents, that should be a matter of pride to him and is certainly a source of gratification to his thousands of admirers and many friends who appreciate the dignity and purity of his character, the value of the public services he has rendered and the luster that he has added to the profession which he has so long adorned.

T. W. HOUSE,

HOUSTON.

T. W. House, veteran, merchant and banker of Houston, was one of the notable pioneers of early civilization and commerce in Texas. Born in Somersetshire, England, in the year 1813, he died at San Antonio, Texas, January 17th, 1880. His forefathers were from Holland, from whence they emigrated to England in the early dawn of the eighteenth century, and settled in Somersetshire. Up to the time that the subject of this memoir was nineteen years of age, he worked on his father's farm, but his father was poor, and, being the youngest of four children, the future was not bright, so he decided to come to America. He was seconded in this resolution by a friend who was captain of a merchant vessel plying between Bristol and New York and with whom he set sail for America in the year 1832. He remained in New York for several years, and afterwards went to New Orleans, where he lived for a short time before coming to Texas. It was while living at New Orleans that his attention was first called to Texas and her wonderful resources, and early in the year 1836 he landed in Galveston, and at once went to Houston, which was then being laid out. It was at this

place that he was destined to achieve the full measure of his ambition. Soon after his arrival at Houston he volunteered his services in behalf of his adopted country and served as a soldier under Gen. Burleson in the last days of the war of 1835-6, against Mexico. In 1838 he returned to Houston and there, with the few hundred dollars at his command, erected a tent, purchased a supply of goods and began his wonderful career as a merchant. His fortunes grew with the growth of the town, to whose upbuilding he contributed perhaps more than any other man, until he achieved the rank of a merchant prince.

In 1840, he married Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of Charles Shearn, afterwards Chief Justice of Harris County. At the beginning of the war between the States in 1861, he had reached such a position in the financial world that his advice and services were sought by those in command of the Confederate forces in Texas, and he co-operated effectively with them in the work of obtaining clothes and arms from abroad. He owned jointly with the Confederate Government, the *Harriet Lane*, the celebrated Federal steamer which was



captured by the Confederates upon the retaking of Galveston by Magruder the night of December 31, 1862, and the day following. Besides his interest in the *Harriet Lane* he also owned a fleet of vessels which he used as blockade-runners in conveying cotton out from Galveston and bringing return cargoes of clothing and arms. With vast resources at command, with a credit at home and abroad excelled by none, with an unimpeachable integrity, T. W. House did more perhaps during the war between the States, than any other man in Texas to maintain her credit abroad and supply the wants of his fellow-citizens. His services in the directions indicated were invaluable. When the war was over he became actively engaged inducing capital to invest in Texas and was a promoter of several of the longest railroads in the State. Among others he induced Commodore Morgan to make large investments in Texas, and subsequently to purchase \$500,000 of the State's bonds. It was this purchase that marked the beginning of the credit which has given Texas bonds rank in the stock market second to no similar class of securities in the world. Charitable, without ostentation, magnetic in manner, democratic in his tastes and associations, he died beloved by many and honored by all who knew him.

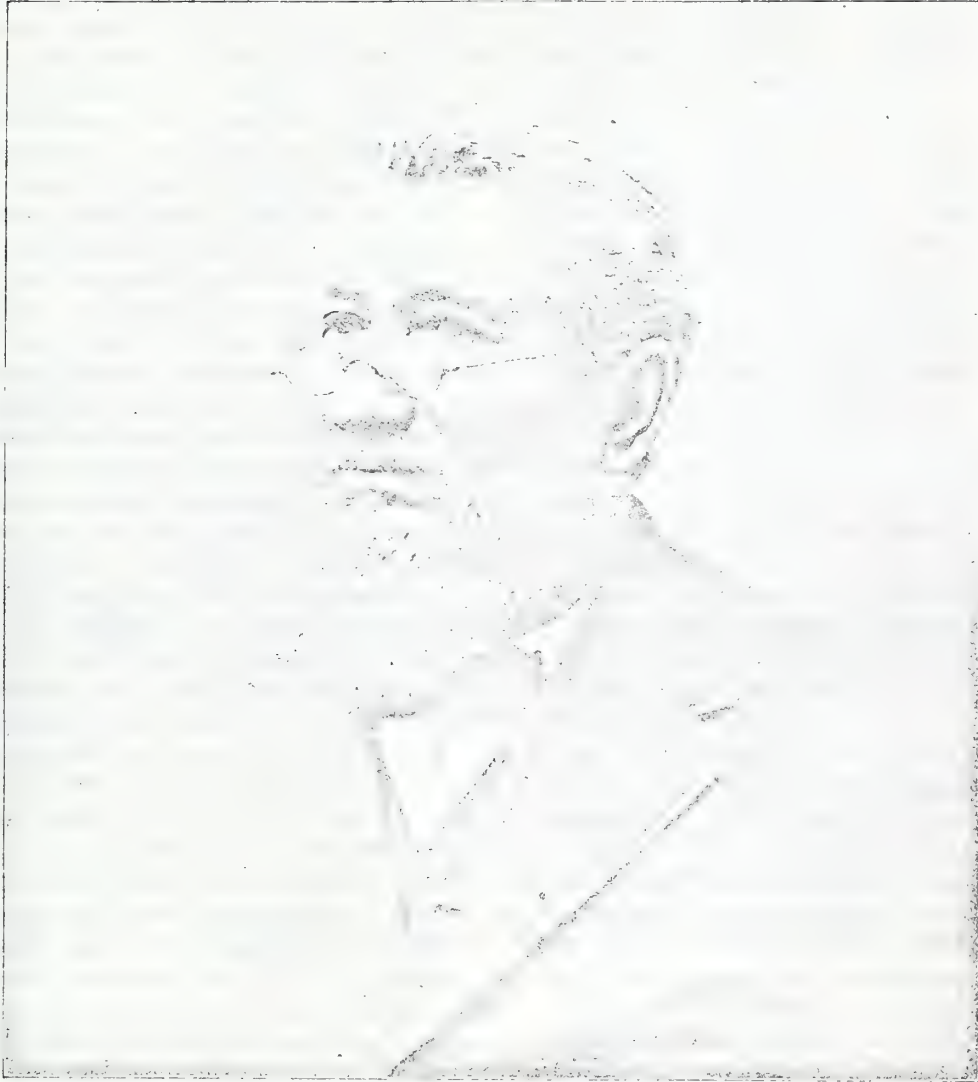
Leaving his native isle a penniless young man he made his way into a new country, devastated by a war marked by the most sanguinary atrocities and the greater extent of whose territory was an unredeemed wilderness. Animated by the spirit of ancient Cresy and Agincourt, like a true Briton, he was as ready to use a musket as to settle down to the more peaceful business of laying for himself the foundation of financial independence. A wise philosopher has said and said truly that the young men who left their homes in foreign lands from 1800 to 1860 to come to America and push into its wildernesses constituted a bold and enterprising class and as a rule were possessed of more than usual natural abilities. They were not content with the hard conditions to which fate had ap-

parently consigned them. The plodder, the timorous and the laggard might stay discontentedly amid such scenes, but, as for these choice spirits, in very childhood their eyes looked wistfully out to sea and thoughts arose in their minds of lands beyond the far-away horizon-bar, and these thoughts gave birth to resolves, carried in due time into execution, to try their fortunes under other skies where courage, self-reliance and ability insured honorable and useful careers. Such men as these came to America by hundreds, and many of them to Texas, among the number the subject of this memoir, T. W. House. In their veins flowed rich and ruddy the blood of the old Norman conquerors. Where armed foes were to be met, they overcame them. Where the wilderness was to be subdued, they subdued it. Where cities were to be built, they built them. Where the genius of commerce was to be evoked they evoked it with the magic of their indomitable wills. They were state and nation builders who occupy a unique position upon the pages of the history of the country, whose services to posterity have been incalculable, whose rugged virtues are worthy of all admiration, and remembrance of whom should be preserved to remotest time. Should the nation ever be in danger of sinking into effeminacy, those to whom is committed its rejuvenation can turn to these men as models to be imitated, and rebuild and restore the vigor of the State.

Long before his death the name of T. W. House had become a household word in Texas. He was one of the foremost citizens of the commonwealth—one of the most useful men of his day and generation. In his career he demonstrated the truth of the aphorism of the author of *Lacon* that "while fortune may be blind, she is by no means invisible, and he who will seek her determinedly will be sure to find her."

He has passed from shadow-land to shadow-land—from birth to death.

He played his part nobly and well. May others seek to emulate his example.



J. C. HIGGINS.

JACOB C. HIGGINS,

BASTROP.

Jacob C. Higgins was born in Caledonia County, Vt., November 2, 1815. His parents were Samuel and Betsey (Chamberlain) Higgins. His father came from Ireland and his mother from England. They first met aboard a ship bound for America, married and located in Caledonia County, Vt., where his father died, when the subject of this memoir was four years of age, Mrs. Higgins following him two years later. About a year after the death of his mother Jacob C. Higgins fell into the hands of an old sea-captain, Capt. Armington, who was a Universalist and objected to his going to Sunday school. Consequently it became a regular practice with the lad to play on that day with a crowd of companions. On one of these occasions while engaged in some sport, he was accosted by Mr. Erastus Fairbanks, superintendent of the local Presbyterian Sunday school, who asked him his name, the names of his parents and his place of residence. In the conversation that followed, the mutual discovery was made that Mr. Fairbanks' wife was a first cousin of the boy's mother, and a few days thereafter he was transferred to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, where he was treated in every respect as one of their sons, grew to manhood and was given every opportunity to perfect himself in the trade of a machinist and millwright. He was quick to learn and soon became proficient, and in 1836 was sent by the firm to superintend the building of a saw-mill upon the banks of one of the rivers of Alabama. This he completed, and then engaged in steamboat engineering, which he pursued for three years.

In 1840 he determined to try his fortune in Texas, and landed in Galveston, March 16th of that year, with \$2,500 in good Alabama and Louisiana money, the proceeds of a year's labor. With this he purchased a stock of merchandise from C. C. Ennis, of Galveston, and went to Austin, where he sold the goods for Texas money, which he discovered, when too late, was of little or no value. He had also bought a number of bonds. Regarding these as worthless he laid them aside. They became valuable later on, however, as Texas by the treaty of annexation, sold the Santa Fe territory to the United States for \$10,000,000 and with a part of the money so procured, called in and paid off all outstanding bonds issued by the late Republic at their face value with all accumulated in-

terest thereon. Mr. Higgins, by this means, came into possession of a considerable sum of money, his profits on his bond purchases amounting to about three hundred per cent. In June, 1840, soon after his arrival in Austin, he was present at the organization of the first Methodist church established in that town, and in fact in that section. Dr. Haney held religious services in the old capitol on the occasion referred to. When he called for all Methodists present to come up and shake hands with him, one man and one woman responded; and with these he organized the church. During the remainder of that year Mr. Higgins was variously engaged, part of the time working with a corps of surveyors, and part of the time participating in expeditions against the Indians.

In June, 1841, he moved to Bastrop, and was there employed to run a mill situated on Copperas creek, two miles distant from town. In 1842 he purchased the mill and ten acres of ground from his employers on credit, and for years thereafter husbanded his resources and invested all the money that he could command in negroes and lands, purchasing ten thousand acres of land in the surrounding country and thereby laying the foundation of future wealth.

He is an indefatigable worker and a clear-headed financier, and hence prospered in all his business undertakings. From the time that he landed in Galveston to the annexation of Texas to the United States, he endured many hardships and privations, but thereafter when he had realized upon his bonds and secured sufficient capital to operate upon, lived more easily. He resided alone at the mill, did his own cooking and housekeeping, and often, for ten days at a time, did not see a human being during the year 1842. In the early days of his residence at Bastrop the Indians came into the town and stole stock and committed numerous depredations. About 1843, Bishop Morris, of Baltimore, visited the place to see his son, and while there preached in an old storehouse. During the services a band of Indians, who were out on a raid, broke up the meeting and the congregation was obliged to fly for safety to a fort that had been provided for such emergencies. During Mr. Higgins' residence on Copperas creek he was also frequently troubled by Indians. From 1871 to 1885 he added merchandising to his other busi-

ness. During these years he also established a private bank. He continued banking until 1892, when he retired from active pursuits.

He was first married in Bastrop County, in 1843, to Miss Sarah Gamble, daughter of Col. William I. Gamble, who came to Texas from Alabama with his family in 1839. By this marriage he had two children: William, now a prosperous farmer in Bastrop County, and Erastus Fairbanks Higgins, who died leaving one child, Claud C., who now resides with his grandfather. Mrs. Higgins died in 1849. Mr. Higgins was married at Seguin, in 1852, to Miss Mary Keener, daughter of a prominent college professor of Alabama, and first cousin of United States District Judge John B. Rector of Texas. Five children were born of this union, three of whom grew to maturity: Samuel, who is a well-to-do farmer in Bastrop County; Blanche, wife of Brook Duval, of Bastrop County, and Horace, who died June 4, 1880. Horace graduated at the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., and later in the Law Department in the University of Virginia. After returning home he formed a co-partnership with Hon. Joseph D. Sayers, but he died three months later, and thus came to a close what promised to be a brilliant career at the bar.

Mrs. Mary (Keener) Higgins died in Bastrop County, in 1861.

In 1867, Mr. Higgins married his present wife, Mrs. Carolina Yellowley, a widow with two daughters. The elder, Bella, married Dr. G. M. Patten, of Waco, in 1883, and died in 1888. The younger, Charlton, became Mrs. Brieger, and now resides in Bowie, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins have two daughters: Lielah, wife of D. Pope Holland, of Atlanta, Ga., and Fairbanks who is now at Bishop Garrett's College, at Dallas.

Upon returning to Texas in 1857, from a visit to the home of Mrs. Fairbanks, in Vermont, Mr. Hig-

gins found that he had been elected to the House of Representatives of the Texas Legislature. He served one term as a member of that body. He could have been re-elected but would not consent to become a candidate for that or any other political office. During the war between the States he served in the Confederate States militia for twenty-two months. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity and has taken all the chapter degrees of that order. In religion he is an Episcopalian, and is senior warden of the Episcopal church at Bastrop. In politics he is a Democrat. Although he lost greatly by the result of the war between the States, owning eighty valuable slaves who were set free at its close, he has practically in all instances been successful in his investments, and is now one of the wealthiest men in his section and the largest taxpayer in Bastrop County.

Up to his eleventh year, when Providence discovered him to his noble benefactors, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, the prospect that apparently laid before him was cheerless. Whatever boyish hopes that were to arise in his breast it seemed were doomed to wither one by one, through long years of toil and saddening disappointments, and in the end be drifted to their graves adown the blasts of Destiny's chill December. There was work for him to do in life, however, and it was to come to him and be done by him if he proved worthy. He did prove worthy of the labor assigned him when the opportunity came, and he embraced it.

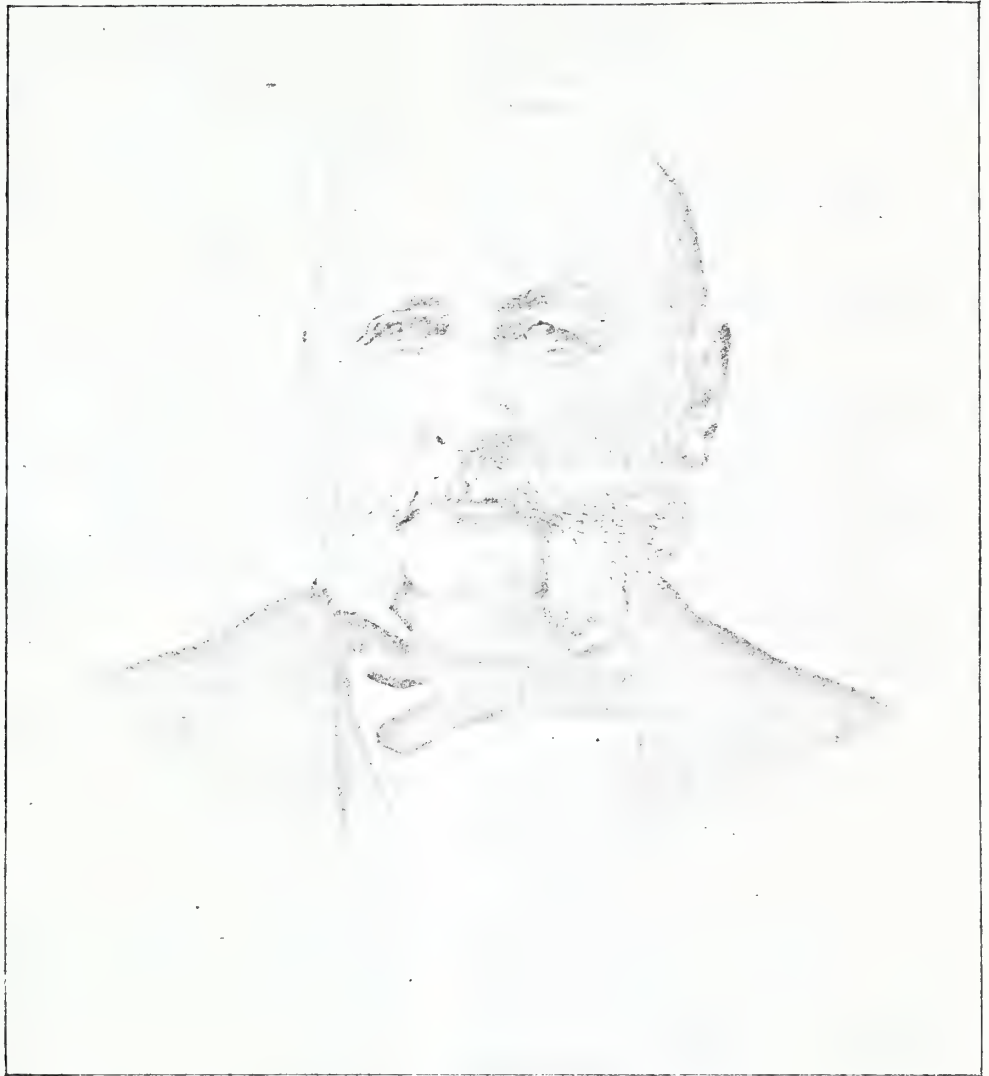
He was grateful, he was honest, he was ambitious, he was industrious, he was enterprising, he was daring, resolute and patient, and as a result, his life has been an honored, useful and successful one. Had he failed in any of these particulars this would not have been. Such a life contains a moral that the young will do well to ponder and profit by.

CORNELIUS ENNIS AND WIFE,

HOUSTON.

From the days when the commerce of Phœnicia extended itself to the verge of the then known world merchants have been the pioneers who have carried forward the illumining torch of civilization. Without their energy and determination to attain success amid difficulties apparently insurmountable, there

would be but little progress in wresting from nature the waste places of the earth for the benefit of mankind. In the days when railroads were thought to be impracticable and the telegraph a superstition, a brave and hardy set of men were traveling over Texas from end to end, on horseback, or in wagons,



CORNELIUS ENNIS.

the compass being their only guide, or, if haply preceded by some comrade, they followed his footsteps by means of the notches he had cut in trees. The roads were almost impassable in rainy weather—and, as there were no bridges, many an anxious hour was spent at the fords. In traveling, pistols, bowie knives and a gun across the knees, were necessary to afford protection against man and beast. Their avocation was, indeed, a perilous one, but when have the sons of commerce been deterred by peril? They have braved alike the terrors of the Barcan desert and the icy North, nor have they feared to go among any savage people or travel any foot of earth. Prominent among the pioneer merchants of Texas was the subject of this memoir, Cornelius Ennis, born in 1813 in Essex County (now Passaic County), New Jersey. Mr. Ennis' great-grandfather was Mr. William Ennis, who came from the north of Ireland in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and settled in Bergen County, New Jersey, with his wife (*nee* Miss Hannah Brower). Mr. Ennis' mother was a Doremus, of Knickerbocker stock, from one of the original Holland families that settled in this country.

After receiving as liberal an education as that State then afforded, he went to New York in 1834, and obtained a position in a drug store, and three years later began a trip down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in search of a desirable location. Traveling on the Mississippi he met a great number of people from Texas, going to Canada to join the patriots around Toronto. All were enthusiastic concerning the agricultural and business opportunities afforded by Texas. These recitals together with stories of the gallantry and courage of the victors in the War for Independence, fired the imagination of the young merchant—and he determined to make his home in the Republic. He returned to New York in May, continued in business there until January, 1839, and then purchased a stock of drugs and medicines and embarked on the schooner "*Lion*" (Capt. Fish commanding) for Galveston.

He found Galveston very sparsely settled, without a hotel or wharf, and proceeded to Houston, then two years old and the capital of the Republic. Here he immediately established himself in business, purchasing a lot on Main street, where he built a storehouse. In November of the same year he formed a partnership with Mr. George W. Kimball, and extended his business to general merchandise. This connection continued until 1842, when Mr. George W. Kimball and family took passage to New York on the brig "*Cuba*" (Capt. Latham), and were lost at sea in a gale off the

Florida coast. Mr. Kimball had with him cotton and funds to be invested in the business at Houston; but this loss served only to further develop the energy and courage of the surviving partner, and the business continued to prosper.

The first cotton received at Houston was in January, 1840, and came from Fort Bend County. Previous to this the merchants of Columbus and Brazoria controlled the crop. Cotton was hauled to market in wagons which were very much delayed by rains, there being no bridges across streams and the roads in a miserable condition. That received at Houston was ferried across the bayou at the foot of Main street, and later at the foot of Commerce and Milam streets where the iron bridge now stands. The firm of Ennis & Kimball made the first shipment of cotton from the port of Galveston to that of Boston in 1841, on the schooner "*Brazos*" (Capt. Hardy, commander) a new departure in business noted with much interest and promising many benefits.

Mr. Ennis was long and prominently connected with the building of railroads in the State. He was one of the incorporators and directors of the Houston and Texas Central, and also of the Great Northern, until that road was merged into the International. The city of Ennis, in Ellis County, was located and named for him while he was in control of the railroad which passed through it. While he was mayor of Houston the city built the Houston Tap Railroad, connecting with the Harrisburg & San Antonio Railroad, to the construction of which he gave his personal attention, Mr. Stump being the civil engineer. He was for some time general superintendent and comptroller of the Houston & Texas Central and, later, its financial agent, with offices in New York, where he resided for several years, negotiating bonds and purchasing supplies and material for the road. In 1856 and 1857 he was mayor of Houston, and gave his services to the city without remuneration, and contributed very materially to its advancement, and also to the general welfare of its people by ferreting out a band of outlaws who for many years had caused the traders much anxiety and loss, waylaying their negro drivers and appropriating their goods. A young German was murdered and his money stolen. The crime was supposed to have been committed by Kuykendall (the leader of this gang) and his negro, Napoleon. Mr. Ennis contributed more than any one else in time and money to the pursuit of these and other desperadoes—and succeeded in having five of them arrested, tried and sentenced to the penitentiary. They escaped in 1861 and joined the Confederate army. During

the reign of terror inaugurated by these ruffians one of the gang met Mr. Ennis in the street and introduced himself, thereby giving Mr. Ennis a decided thrill.

During the war between the States, Mr. Ennis remained in Texas, importing supplies and exporting cotton. In 1864, he went to Havana by way of Matamoros and there met Capt. Jack Moore, a bar pilot of Galveston, whom he sent to New York to purchase an iron-clad steamer, the "*Jeannette*," at an expenditure of \$40,000 in gold. He brought her out to Havana, where he loaded her with munitions of war, consisting of twelve hundred English Enfield rifles, ten tons of gunpowder, three million percussion caps, a large lot of shoes and blankets and other army supplies for the Confederate army, all of which he turned over to the Confederate authorities.

Mr. Ennis was married in 1841, to Miss Jeannette Ingals Kimball, a sister of his partner. Miss Kimball had come to this country with her brother from Vermont, in October, 1839. She came of English stock, long settled in New England, and is related to the Emersons and Ripleys of literary fame. She was always deeply interested in the development of her adopted State, and contributed much to the comfort and happiness of those associated with her in this pioneer work by her gentle

and efficient ministrations in times of sickness and epidemics which too frequently attend the opening up of a new country. Her devotion was especially marked during the fearful epidemics of yellow fever. She was noted for her cheerful, generous and unfailing hospitality and, also, for her efficient co-operation with her husband in the establishment of churches and schools. Mr. and Mrs. Ennis have four children living, three daughters and one son. The eldest daughter married Col. A. H. Belo, president of the *Galveston and Dallas News*. The next is Mrs. Frank Cargill, of Houston, Texas, and of the youngest daughter is Mrs. C. Lombardi, also Houston, Texas. The son, Richard, lives in Mexico.

Mr. Ennis is a man of magnificent physique, being over six feet in height and now, although advanced in years, of erect and commanding presence. His wife is a perfect type of lovely womanhood. Although Mr. Ennis has passed his long life in active business pursuits, in which fortunes have been at intervals made and lost, his name has always been unsullied and he has been honored for fair dealing and blameless rectitude in all his business dealings. And now, with the partner of his youth and old age still by his side, they are spending the evening of life serenely and happily at their home in Houston, surrounded by children, grandchildren and friends.

HENRY ELMENDORF,

SAN ANTONIO.

Henry Elmendorf, a prosperous merchant of San Antonio and mayor of that historic and progressive city, is a native Texian, born in the town of New Braunfels, April 7, 1849.

His parents, Charles A. and Amelia Elmendorf, were born in Prussia. His father emigrated to America in 1844, and his mother in 1848, and settled in New Braunfels. In the "Old Country" Mr. Charles A. Elmendorf was engaged in mercantile pursuits. He changed to farming upon his arrival in Texas which he followed until about the year 1852, when he moved to San Antonio. Six or seven years later he embarked in merchandising again upon his own account as a member of the house of Theisen and Deutz, dealers in hardware, and continued in that pursuit until the beginning of the war between the States, meeting with a liberal degree of

success in his ventures as a result of his talent as a financier and fine business capacity. He died in the Alamo City in 1878. His wife still survives him and is residing there. Henry Elmendorf, the subject of this biographical notice, attended local schools until he was fifteen years of age; then went to Germany, where he completed his education; returned home in the fall of 1866, and entered his father's store as a clerk. After clerking for three years his father admitted him to a partnership in the firm of Elmendorf & Co.

In 1873 he was united in marriage to Miss Emilie Baetz, of San Antonio. Five children have been born to them. Mr. Elmendorf was elected to the City Council as Alderman for two years, extending from the year 1893 to 1895, and served in that body until September, 1894, when he was elected



MRS. CORNELIUS ENNIS.

Mayor by the Council to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Mr. George Paschal. February 11, 1895, he was elected by the people to fill that office by a majority of one thousand votes over Bryan Callaghan, whom it had been thought it was well-nigh an impossibility to defeat at the polls. Mr. Elmen-dorf has been a liberal contributor to and promoter of every meritorious public movement, and many important private enterprises. Brilliant, polished,

popular, patriotic, of high abilities and wide business experience, San Antonio, one of the largest, most cosmopolitan and fastest growing of Texas cities, has a chief executive of which she and the State at large are justly proud.

With such a man at the head of public affairs, the city's upward and onward march is sure to receive an added impetus and the cause of law and order be jealously and effectively defended.

FRANCIS CHARLES HUME,

GALVESTON.

The following is extracted from a biographical sketch penned by the late Col. Thomas M. Jack, of the Galveston bar, a near friend and professional brother of its subject, and published in the Encyclopedia of the New West:—

F. Charles Hume was born in Walker County, Texas, February 17, 1843, the son of John Hume, a native of Culpepper County, Va., a planter, who emigrated to Texas 1839, and resided in Walker County until his death in 1864.

Mr. Hume received a liberal education. At the age of eighteen he left his native State, immediately after the first battle of Manassas, in a company of volunteers known as Company D., Fifth Texas Regiment, organized in Virginia, and placed under command of Col. J. J. Archer, of Maryland. This regiment, together with the First and Fourth Texas, at one time the Eighteenth Georgia, and subsequently the Third Arkansas, constituted the famous command known in history as "Hood's Texas Brigade," of which Gen. Louis T. Wigfall was the first, and Gen. John B. Hood the second commander. Its first winter was spent in the snows about Dumfries, on the Potomac. He participated in Johnston's celebrated retreat from the Peninsular, and entered his first battle at Eltham's Landing (West Point), near the York river. He was in the battle of Seven Pines, and shortly afterwards near the same ground, was wounded in the right leg while participating in an assault on the enemy's works led by Capt. D. N. Barziza in command of one hundred and fifty men chosen for the purpose from the three Texas regiments. Confined in the hospital at Richmond by his wound until after McClellan had been defeated and driven to Harrison's Landing, he did not rejoin his regiment until the

beginning of the lighter engagements that culminated in the second battle of Manassas. Seven flag-bearers of the Fifth Regiment were wounded in the battle, Mr. Hume being the sixth, receiving a bullet in the left thigh. He was mentioned in complimentary terms in the official report of the battle made by the Colonel of the regiment, J. B. Robertson, afterwards commander of the brigade.

After the healing of his wound, Mr. Hume rejoined the army at Culpepper Courthouse, and participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, late in 1862. Shortly after this he was promoted from the ranks to a First Lieutenantcy in the Confederate States army, and assigned to duty on the Peninsula as Adjutant of the Thirty-second Battalion of Virginia Cavalry. In this capacity he served until the battalion, with another, was merged into a regiment, when he was assigned to command a picket detail of scouts on the lower Peninsula. With this command Lieut. Hume operated for several months near Williamsburg, experiencing all the perils of that peculiar service and becoming familiar with its ceaseless ambushes and surprises.

Gen. M. W. Gary, of South Carolina, in 1864, assumed command of the cavalry in the Peninsula, and attached Lieut. Hume to his staff. Shortly after this a battle was fought at Riddle's Shop, on the Charles City Road, in which Gen. Gary engaged troops under Gen. Hancock, the latter having been sent to threaten Richmond to cover Grant's crossing to the south side of the James. In this action Lieut. Hume had the honor of being assigned on the field to the command of the Seventh South Carolina Regiment of Cavalry. The last considerable battle in which he took part was the engagement of Tilghman's Farm,

on James river, the Confederate commander being Gen. Gary. Here he received his third and last wound, having been shot through the body. The Richmond papers published his name in the dead list of that action. When sufficiently recovered to travel he went to Texas on a furlough, reaching there in October, 1864. Recovering his health he was requested by Gen. J. G. Walker to inspect troops and departments about Tyler, which he did. Soon afterwards he accepted an invitation from Gen. A. P. Bagbey to serve on his staff in Louisiana, and remained with that officer as Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Major.

When the great Civil War ended, Maj. Hume began to prepare in earnest for the important battle of civil life. He completed his preparations for the bar, and was admitted to practice by the District Court of Walker County, at Huntsville, in 1865, and followed his calling there for about one year. From Huntsville he went to Galveston, and rapidly took rank as an able lawyer. His patient industry, fidelity and attainments soon gave him prominence at a bar that has no superior in the State of Texas. He was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court in 1866, and in 1877 was enrolled as an attorney of the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington.

Then only twenty-three, in 1866, he was elected

to represent Walker County in the Eleventh Texas Legislature, and served one term. He was City Attorney for Galveston for the municipal year of 1877.

Maj. Hume was educated at Austin College, Texas, and subsequently spent a year at the University of Virginia. He has always been a Democrat in his political views, but has not aspired to position in the world of politics, his ambition being wholly professional. To his business he has devoted himself patiently and faithfully. He has no rule but to do his duty with unfaltering fidelity. Courteous, affable and honorable, he is held in the highest esteem by his professional brethren, who are best able to judge his merits. Whatever he does he delights in doing well; prepares his cases with great care and study, and is never taken by surprise. He looks at both sides with a true judicial judgment, and hence is very successful in the prosecution of his profession. He never descends to the arts of the pettifogger or charlatan, but aspires to the highest professional standard.

He would anywhere be recognized as a man of talent. As a speaker he is argumentative and logical, sometimes rhetorical and eloquent. His great reliance is on the merits of his case, and he appeals rather to the judgment of men than to their sympathies and passions.

H. K. JONES,

DILWORTH, CONZALES COUNTY.

Mr. H. K. Jones, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Gonzales County, Texas, was born in Decatur, Lawrence County, Alabama, in 1840; came to Texas in 1855 with his parents, Mr. Tignal Jones and Mrs. Susan Jones (*nee* Miss Susan King) who located at San Antonio; was sent to the University at Oxford, Mississippi, and was a student in that institution of learning when war was declared between the States; returned to his home at San Antonio at the beginning of hostilities and enlisted as a private in Company K., Twenty-fourth Texas dismounted cavalry, commanded by Col. F. C. Wilkes; was afterward elected Lieutenant of his company; in December, 1862, was captured, with the entire brigade, at Arkansas Post, upon the fall of that fort, and taken first to Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, and four months later to Fort

Delaware near Philadelphia, where he remained until exchanged in April, 1863; then made his way to the army at Tullahoma, Tenn., where his old regiments were reorganized, with Dishler as commander of brigade and Pat Cleburne as commander of division; was appointed Adjutant, and a month later Quartermaster of his regiment; although, as Quartermaster not expected to take part in engagements, volunteered in several battles, and was severely wounded at New Hope Church; May 27th, 1864, was again captured, and in October following exchanged; remained in the Confederate hospital at Fort Valley, Ga., for a month, and then joined Gen. Hood's army at Decatur, and served under that commander in the famous Tennessee campaign, participating as a volunteer, among others, in the battles of Spring Hill, Franklin and Nashville. On

Hood's retreat Mr. Jones marched bare-footed out of Tennessee. His feet were so badly wounded by the rough stones of the turnpike along which the soldiers trudged that he was compelled to go to the hospital, where he remained for two weeks, after which he returned to the army on its way to North Carolina, and was made Adjutant-general of Granbury's old brigade, commanded at the time by Col. Cole, of Memphis, Tenn. His command was ordered into the battle of Bentonville, N. C., but the Federals broke line and retreated, leaving their dead and wounded on the field, as this part of the Confederate force came in sight, and the brigade was consequently not engaged. Shortly after the surrender of Johnston's army near Jonesboro, Granbury's Texas brigade, which enlisted 6,000 strong at the beginning of the war, surrendered one hundred and thirty-seven guns to Gen. Sherman. Thousands had gone in those days after days of battle, shock and dreadful carnage, to soldiers' graves. They rest now in peace in Fame's great Valhalla. Their memories are enshrined in loving comrades' hearts. For them

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo,
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave but fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

The Macedonian Phalanx under Alexander, the Tenth Legion under Cæsar and the Old Guard under the first Napoleon did not display a fortitude and valor superior to that of this heroic brigade.

Its history was singularly brilliant. After Granbury and Cleburne fell to rise no more upon the hard contested and blood stained field of Franklin it maintained the reputation that it had earned under those leaders undimmed until the Confederate colors were furled under the shade of the tall pines of North Carolina, never again to be shaken out to the breeze and lead brave hearts on to victory or death. When the last sad act in the drama of war had been played the battle-scarred survivors of the brigade separated sadly for their homes, many of them to meet no more. As a soldier Mr. Jones sought, like he has in all the other walks of life, to do his full duty, and as a consequence was respected and beloved by his comrades in arms.

He says the negro question was undoubtedly the main issue in the war, that he always regarded slavery as a moral wrong and that the Southern people are well rid of the institution, but that it is

deeply to be deplored that it could not have been abolished without resort to war.

"I have seen more dead men" said he, "on one battle field than all the negroes in the country were worth."

How short-sighted is human wisdom. The philosopher Locke and other philanthropic men of his time conceived the idea of sending agents to Africa to negotiate with various tribes and buy a number of prisoners captured in the fierce tribal wars of extermination then prevailing and carry them to the plantations in North America. The humane design of these great men was in the first instance to save the lives of the unhappy wretches, in the next to transport them to new scenes, where they could learn the peaceful art of agriculture and become civilized, and finally after these ends had been accomplished to send them back to Africa to civilize and Christianize that continent. What appears at the time to be the height of human wisdom is in reality the height of human folly, and what appears to be wholly right not infrequently has at its heart the seeds of radical wrong. What a dismal end awaited the schemes of those philosophers! The slave trade, with its unspeakable atrocities, soon grew to frightful proportions under the impetus of New England cupidity. Its foul annals are familiar to the students of history.

Under the Constitution it was abolished shortly after the formation of the American Union. The Constitution recognized, however, the slaves already in the country as property, and provided for the recovery of fugitives fleeing from one State to another. The anti-slavery party precipitated the war. Through its influence every acquisition of territory was opposed, citizens of the Southern States murdered when they attempted to remove with their property to territories purchased by the common blood and treasure of the country, the express provision of the Constitution providing for the surrender of fugitive slaves to their masters upon demand; nullified by express statutory enactments in many Northern States, or trampled under foot by armed mobs, and all manner of bitterness stirred up until the hearty hate of one section for the other culminated in one attempting to peacefully sever its connection from the other and live apart, and a war that has no parallel in ancient or modern times. It was a direful day when the first slave was brought ashore upon American soil. The evils that have followed have been innumerable. How different would have been the history of the country if such an event had never taken place!

The fearful storm of war that swept over this devoted land from 1861 to 1865 shook the very

foundations of popular government, and they have never since become firmly settled. The Constitution was warped and twisted until it bears little semblance to what it was, and constructions have been made and precedents laid that are full of danger—not immediate, but real for all that, as under these constructions and precedents a bitter partisan executive and Congress could do anything necessary to accomplish their ends, however nefarious.

There are graves from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans filled with the country's brightest and bravest and best. Mr. Jones truly says all the negroes owned by the Southern people were not worth such a fearful price. In justice to that people, however, it is necessary to repeat the statement (and it can be made truly) that they are not to be held responsible for the war. It was thrust upon them. Such will be the verdict of impartial history in after times.

Mr. Jones returned to Texas by way of New Orleans, on the first steamer run after the war. E. J. Davis, afterwards Republican Governor of Texas, was a passenger on the boat. Mr. Jones landed at Galveston in May, 1865, and found that

nearly all of his father's possessions had been swept away by the war. He repaired to Victoria, clerked for a short time in a mercantile establishment at that place, and then engaged in merchandizing at Gonzales, in copartnership with his father, but the venture proving unsuccessful, soon embarked in other pursuits.

October 29th, 1867, he was united in marriage to Miss Mary F. Braches, daughter of Charles and Sarah A. Braches, of Peach Creek, Gonzales County, a lady of much refinement and worth, and settled in the eastern part of the county, near Peach Creek, at what is now Dilworth Station.

Mrs. Jones is one of the most accomplished and queenly of our noble Texas ladies, and her palatial home is the seat of that elegance, refinement and hospitality that distinguished the South under the *old regime*.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones have one child, Anna, wife of Mr. James B. Kennard, of Gonzales, Texas.

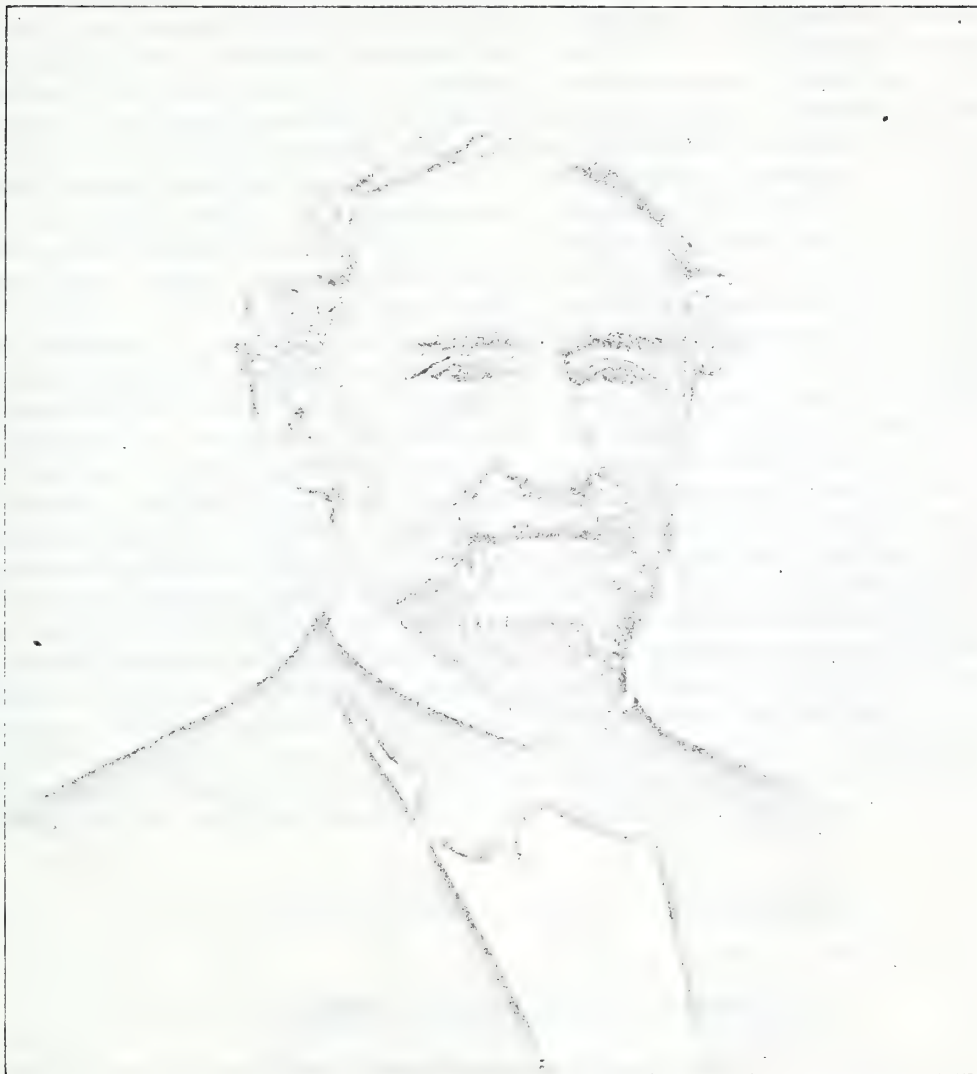
Mr. Jones is a business man of rare discernment and ability, and has met with a large measure of success in his financial operations. He is a member of the Democratic party and of the Royal Arch degree in Masonry.

WILLIAM CLEMENS,

NEW BRAUNFELS.

Hon. William Clemens, son of Wilhelm and Wilhemine Clemens, of German ancestry, was born in Germany on the 8th day of October, 1843. His father followed the honorable occupation of carpenter in Germany. His parents emigrated to Texas in 1849, bringing him with them, and settled in New Braunfels, Comal County. At the age of twelve years he suffered an irreparable loss in the death of his mother, whom he dearly loved. He passed through youth and into manhood without her gentle care, but her sainted memory and the lessons learned at her knee remained with and cheered him in moments of sadness and trial and urged him on to be a winner in the battle of life. He was apprenticed to Hon. John A. Staehely, who now lives at Darmstadt, Germany. Mr. Staehely was then doing the largest and most lucrative business at New Braunfels and to his strictly honest and methodical business ways and fatherly advice, Mr. Clemens ascribes a great deal of his

success in life, and has always entertained for him sentiments of respect and warmest friendship. Mr. Clemens entered the Confederate army at eighteen years of age, enlisting in 1862, and participated in the sharp engagement at Jenkins Ferry in Arkansas. He was Orderly Sergeant of Capt. Bose's company of volunteers, of which office he is exceedingly proud. He was afterwards elected Lieutenant. After the war he engaged in merchandising, in which he was quite successful, and then went into the banking business. After having served four years as Alderman of the city of New Braunfels and eight years as trustee and treasurer of the New Braunfels Academy, he was elected to the House of Representatives of the Texas Legislature, in 1879, from the Eighty-ninth District, composed of Bexar and Comal counties, and also served in the house of the Twenty-first Legislature, representing Comal, Blanco and Gillespie counties, each time being elected without opposition at the polls. In 1890 he



JOHN MAXWELL JONES.

was elected to the State Senate, from the Twenty-fifth District, composed of Caldwell, Hays, Guadalupe, Comal, Blanco, Llano and Kendall counties. In 1879 he was the author of the bill to improve the public free school system then in vogue in towns and cities and, also, of an amendment to the penal code punishing severely misapplication of public money (both of which became laws) and assisted very materially in the passage of the bill to regulate continuances in criminal cases and place discretion in the hands of the trial judge. In the Twenty-first Legislature he was one of the sub-committee that perfected the House Railroad Bill that was passed by that body but killed in the Senate, and offered a bill regulating teachers' certificates according to the law of the State of New York. He was one of the pioneers in the advocacy of the railroad commission idea, which has since been carried into effect. He favors a commission, hoping that it will lead to the State owning and operating its own railroads. A proposition looking to that end was defeated in the Committee on Platform at the Democratic State Convention held in 1890 by a vote of eighteen to twelve only. In the Senate, during the session the Twenty-second Legislature, he introduced a bill providing for the Australian ballot system, making it operative over the entire State and a bill prohibiting the acceptance of free railroad passes by legislative, judicial and executive officers, both of which were passed by the Senate, and, further introduced a bill designed for the suppression of homicide by striking the degree of manslaughter from the penal-code. He was Chairman of the Committee on Finance and Chairman of the Committee on Contingent Expenses, and was considered one of the ablest members of the

Senate. Mr. Clemens withdrew from active political life several years ago, but his well-known philanthropic views led Gov. C. A. Culberson to offer him an appointment as one of the Board of Commissioners of the Texas State Penitentiaries, which he accepted. Mr. Clemens was shortly thereafter elected to and now holds the position of Chairman of that body. He has been foremost in every good work. Four years ago a hospital society was organized at New Braunfels and later, as a result of its efforts, a fine hospital building erected in that city. Mr. Clemens was elected President of the association and has continuously served as such from its inception. Charity patients are admitted to the walls of the institution and given that care and medical attention in keeping with an enlightened Christian civilization. The society's work also includes other charitable and benevolent purposes. Mr. Clemens' mind is broad enough and heart warm enough for him to disregard all distinctions of creed, race and social condition when a case of suffering presents itself. For him to know that it exists is sufficient and he seeks to relieve it. He is a genuine lover of his kind, a public-spirited citizen, a kind father, a sincere friend and a true patriot. He has always aided every public enterprise in his section and is one of the men who built the famous dam across the Comal river at New Braunfels. The dam furnishes a fine water-power and it will be, in the near future, the means through which many a good and honest laborer will be enabled to earn a livelihood. Mr. Clemens was married at New Braunfels in 1873, to Miss K. von Koll, daughter of Mr. John von Koll, the Auditor and confidential agent of the German Emigration Society, in 1845.

JOHN MAXWELL JONES,

GALVESTON.

In December, 1836, the Congress of Texas, at its first session at Columbia, in consideration of \$50,000, granted to Michael B. Menard a league of land on the eastern end of Galveston Island, then unoccupied by a single human habitation. Upon this tract of land, the following year, Col. Menard laid out the city of Galveston. In April, 1838, the first lots were sold and in August, 1839, the place was incorporated. Beginning with 1837, for several succeeding years Galveston became the

objective point of most of the settlers coming to the country, and there also many of the enterprising spirits who sought homes and fortune in the new Republic cast their lots. One of the men who thus early became identified with the Island City upon the history of which he left in full measure the imprint of his talents and character was John Maxwell Jones, a brief memoir of whom here follows.

Mr. Jones came of good antecedents. On his

father's side his ancestry is traced to Ireland, possibly more remotely to Wales. His mother's people were Scotch. Theophilus Jones, his paternal grandfather, was born in Dublin, Ireland, somewhere near the middle of the last century; emigrated thence with his wife and an infant son to America in 1774, stopping for a time at Charleston, S. C. There his wife died, after which event he went to Wilmington, Del., where, on May 4th, 1775, he married Miss Mary Eccles, daughter of John and Mary Eccles, and settled himself at his trade as a cabinetmaker. He was a skillful workman and in time became a man of some means; afterwards abandoned cabinet-making and engaged in trade with the West Indies which he followed with profit until his death on the island of St. Kitts, West Indies, about the beginning of the present century. In addition to the son by the first marriage referred to, he left surviving him three sons and two daughters by his second marriage, namely, Mary McCorkle, John, Theophilus, Isabella Anderson, and George. The youngest of these, George Jones, was the father of John M., of this article. George Jones was born in Wilmington, Del., March 1, 1784. He married Jane Ochiltree, of Wilmington, January 28, 1811, and had issue two sons and three daughters: Mary Jane, John Maxwell, Elizabeth Ann, George Crowe and Isabella. Mr. Jones' wife died in 1821, and he later married Anna M. Alexander McMullen, daughter of Dr. Archibald Alexander and widow of A. McMullen, by whom he had a daughter and son, Henrietta Ord and Archibald Alexander, the latter dying in infancy. The senior Mr. Jones, father of John M., was a man of superior ability as a financier and occupied a prominent place in Wilmington for many years. He was taught the trade of watchmaking by his father, but later gave this up for the profession of dentistry and, after having accumulated some means, devoted much of his attention to general business pursuits and the purchase and sale of Wilmington property and the building of workingmen's homes.

For twenty-five years he was president of the Delaware Fire Insurance Company, was one of the originators of the Wilmington Savings Fund and remained one of its directors as long as he lived, was a director of the Bank of Wilmington and Brandywine, since nationalized and still in existence, one of the founders of Friendship Fire Engine Company, the oldest organization of the kind in Wilmington, and was a member of Hanover Street Presbyterian church, in which for fifty years he was an elder. His death occurred at Wilmington, August 15, 1867.

George Jones was a man of rare intelligence and thrift and a man of advanced ideas on education. He gave his children the very best of educations, his younger son George graduating from Princeton College in 1838. On his mother's side John M. Jones was directly descended from revolutionary sires, his great-grandfather, John Waugh, having been with Gen. Washington at Valley Forge during the terrible winter of 1776.

From such ancestry the subject of this memoir sprung and, surrounded by scenes of commercial thrift and in an air strongly impregnated with morality and religious feeling, his boyhood and early youth were passed. He was born at Wilmington, Del., October 8, 1814, and educated in the schools of that place and at Bloomfield, N. J., laying aside his books at about the age of eighteen to take up the trade of a jeweler, which he mastered under his father. His father offered to send him to Princeton along with his brother George but he declined, having already a good education and being desirous of striking out for himself into active business life. In the fall of 1836, having been taken with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism in Philadelphia, where he had been clerking for a year in the jewelry house of Edward P. Lescure, and as his physician recommended him to take a sea voyage, he determined to sail on a vessel then bound for New Orleans. Through the efforts of his father, his employer, and others, he took with him some twenty letters of introduction to prominent merchants in New Orleans, Natchez and Vicksburg. These letters spoke of him in the highest terms. His employer, Edward P. Lescure, wrote as follows:—

“PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1st, 1836.

“The bearer, Mr. John M. Jones, has been in my employ for the last twelve months and I take pleasure in bearing testimony to his integrity, sobriety, energy, good disposition and gentlemanly deportment.”

On crutches he boarded his vessel, taking with him his father's gift of his own warm cloak and a hundred dollars in money, and in due course of time reached his destination, much improved in health. Having brought with him a letter of introduction to Hyde & Goodrich, then and for many years afterwards the leading jewelers of that section, he sought them out on his arrival. Mr. William Goodrich interested himself in the young man and soon found for him an opening in Woodville, Miss., in an excellent jewelry house.

Mr. Jones went there about February, 1837, remaining with his employer until July, 1838, at

which time he became imbued with Texas fever through letters written him by his friend, James Benson, who had been for several years located at Washington, Texas. Mr. Jones had now become very much attached to the South, its climate and its people. He wished to engage in business for himself, hence he returned to New Orleans and sought the friendly counsel of his friend, Wm. Goodrich. Mr. Goodrich advised him to first try Shreveport, La., before going to Texas. About November, 1838, he packed up his possessions, taking along in his trunk a nice assortment of watches and jewelry purchased from his savings. On the boat he fell in with a young jeweler and watchmaker, George Ball, from New York, bound for the same town. Mr. Ball located at Shreveport, but Mr. Jones, after looking the place over to his satisfaction, turned his steps toward Texas, reaching Galveston about January 1st, 1839. He settled there, and at once opened a shop. He put up one of the first buildings in the town, erected in a string of wooden structures on what is now the Strand, then called by him Commercial Row, his building, a two-story frame, being the best in the row. It cost him \$1,000 "in United States money" which he paid down on its completion, the lot on which it stood being leased for a term of five years at \$400 a year "in Texas money." In the primitive condition of things at that date the houses were not numbered, but Mr. Jones through sport selected the day of the month on which he was born as his number and the street in the meantime having been named put on his sign, "No. 8 Strand." So his place of business was for a long time afterwards known, and a clock which he for years used as a regulator, still in the possession of his son, bears this designation. His central location made space in his building desirable and he had no difficulty in renting half of his house at \$50.00 a month, still having all the room he needed. He was the first regular watchmaker on Galveston Island, and, as more than half the immigration to Texas in those days went through Galveston, he repaired the time-pieces and furnished the time for most of the population of the Republic. "Jones' time" was considered the correct time and everybody went by it. He also did a good business repairing nautical instruments, getting all the work of this kind that there was to do. He was an industrious workman and shrewd tradesman, and his activity and upright business methods brought him substantial returns. That he had the instinct of the latter-day merchant is evidenced by the liberality with which he patronized the newspapers and sought in every legitimate way to place his goods and wares before the public.

In an old issue of the *Civilian and Gazette* of date 1845, the writer counted five separate advertisements of his, one of which was accompanied by a cut of his building, said to be the first cut ever inserted in a Texas newspaper. He turned to good account his acquaintance and previous connection with Hyde & Goodrich, of New Orleans, receiving from them such goods as he needed and for which he seems to have found a ready sale. One of the advertisements referred to above sets forth that he had just received a large assortment of "Fashionable and fancy jewelry, school books, stationery, blank books, annuals, albums, gift books, writing, letter and note paper, visiting and conversation cards, cutlery, combs, suspenders, gloves, stocks, straps etc., etc."

One of the first things he did was to form a temperance society and to push the subject of good schools in his little community. Although a member of the Presbyterian Church, he allied himself with the Episcopalians for many years, as this sect was the most active in church work and the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Eaton, was his intimate friend.

Mr. Jones took an active interest in the town; became a member of its first fire company, Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1; was commissioned by President Houston Captain of militia for "Beat No. 2, Fourth Regiment, Second Brigade, Militia of the Republic of Texas," and, in 1850, was the commissioner from Texas appointed by Governor Bell to the London Industrial Exhibition, for which he collected exhibits and, in company with Dr. Ashbel Smith, set forth as best he could with the limited means at his command the resources of this imperial commonwealth.

After his return from Europe in 1851, Mr. Jones associated with himself Messrs. John B. Root and B. R. Davis, forming a partnership under the firm name of Jones, Root & Davis, and embarked in the furniture, jewelry and book business on a somewhat extensive scale. This business prospered until the Civil War when, with the closing of the port of Galveston, it was discontinued. Mr. Jones was past the age for military duty when the war opened but entered the Confederate service in the commissary department, and spent the most of his time during the ensuing four years in the interior of the State procuring and forwarding supplies to the soldiers at the front. While he deplored the dismemberment of the Union, still he thought that the rights of the South had been invaded and that the only course left for her to pursue was the one she adopted.

On May 25, 1852, at Galveston, Mr. Jones married Miss Henrietta Offenbach, who was then visiting her sister, Mrs. Sam Maas, of that place.

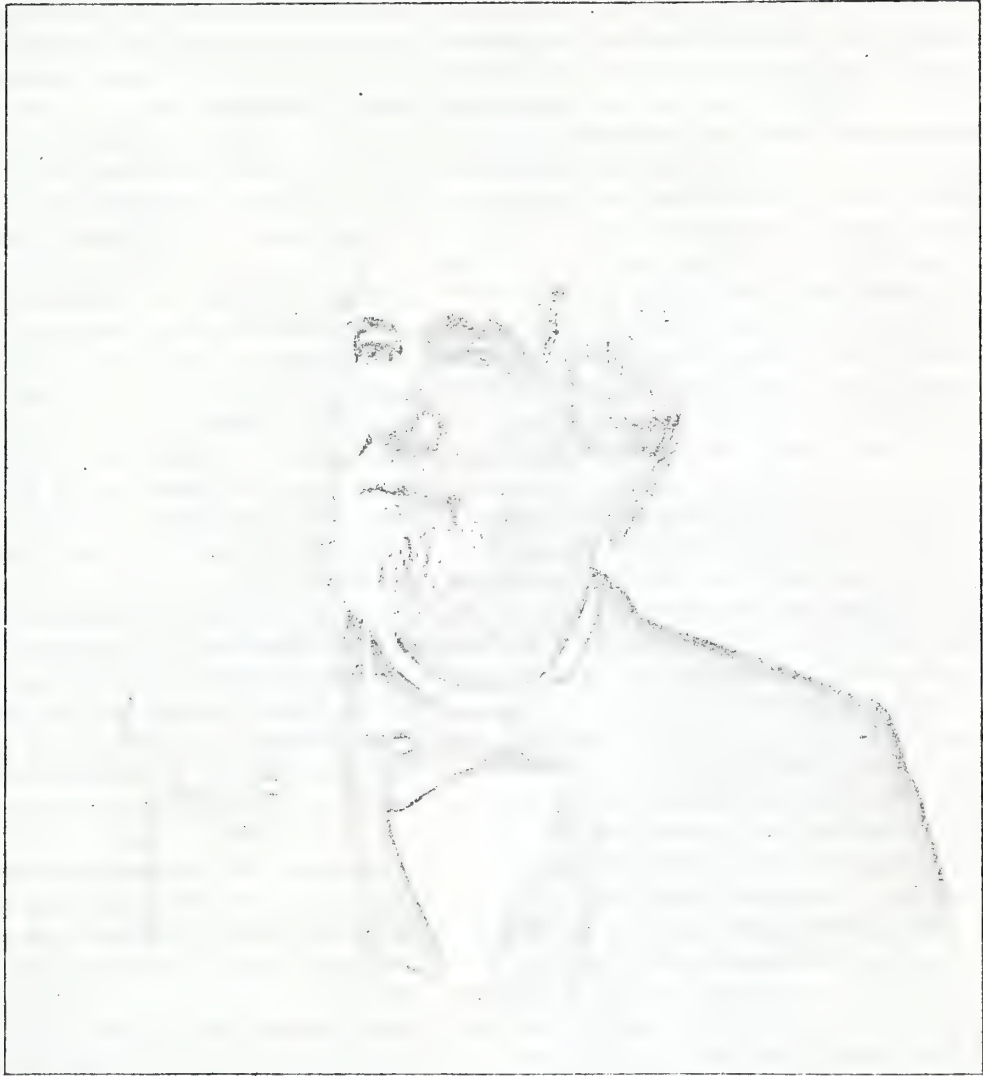
They were married by the Rev. Mr. Eaton. Ex-Governor Frank Lubbock was one of the grooms. Mrs. Jones was a native of Cologne, Germany, and a sister of the great Parisian composer, Jacques Offenbach. Previous to taking this step Mr. Jones had purchased property on Broadway, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets (an entire block), where, having erected what for the time was an excellent dwelling, he established himself and lived for some years in bachelor quarters, dispensing a generous hospitality to his numerous friends. Three daughters, Anna M., Rosanna Osterman, and Henrietta Ord, and one son, William Goodrich, named for his old friend, the jeweler of New Orleans, were the issue of this union. In the earlier days Mr. Jones underwent many of the privations to which the inhabitants of Galveston Island were subjected, and during the Civil War he and his family suffered in common with others all the hardships which were visited upon the people of that city. He passed through eight yellow fever epidemics, he and his entire family at one time or another having the disease, one daughter, Rosa, dying of it.

After the war Mr. Jones took his family to Europe, in consequence of his wife's broken health, and remained there nearly a year, returning in the latter part of 1866, when he took up his residence in New York. There he organized the New York and Texas Land Company, with which he was subsequently connected, and as long as he lived devoted his attention chiefly to land matters. During his residence in Texas he had, as his means accumulated, made considerable investments in Texas real estate both in the city of Galveston and in unimproved lands in different counties, and these holdings advancing in price with the settlement of the country, formed the foundation of a comfortable fortune, the oversight of which together with his other duties occupied his time during the last twenty years of his life. He built a home in Brooklyn, N. Y., and a summer residence at Saratoga Springs in that

State, and between these two places spent his time, making an occasional trip to Texas, and once — from 1872 to 1875 — an extended trip to Europe. Though much absent in later life from the State he never forgot the scenes of his early struggles nor the friends of his young manhood. He was devoted to Texas and her people with that ardent attachment which characterizes the feelings of all those who have shared in the glories and sorrows of its early days. He was the kind of material of which new States are made. His honest, industrious, upright ways won him friends and helped early in his career to make him one of the foremost men in the community where he settled. His achievements, considering his chances, were great; but back of these was something greater, a character, into the formation of which had entered the inherited wisdom and virtue of an excellent ancestry, reinforced by patient discipline on his own part and a fervent trust in God.

He spent much of his leisure time in after years in study and philanthropy, and was a man of much knowledge and general culture, and of a strong religious character. After his removal to Brooklyn, N. Y., he was for many years a communicant of the Rev. Theo. L. Culyer's Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian church.

Like his father, he neither smoked nor chewed tobacco, nor drunk spirituous liquors, deeming a man would remain healthier and happier without these habits. He was an enthusiastic agriculturist and lover of nature, and took great interest in tree planting and the beautifying of cities. After a life of much activity and crowned with more than ordinary success he died, passing away at his summer home at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., on the 21st day of April, 1891, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. His widow survived him a little less than four years, dying January 8th, 1895, at Aiken, S. C., whither she had gone for the winter. Their two surviving daughters reside in New York, their son at Temple, Texas.



J. H. Burnett

J. H. BURNETT,

GALVESTON.

Col. J. H. Burnett, of Galveston, was born in Greenville, Greene County, Tenn., July 8, 1830.

His parents were Syllas E. and Malinda (Howell) Burnett, Virginians by birth, connected by ties of consanguinity and affinity with some of the proudest names that adorn the pages of the country's history. They moved at an early day from Virginia to Tennessee, and from that State to Georgia, where they spent their remaining years.

The subject of this memoir was reared in Greenville, Tenn., and Somerville, Ga., where he acquired an excellent education.

Fired with the martial spirit, love of country, and desire for adventure common to the chivalric youth of that day, he enlisted, at the age of sixteen, as a private soldier in Col. Calhoun's Regiment, for service in the war between the United States and Mexico. This regiment formed a part of Gen. Winfield Scott's army, took part in the memorable march of two hundred and seventy-nine miles from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and participated in the various battles that were fought *en route* and in front of the city, including the storming of the castle of Chapultepec. In all these engagements the subject of this memoir conducted himself with conspicuous gallantry, and before the close of the campaign was rewarded with a Lieutenant's commission. Returning to his home in Georgia, he was honored by the Governor with a Colonelcy in the State troops.

On his way to Mexico he traversed a considerable part of the State of Texas and was so favorably impressed with its climate, soil, people and future prospects, that he determined to make his home in the country. He served as sheriff of Chattooga County, Ga., for a period of two or more years, and then resigned the office to leave Somerville, Ga., for Texas in 1854. He located at Crockett, in Houston County, this State, and there engaged in farming and merchandising, and soon acquired a prominent position in the community, owing to his public spirit, social qualities and superior talents. Three years later he was elected to the Legislature as a member of the House of Representatives. That body then contained a number of men who would have graced the Congress of the United States in its palmiest days and who afterwards acquired national reputations. The policies of the State were in a formative condition and many issues of vital im-

portance presented themselves for discussion and settlement. Col. Burnett was (as he still is) a clear, forcible and elegant speaker and, from the beginning, took rank among the foremost of his colleagues. He was placed by the Speaker on a majority of the important committees, where his indefatigable industry, sound judgment and fidelity to duty enabled him to render valuable service to the State. He was re-elected to the House for a second term and before its close added new laurels to those he had already won. He was then nominated by the Democracy of his district and elected to the State Senate in 1860. Early in the following year, however, the long-gathering hurricane of Civil War burst upon the country and the Southland called her sons to arms. Col. Burnett was among the first to respond; promptly resigned his seat in the Senate, and in a short time mustered a regiment of sixteen companies (the Thirteenth Texas Cavalry) of which he was elected Colonel. It was his desire to cross the Mississippi and serve under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, but there was some delay in securing transportation and not desiring to remain inactive he hurried with his command to the front, joining Gen. Ben McCulloch, then conducting a desperate and unequal contest in Arkansas. While the numbers engaged in that State were not so large as in some of the battles fought by the armies of Northern Virginia and Tennessee, several of the conflicts in Arkansas were unparalleled in the history of the war for their stubbornness, the valor displayed by the men and the proportion of the killed and wounded to the number of the troops brought into action. It was hard fighting all the way through and the Thirteenth did its full share of it. Col. Burnett's regiment also took part in the campaign against Gen. Banks, in Louisiana, one of the most brilliant and successful inaugurated and carried out by the Confederate arms, covering itself with glory at Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and elsewhere. Banks' powerful army was completely routed, Texas saved from invasion and Louisiana bloodily avenged for the depredations of an enemy more savage and merciless than the pagan Huns who devastated Central and Western Europe when the power of imperial Rome, like the tower of Ushur, was darkly nodding to its fall.

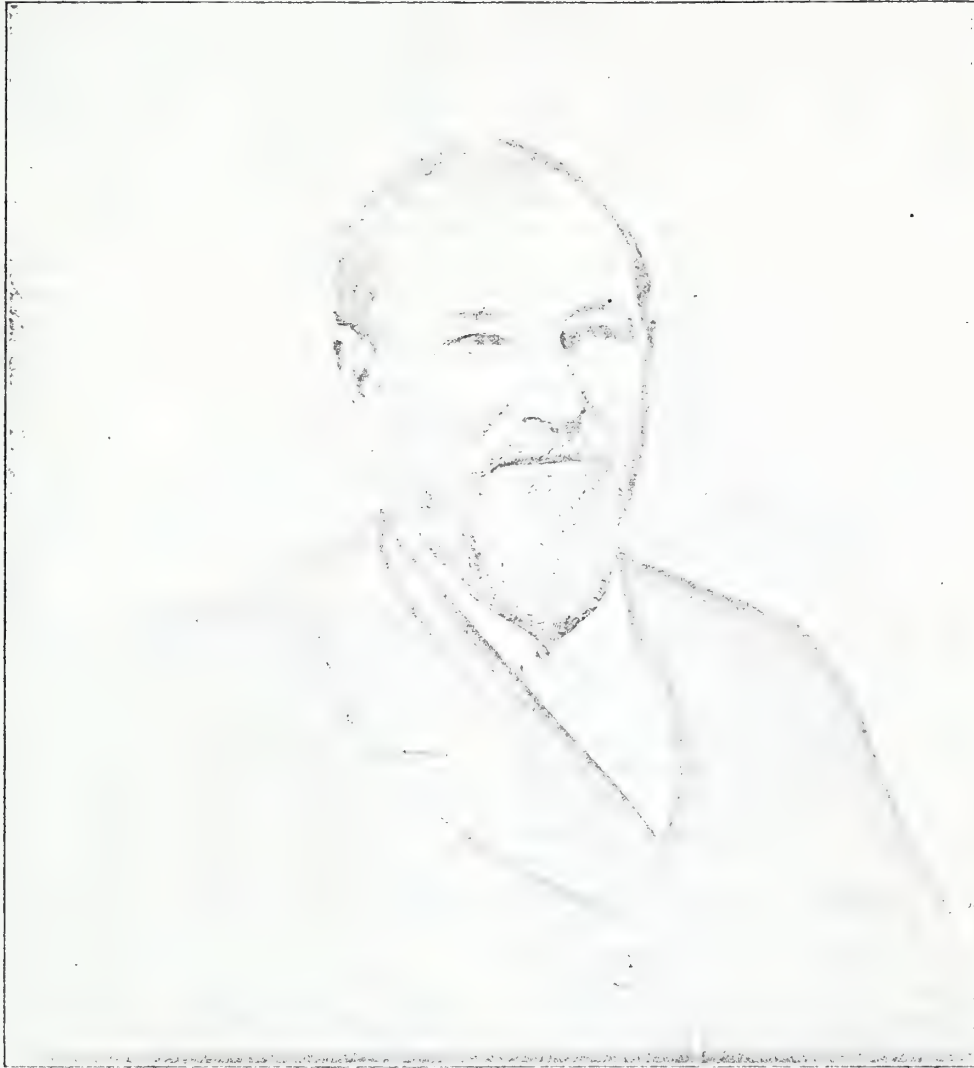
After the war Col. Burnett returned to Crockett where he resumed business pursuits and began by

good management to largely repair the financial losses he had sustained. Desiring a more extensive field in which to operate, he moved to Galveston in 1866, and engaged in the commission business with W. B. Wall, under the firm name of Burnett & Wall, and subsequently under the firm name of J. H. Burnett & Co., a connection that continued until 1878. Here he was the builder and owner of the Tremont Hotel, completed in 1877 and then one of the handsomest hotels in the South. His investments in real estate were begun as early as 1870 and now include a large amount of valuable property in the cities of Galveston and Houston and elsewhere in the Texas coast country. He is perhaps the heaviest tax-payer in Southern Texas.

Already identified with the soil and deeply interested in the future prosperity of the State, he entered fully into the spirit of the year of 1875, which found expression in railway construction. He built sixty-five miles of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe; Texas & St. Louis; Houston, East & West Texas and Sabine & East Texas railways under contract; owned a considerable amount of stock in the companies, helped negotiate the sale of their bonds, and in every practical and legitimate way exerted himself to put them upon a sound and prosperous financial basis. He was also one of the original projectors of the International Railroad Company, helped to secure its charter and, finally, assisted in effecting its consolidation with the Houston & Great Northern and the formation of the present International & Great Northern Railway Company. Among other important work done by him under contract in the city of Galveston was \$350,000 worth of work upon the streets and sidewalks of the city and the building of the Shippers and Gulf City Compresses, Galveston & Western Railway and Gulf City Street Railway. For a considerable time he owned a majority of the stock in the two latter companies. He has, in fact, been identified with and an active promoter of nearly every important enterprise inaugurated in Galveston during his residence in that city. He has ever enjoyed a profound and unfaltering faith in the future of the city and has been at all times an indefatigable worker for the extension of its commercial interests. Since the war he has neither sought

nor desired public office, his private business pursuits absorbing all of his time and attention. He has never ceased, however, to feel an interest in the cause of good government and to do all that lay in his power to secure its blessings for himself and his fellow-citizens. He is a member of the Democratic party and few men have a more intimate knowledge of its history, principles and traditions or have been so faithful in their support of its nominees.

In 1851 Col. Burnett was united in marriage to Miss Catherine Beavers, of Somerville, Ga., a daughter of Gen. John F. Beavers, who figured with distinction in the Indian wars of the early part of this century. They reared three children to be grown. Of these Walter E. died at twenty-five, at Calhoun, Ga., in 1870, and was interred at Atlanta; Oscar H. (a Brazos valley planter), died in Houston, Texas, November 9, 1895, aged forty-one years; and Mrs. Ellen B. Ross, resides in Galveston. Mrs. Burnett died in 1886. Col. Burnett is still in the full vigor of physical health and mental strength and continues actively engaged in business pursuits. He has shown himself to be a financier of uncommon ability. His social qualities are most agreeable, leading to pleasant and lasting friendships. His path of life has stretched across one of the most remarkable periods of American, or for that matter, human history—a period that has witnessed the extension of the territory of the United States to the Pacific Ocean, the admission of Texas to the Union, a Civil War that has no parallel in ancient or modern times, the building of towns and cities in what, less than a generation ago, it was thought would forever remain an unbroken wilderness, the construction of hundreds of thousands of miles of lines of telegraph and railway, and many strange and undreamed of inventions that have greatly altered and added to the comfort of daily life. He has not passed through these shifting and stirring scenes as a curious or idle onlooker, but as a member of the pioneer-corps, moving at the front and blazing the way for others to follow. His life has formed a thread in the warp and woof of the history of the times through which he has lived, and may be studied with profit by men of a younger generation.



WM. McFADDIN.

WILLIAM McFADDIN,

BEAUMONT.

Every country has had its golden or heroic age, the memory of which has been transmitted to after times surrounded with a halo of romantic and chivalric interest. That of Texas may be said to embrace the period of the revolutionary struggle that witnessed the triumph of a few fearless free-men over a powerful foe, and the birth of a blood-bought Republic that, after a career of singular brilliancy, merged itself into the great sisterhood of States comprising the American Union. Not so long as the human heart shall beat responsive to the recital of deeds of patriotic self-sacrifice will the immolation at the Alamo be forgotten, and not until the very names of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races shall have faded from the pages of history and men ceased to prize the blessings of constitutional freedom will the memory of San Jacinto fail to stir the pulses of youth and age alike, inspire reverence and affection for the men who wrote with their swords upon the scroll of Time the undying story of our State, and keep warm and true the love of country in the hearts of the people.

Houston, Rusk, Austin, Travis, Fannin, Burleson, the Bowies, Crockett, Bonham, Johnson, Milam, Sherman, Lamar, Williamson, Jack, their compeers and the men who followed them to victory or death, are the Immortals of Texas.

A few of the veterans who followed Johnson and Milam into San Antonio, and who charged under Houston at San Jacinto yet survive, a majority of them old and feeble men who have lived to see the country change from a wilderness to a populous and powerful commonwealth, and to witness the full fruits of the labors of their earlier years. But one of them, at least, is still blessed with strength and health. We refer to William McFaddin, of Beaumont, Texas. He was born at Lake Charles, La., June 8, 1819, and came to Texas with his parents, James and Elizabeth McFaddin, in 1823. The family settled in Liberty County, where they remained until June, 1833, when they moved into what is now Jefferson County and opened a farm, one mile distant from the present town of Beaumont, upon which the subject of this memoir now resides.

Mr. William McFaddin joined the Texian army in 1835, not long after the firing of the first gun of the revolution, and served under Capt. Andrew

Briscoe in the memorable storming of San Antonio by the columns under Milam and Johnson — one of the most remarkable military feats recorded in the annals of war. He saw Milam a few minutes after that gallant leader was killed and before the body was picked up from the spot where it had fallen. Mr. McFaddin remained in San Antonio until just before the siege of the Alamo. He joined the army under Houston at Columbus, participated in the battle of San Jacinto, was present when Santa Anna was brought in and turned over to Gen. Houston, and, after the battle, was a soldier in the force under Gen. Rusk that followed the retreating army of Filisola as far as Goliad and there buried the charred remains of the men who fell in the Fannin massacre. Mr. McFaddin was honorably discharged from the service June 8th, 1836, and walked bare-footed from Goliad to his home near Beaumont. He received a bounty of 320 and a donation of 640 acres of land for his services in the revolutionary war (as did other soldiers of San Jacinto) and resumed the business of stock raising in which he had been previously engaged.

He was united in marriage in 1837 to Miss Rachel Williams, daughter of Hezekiah Williams, of Louisiana, and then received from the Republic of Texas a family head-right of a league and labor of land which he located in Williamson County and upon which now stands the thriving little town of Circleville. Mr. and Mrs. McFaddin have six living children, viz.: James A., who is a prominent stockman of Victoria; Sarah, now wife of Michael Alexander, of Beaumont; W. P. H., a stock raiser living at Beaumont; Di, wife of W. C. Averill, of Beaumont; David H., a stock raiser who lives at Victoria, and C. W., who lives in Beaumont.

Mrs. McFaddin's parents, Hezekiah and Nancy (Reames) Williams, of St. Helena Parish, La., came to Texas in 1833 and located in Jefferson County, where Mr. Williams engaged in farming. The Williams family was one of the first three families that settled in the county. A son, Hezekiah Williams, Jr., took part in the battle of San Jacinto. Mr. and Mrs. Williams have nine children, all of whom are dead except three: Mrs. William McFaddin, Marion and Annie, now the wife of Nulbar Cropper, of Milam County. Marion, who lives near Buffalo Gap in Taylor County, was

a soldier in the Confederate army and served as such throughout the war between the States.

Mr. Hezekiah Williams died in Williamson County and is buried there. His wife died in Beaumont, Texas, and is buried in the family cemetery in Jefferson County, near that place.

Mr. McFaddin's last military service was in the Confederate army. He was detailed to secure beeves for the army, and consequently did not leave Texas during the war.

When his father came to Liberty County, there were only three people living in Jefferson County. As a consequence, the subject of this notice had no educational advantages and grew to manhood with-

out an opportunity of attending school. Notwithstanding this drawback, he has been remarkably successful in his business operations, is now one of the wealthiest landowners and stock raisers in the State, and in conversation gives no evidence of the want of book-learning. He was his parents' only child when they came to Texas. His father died at Natchitoches, La., in 1845, and his mother near Beaumont in 1848, leaving four children, all of whom, with the exception of Mr. McFaddin, are dead.

It is to be hoped that this worthy old hero of San Antonio and San Jacinto, beloved and honored by all who know him, will be spared to his friends, family and Texas for many years to come.

THE ECKHARDT FAMILY, YORKTOWN.

Among the early pioneers of Western Texas, the Eckhardt family should receive prominent mention, as they have been greatly instrumental in developing that section and are still among its leading and most useful citizens. As early as 1843 we find Charles Eckhardt in business in Indianola, Texas. Afterwards he and Capt. John York were the founders of the town of Yorktown, in De Witt County, the town receiving its name from the latter gentleman. In May, 1848, Charles Eckhardt contracted with Peter Metz and John Frank to build the first house in Yorktown. This was a log house, twelve by twenty feet, with back room and chimney, and was afterwards occupied by his brother, Caesar Eckhardt and his family, for whom it was built. Before this date, in February, 1848, however, Charles Eckhardt had contracted with John A. King, also one of the early settlers of Western Texas, to survey and open a public road from the town of Victoria to the prospective town of Yorktown and thence to the town of New Braunfels. This contract is still in existence and stipulates that Charles Eckhardt and his associates in the scheme were to pay one hundred and fifty dollars to John A. King for the survey of this road which was to shorten the distance between Victoria and New Braunfels twenty miles and to run on the western side of the Guadalupe river. This road was for a number of years the main thoroughfare between these points and is still the principal road between Victoria and Yorktown. Charles Eckhardt

was one of the business pioneers of Western Texas. He was engaged in various mercantile enterprises and was a gentleman of culture, speaking several modern languages. He was a Mexican War veteran. In 1852 he went to Central America and died on his return trip and was buried in New Orleans.

In December, 1849, his brother, Caesar Eckhardt, settled in Yorktown with his family. They brought with them a number of people from Germany and in a few years many of the sturdy German families who have since settled in Yorktown and vicinity followed and soon changed a Western wilderness into one of the most prosperous settlements of this great State. Caesar Eckhardt was born August 5th, 1806, in Laasphe, Germany. He received a liberal education, was a Lieutenant of artillery in the Prussian army for three years, and afterwards entered the civil service of the government and occupied a position as magistrate when he emigrated to Texas. He married Miss Louise Fisher, in 1833, in Laasphe, Germany, and the family consisted of themselves and their children: Robert, William, Louise, Emilie, Johanna, Marie, and Herman, when they emigrated to Texas. Their youngest child, Mathilde, was born in Texas. Immediately upon their arrival in Texas they engaged in agricultural and mercantile pursuits and in 1850 laid the foundation for the prosperity of the widely known firm of C. Eckhardt & Sons. For many years, both before and during the late war between

the States and up to the time of his death, he was most active in building up that section and faithfully performing his duties as a citizen. On coming to the country he at once naturalized and became a thorough-going American. He occupied at various times positions of trust in his county. During the war he aligned himself with the lost cause and, although too old to join the regular army, organized a company of minutemen, of which he was Captain. His two oldest sons, however, of whom we shall speak later, both joined the Confederate army and served throughout the entire war. After the war he continued his business. He died on the 28th

death and was active in the discharge of her duties as such until a year or two ago she became feeble, when she removed to her oldest daughter, Mrs. Louise von Roeder, where she died Sunday, April 7th, 1895, surrounded and beloved by her children and grandchildren. She was interred in the Yorktown cemetery with impressive ceremonies; the two Yorktown bands playing dirges and sacred airs during the funeral and the Rev. K. Poen delivering a most eloquent and touching funeral oration while the whole town turned out to pay her their last tribute of love and respect. Mrs. Eckhardt was a remarkable woman in many respects. The mother



ROBERT ECKHARDT.

of February, 1868, at his home in Yorktown, highly respected by his fellow-men. He was a man of sterling integrity and character; intelligent, social (yet frugal and industrious), devoted to his family and his adopted country. He loved Texas and its people and appreciated republican institutions and the great principles of American Democracy, inspiring his children and his neighbors by his upright living and good example.

After his death his widow, Mrs. Louise Eckhardt, continued the mercantile business in partnership with her sons, Robert and William, under the old firm name of C. Eckhardt & Sons. We here reproduce a portion of her obituary, which appeared in the *Cuero Bulletin*, shortly after her death: "She remained a member of the firm up to the time of her

of eight children whom she reared to be among the most useful and respected of our citizens, she yet found time to become the founder and projector of one of the most extensive and reliable business concerns in the county. The many obstacles which she encountered would have baffled many of the pioneers of Texas, yet with an indomitable energy, a restless industry, strong common sense and unswerving integrity she overcame them all and lived to see her efforts crowned with success. She was unselfish to a fault and most charitable and helpful to her neighbors. She loved the truth and abhorred and shunned everything which savored of sham and hypocrisy. A pure and noble woman has passed to her rest and reward. She died in her eighty-fourth year, but her son Robert had

preceded her in death and this leaves her son William, the only surviving member of the old firm, who continues the large business of C. Eckhardt & Sons at the old stand."

Robert C. Eckhardt was the oldest child of Caesar and Louise Eckhardt and was born March 17th, 1836, in Laasphe, Germany, emigrating to Texas with his parents when he was thirteen years of age. He assisted them in building up their home and business and occupied his spare time in improving his mind by private study and useful reading, thus growing up to the splendid manhood of the hardy frontiersman.

At the age of twenty-four he married Miss Caroline Kleberg, daughter of Judge Robert Kleberg. He joined Wood's regiment of Texas cavalry and served with distinction in the campaign against Gen. Banks in Louisiana, coming out of the war at its break-up as Second Lieutenant of his company. After the war he engaged in mercantile pursuits, first in Columbus, Texas, and afterwards as a member of the firm of C. Eckhardt & Sons, after his father's death.

His standing in the business community and as a citizen was among the best. He was the first mayor of Yorktown and took a leading part in every prominent enterprise in the town and county. He was a member of Cameron Lodge No. 76 A. F. and A. M. and other fraternal societies, as well as trustee of schools, etc. In his intercourse with his fellow-men he was affable, generous, courteous and most agreeable and enjoyed a large circle of friends; devoted to his family and country, he stood forth an exemplar as husband, father and citizen. He died at his home on Monday, February 28th, 1887, and was buried with Masonic honors by his local lodge, leaving his widow, eleven children and a legion of friends and acquaintances to mourn his loss.

William Eckhardt, son of Caesar and Louise Eckhardt, was born January 24th, 1838, in Laasphe, Germany, and emigrated to Texas, in 1849, with his parents. He is a self-made man in the full sense of the term. His early training in the schools of Germany was followed in his new home in Yorktown, Texas, by a course of private study which consisted chiefly in the reading of useful books, periodicals and papers. He developed at an early age a talent for mechanics and applied it in many useful ways on his father's farm and at the store, by stocking plows, making all kinds of furniture, building houses and constructing many other useful contrivances. He was a constant student of all practical problems which occur and often battle the frontiersman in providing the necessary machinery

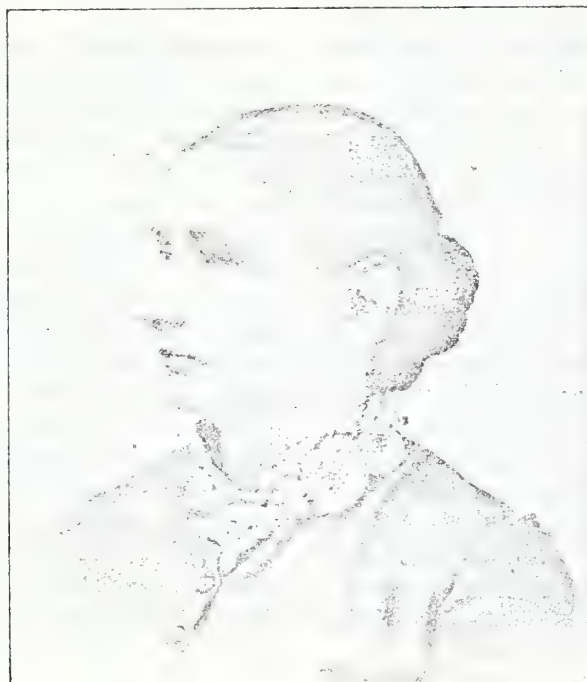
for his ranch and farm and by a course of self-training he managed to solve most, if not all, of them. For many years, he has been a subscriber and close reader of the *Scientific American* and to-day his judgment on all kinds of machinery is not only excellent, but is frequently consulted by his neighbors. This practical knowledge of mechanics and physics led him some years ago to bore for artesian water, which he obtained without much trouble along the banks of the creeks in his section and which, in many places, now furnish an abundance of fresh water to the people. His practical judgment about all classes of machinery has served to revolutionize the class of agricultural implements in use in his neighborhood and beyond it, and he always carries a large stock of these goods in his mercantile business, keeping up with the latest inventions and improvements in all kinds of machinery. At the breaking out of the late war he joined the first company of volunteers raised in DeWitt County for the Confederate service, a company commanded by Capt. W. R. Friend, of Clinton. This company was called the DeWitt Rifles, and contained the flower of the young men of the county. In January, 1862, however, young Eckhardt joined the Twenty-fourth Texas Cavalry and left Texas for Arkansas, where his company was dismounted at El Dorado, and placed in command of Capt. Cupples, brother of the late Dr. Cupples, of San Antonio, Texas.

Mr. Eckhardt was in the fight at Arkansas Post. During the battle he narrowly escaped death, seven of his companions having been killed immediately around him. He was captured on the surrender of the Post and held a prisoner at Camp Butler, near Springfield, Ill., where he remained three months. Here a great many men were lost from sickness and exposure, more dying from disease than in battle. Finally he was exchanged at City Point, Va., in May, 1863, and about two weeks later his troop was armed to support batteries around Richmond, during the battle of Chancellorsville. He there witnessed the bringing in of Gen. Stonewall Jackson's body from the battlefield.

From there Mr. Eckhardt was placed in Gen. Cleburne's Division, and the first skirmish he was engaged in was at Bellbuckle, Tenn. The next skirmish he was in was at Elk River, and the next on Cumberland Mountain. Then followed the battle of Chickamauga, in which he participated. Here he again narrowly escaped being killed, a grape shot striking him and wounding him severely and taking off the sole and the heel of his shoe. His right-hand man, Tom Moore, was killed

instantly, and his front rank man severely wounded. Out of forty-five men of his company reporting for duty, twenty-seven were killed or wounded. It was here the company lost its captain, Dashler, who perished on the field. After the battle of Chickamauga, the Texas troops, including the company to which Mr. Eckhardt belonged, were consolidated in Granbury's brigade, with which it participated in the battle on Missionary Ridge. Then followed the battle of Ringold. The next engagement was at Duck Gap, Ga. The next at Resaca. During the battle last named, the Federal troops were charging a brigade of Confed-

Eckhardt was taken sick with fever and was placed in the hospital, in Alabama, for three months, when he obtained a special pass from Dr. Bryan to travel with the army, thinking it would improve his health, which it did in a measure, but, on account of poor health, he was finally retired from the service at Cedar Town, Ga., as an invalid and it was three or four years after the war before he regained his health. Mr. Eckhardt retains a souvenir of the war in the shape of a pocketbook made from the drum head which was used on the drum in Granbury's brigade. This drum had been heard by every man in the brigade and had gone through many battles. He



MRS. CAROLINE ECKHARDT.

erates next to Granbury's. Mr. Eckhardt and Lieut. Marsh, of Austin, Texas, were anxious to witness this charge and placed themselves on an elevation to see it. No sooner had they done so, than a shot struck Lieut. Marsh and Mr. Eckhardt caught him as he fell and carried him about fifty yards to a spot where he was protected from the fire of the enemy. He, however, died from the effects of the wound. Mr. Eckhardt's brigade was next engaged in a skirmish at Calhoun, then at Cashville, and then in the battle at New Hope Church. In looking over the latter battle-field the next morning the officers declared that they had never seen so many men killed in so small a space, Granbury's brigade, already much reduced in numbers, lost one hundred and fifty killed in this fight. After this battle Mr.

made the pocket-book while in camp at Dalton and greatly prizes it. Well he may, for it now reminds the veteran Confederate soldier of the many fierce reveilles, the drum once pealed forth when it called and rallied the brave Texans to battle and led them in the charge. Mr. Eckhardt has another memento, a picture of Gen. Pat. Cleburne, around which clusters many sacred memories of the long ago. The following extract is from a Texas paper:—

“Mr. Albert W. McKinney received to-day a gift that he sets much store by. It is a picture of Maj.-Gen. Pat. Cleburne, killed charging the Federal works in the fearful fight at Franklin, Tenn. Mr. McKinney belonged to Company B., Twenty-fourth Texas, Granbury's brigade, and was near Gen. Granbury when he and Gen. Cleburne were

killed, almost within a moment of each other. The picture is a gift of Mr. Wm. Eckhardt, who was of Company K., in the same regiment with Mr. McKinney and who now resides at Yorktown in this State. It is a life-like likeness and Mr. McKinney esteems it beyond money or price. Mr. Wm. Eckhardt possesses Gen. Cleburne's photograph from which he had made several large photos and portraits, one he sent to Camp Magruder and received the following graceful acknowledgment:—

"GALVESTON, TEXAS, May 18, 1895.

"MR. WM. ECKHARDT,

"Yorktown, Texas.

"DEAR SIR AND COMRADE: Camp Magruder, United Confederate Veterans, has directed me to acknowledge the receipt of the handsome portrait of Gen. Pat Cleburne, which you sent us and to convey our hearty thanks to you for same. You can understand better than I can express the feelings with which we look on the likeness of this hero of many battles, who with A. P. Hill, W. J. Hardee and others of the same class, did sturdy military work in all its forms, with comparatively no reward but a sense of duty well done. Such men were subordinates throughout the war, yet they earned for their superiors the fame which the latter enjoy. They were typical representatives of the real Southern soldier who fought not for money or for other wealth, nor for fame, but for principles, and whose self-denial and self-sacrifice knew no limits in support of those principles. In the case of Gen. Cleburne, patriotism received at Franklin the high-

est offering that man can give and the wail of grief that then arose from lovers of brave manhood all over the South has not yet died out. You could not have done us a greater favor or honor than you have conferred in providing us with this lasting and vivid reminder of Southern courage and every good soldierly quality as personified in Gen. Pat. Cleburne; God bless him.

"Sincerely yours,

"P. H. POTT,

"Lieut. Com.

"Camp Magruder.' "

Mr. Wm. Eckhardt has also his honorable discharge from the Confederate military service, dated October 20th, 1864, thus making up a war record of which any man may feel proud and which his posterity will no doubt appreciate as a priceless heritage, and as a monument to valor and patriotism more enduring than marble and which neither death nor time can efface. After returning from the war Mr. Wm. Eckhardt did the buying for his father's business which soon became one of the largest in that section of the country. After his father's death in 1868, his mother formed a partnership with her two oldest sons, Robert and William, as before stated, under the firm name of C. Eckhardt & Sons. Mr. William Eckhardt is now the only surviving partner and carries on a larger business than ever under the old firm name at the old stand. He has been very successful in all his business undertakings.

In 1865 he married Miss Mary Gohmert who has borne him eight children, five of whom are now living.

X. B. SAUNDERS,

BELTON.

Hon. X. B. Saunders, for many years past a leading attorney of Central Texas, was born in Columbia, Maury County, Tenn., in 1831. He is the second son and the fourth born in a family of five children, consisting of three sons and two daughters. His parents were Joel B. Saunders and Mariam Lewis (Kennedy) Saunders, natives of Kentucky and Virginia, respectively. John Saunders, his grandfather, married Miss Sarah Grant, daughter of Gen. William and Mrs. Elizabeth (Boone) Grant, the latter being the youngest sister

of the famous pioneer, Daniel Boone. His grandparents went to Kentucky with Boone. Many of their descendants are now scattered over Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, and many of them have attained prominence and occupied important official positions. The Saunders family are of English and Scotch descent. His maternal grandfather, Robert Campbell Kennedy, was born in Augusta County, Va., and was a son of William and Martha (Campbell) Kennedy, natives of Scotland.

William Kennedy took part in the Revolutionary

War, participating in the battle of King's Mountain, where several members of the family were killed. He was there under command of Gen. William Campbell.

Martha Campbell was a Scotch lassie from the house of Argyle and was born at Ellerslie, the country seat of Sir William Wallace. Her mother's maiden name was McGregor. Judge Saunders' maternal grandmother was, before her marriage, Miss Esther Edmiston, her parents being Col. William Edmiston, a revolutionary officer, and Henrietta (Montgomery) Edmiston. The Kennedys were Virginia planters. His grandfather, John Saunders, was a planter and stock raiser in Kentucky and died there at his homestead on the Licking river.

Joel Boone Saunders, father of the subject of this memoir, received his education at the University of Maryland, in Baltimore, after which he practiced medicine at Millersburg, Bourbon County, Ky., and at Fayetteville, Columbia, and Memphis, Tenn., and still later at Natchez, Miss. After a short residence at the last named place, his death occurred there in October, 1833, at the age of thirty-seven years. He was greatly devoted to his profession and in fact sacrificed his life to it. His widow survived him several years, her death occurring March 29, 1846. He was a member of the Methodist church and she of the Presbyterian.

Their oldest son, Napoleon B., a promising young lawyer, died in 1858, at Memphis. Joel Boone, the youngest child, studied law and medicine and life apparently presented a bright prospect for him, when war broke out between the States. He entered the Confederate army in Texas in 1861, in response to his country's call, and served until he fell severely wounded on the battle-field of Gettysburg, from whence he was taken to Alabama, where he died and was buried before the close of the year 1863. Sarah Grant, the oldest, child became the wife of Robert Weir and is now a resident of Germantown, Tenn. The other daughter, Eliza Margaret, married Calvin L. Story, of Lockhart, Texas. Xenophon Boone Saunders was educated in Jackson College, Columbia, Tenn., and at Hanover College, Ind., graduating at the latter institution with the class of 1849. He read law at Indianapolis, Ind., under Smith and Yandés; finished at Nashville, Tenn., under the Hon. John Trimble; was admitted to the bar at Memphis, Tenn., in 1854, and in 1855 came to Belton, Texas, and began the

practice of his profession. He very soon established a large and lucrative practice and became a prominent figure in public affairs. In 1860 he was elected Mayor of the town. He was opposed to secession and made a canvass of the district of the State in which he lived in opposition to the measure. When, however, it was adopted and Texas withdrew from the Union, he determined to follow her fortunes and entered the Confederate army as Captain of Company A., Sixteenth Regiment of Texas Infantry, and was afterwards promoted to Major of the regiment. He participated in the battles of Perkin's Landing, Millican's Bend, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Jenkins' Ferry, during a large portion of the time commanding the regiment. He was paroled at Millican's in June, 1865.

After the war he returned to Belton and resumed practice. In 1866 he was a delegate to the State Constitutional Convention and represented Bell and Lampasas counties in that body. In 1875 he was elected Judge of the Fourteenth Judicial District, composed of the counties of Bell, McLennan and Falls, which position he resigned in 1877. After retiring from the bench he formed a copartnership with A. J. Harris. The firm has since been counsel, on one side or the other, in nearly every case of importance tried in that section of the State. Mr. Saunders is also engaged in farming operations and owns considerable city property. He assisted in organizing the Belton Compress Company, of which he was vice-president, and has been an active promoter of all meritorious enterprises, having as their object the development and upbuilding of the portion of the State in which he lives.

He was married December 17, 1857, to Miss Annie E. Surghnor, daughter of John Surghnor, of Leesburg, Loudoun County, Va. To them have been born six children, all of whom are living, viz.: William Kennedy, now City Attorney at Belton; Walter Cupples, engaged in newspaper work; Kathleen Shelly, wife of John T. Smith, a prominent business man of Temple, Texas; X. B. Saunders, Jr.; Wilson M. Saunders; and Imogene Mariam. Some of the family are members of the Methodist and others of the Presbyterian church. Judge Saunders has for many years been a 32^d member of the Masonic fraternity and is Past Eminent Commander of Belton Commandery, No. 23, K. T., of which he was one of the organizers. He has also been Deputy Grand Chancellor of Belton Lodge No. 51, K. of P.

ELBERT L. GREGG,

RUSK.

Elbert L. Gregg, one of the best known lawyers and financiers in Texas, was born in Greene County, Tenn., February 20, 1840.

His parents were Marshall W. and Alpha Gregg, of that county, where they lived and died. Eight children were born to them, seven of whom are now living. The subject of this notice attended local schools and completed his education at excellent colleges in his native State.

During the war between the States he entered the Confederate army as a private soldier in Capt. T. S. Rumbough's company and was afterwards appointed Adjutant of the Sixty-fifth North Carolina Regiment of Cavalry with which he served in West Virginia, East Tennessee, and Kentucky, part of the time discharging the duties of Provost Marshal.

At the close of hostilities he returned home, like many others, to find himself completely impoverished, and determined to go to a new field and take up the tangled threads of life anew. He accordingly came to Texas and in 1867, formed a copartnership with Mr. R. H. Guinn, at Rusk, Texas, under the firm name of Guinn & Gregg, and entered actively upon the practice of his profession. Possessed of talents, eminently fitting him for success at the bar, he rose rapidly and soon enjoyed a lucrative practice and an enviable reputation as a learned lawyer, and skillful practitioner. The connection with Mr. Guinn continued for about nine-

teen years. After Mr. Guinn's death, Mr. Gregg formed a copartnership with Ex-State Senator Robert H. Morris, which continued until Mr. Morris became an invalid and retired from practice.

In July, 1890, Mr. Gregg organized the First National Bank at Rusk, and has since been its president and principally devoted his attention to financial matters, although continuing to act as counsel in important law cases.

He was one of the commissioners whom Governor Coke appointed to locate the branch of the State penitentiary now established at Rusk and has performed many other services that have resulted in advantage to the town and section in which he lives.

He has been twice married. His first marriage was in 1876 to Mrs. Kate Bonner, who died in 1880, and bore him two children, one of whom, Elbert M., is now living; and his second, in 1882, to his present wife, *nee* Miss Bettie Dickenson, of Cherokee County, a great-granddaughter of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Five children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Gregg, viz.: Nellie, Florence, Josephine, Luray Will, and Eldridge R., all of whom are living except Luray Will, who died in 1892, of bronchitis.

Mr. Gregg owns a large amount of real estate and is one of the influential and representative men of the section of the State in which he resides.

WILLIAM PINKNEY McLEAN,

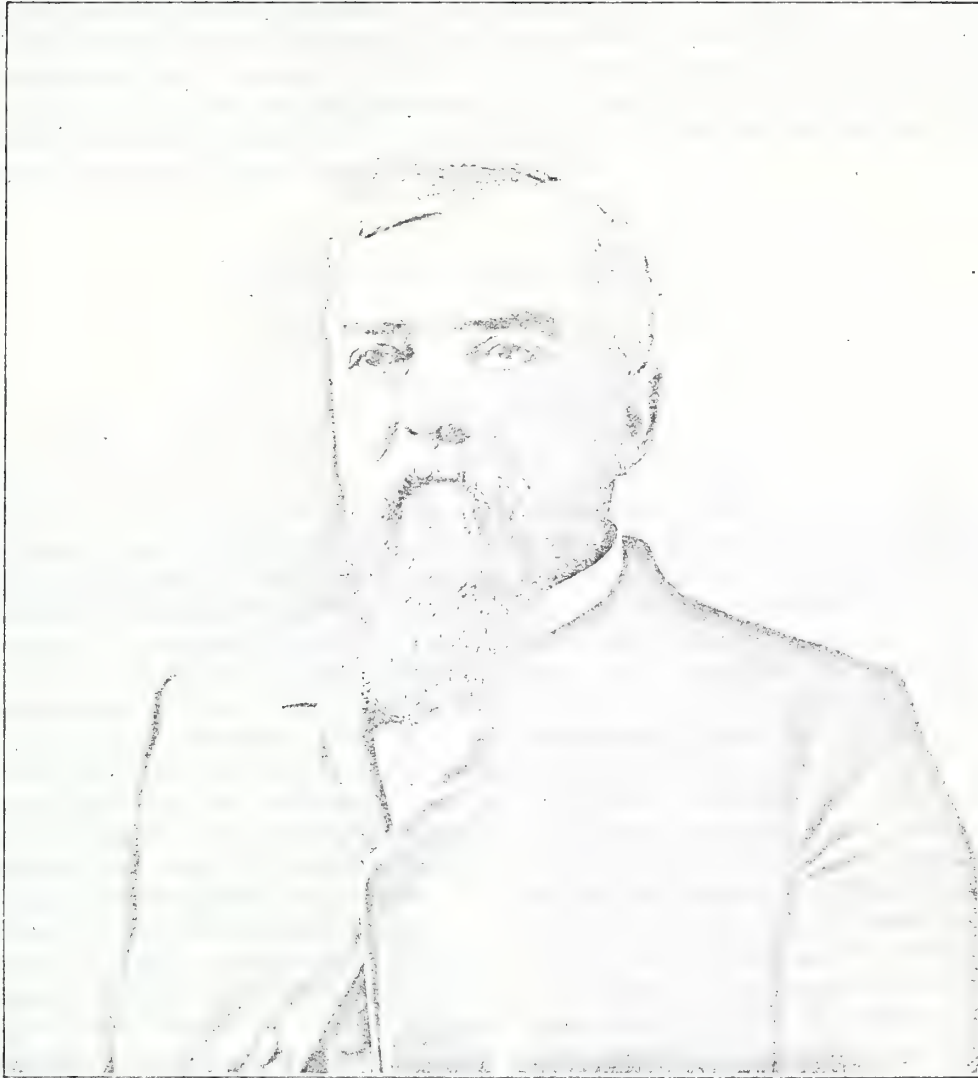
FORT WORTH.

Hon. W. P. McLean, ex-member of Congress, ex-District Judge, ex-member of the State Railroad Commission and for many years past a distinguished lawyer in this State, was born in Hinds County, Miss., August 9, 1836. His parents were Allen F. and Ann Rose McLean. His father died in 1838 and his mother came to Texas in 1839 and settled in that part of Bowie County now embraced within the limits of the county of Marion.

The subject of this notice attended schools in Cass County and Marshall, Texas, and completed his education at the University of North Carolina, at Chappel Hill, where he was graduated in the class of 1857. After graduating he studied law and was admitted to the bar.

Judge McLean served as a member of the Texas Legislature, in 1861 and 1869; was a member of the Forty-third Congress, a member of the Con-





L. W. GOODRICH.

stitutional Convention of 1875 and Judge of the Fifth Judicial District from 1884 to 1888 and in 1891 was appointed by Governor James S. Hogg a member of the State Railroad Commission, a position which he held until October, 1894, when he tendered his resignation in order to resume the practice of his profession at Fort Worth, where he now resides and is a member of the law firm of Humphreys & McLean.

At the beginning of the war between the States he resigned his seat in the Texas Legislature and enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in Company D., Nineteenth Texas Infantry, and, owing to gallant and efficient service, was soon made Adjutant of the regiment and later Adjutant-General of the Third Brigade, Walker's Division, with the rank of

Major of Cavalry. Judge McLean is a Royal Arch Mason and a member of the Knights of Honor. He was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Batte. They have eight children: Annie, Ida, Thomas Rusk, Jefferson Davis, William Pinkney, Maggie, John Howell, and Bessie.

Judge McLean has been an active Democratic worker and has often canvassed for the principles and nominees of his party. He made an enviable record as a soldier, member of the Legislature, member of Congress, member of the Constitutional Convention, District Judge and member of the State Railroad Commission, and is a man of uncommon ability and learning. As a lawyer he has few equals at the bar and few men have a wider circle of friends.

L. W. GOODRICH,

WACO.

Honorable L. W. Goodrich was born May 31, 1836, in Loraine County, Ohio. His parents emigrated from Massachusetts to Ohio in 1833, and in 1845 moved back to the former State, and Pittsfield, Mass., became the permanent home of the family. The subject of our sketch attended school in Pittsfield at various times until 1854, at which time he entered Norwich University, Vt, where he pursued the studies included in the scientific course of that institution until 1855, when he returned to his home at Pittsfield. The following May he went to Chicago and from there to Wisconsin, where he was employed as civil engineer and surveyor. He later followed the same occupation in Illinois.

In the fall of 1859 he came overland, on horseback, through Missouri and Arkansas to Texas. Locating in Brown County, on the very outskirts of civilization, he began teaching school, and in 1860 was elected District Surveyor of that district. At the commencement of the war between the States he joined what was afterwards known as McCulloch's regiment and was with the force that took possession of the military posts on the Texas frontier in February, 1861. Shortly afterwards the command was organized into a regiment under a commission issued by the Confederate government to Ben McCulloch. Henry McCulloch became Colonel of the regiment and T. C. Frost, Lieutenant-Colonel. The command of the regiment sub-

sequently devolved on the latter, and by him the subject of this notice was appointed Adjutant. In 1863, Judge Goodrich became Captain of Company G., Thirtieth Texas Cavalry, and in that capacity served in Texas, Arkansas and the Indian Territory, until the close of hostilities. Although wounded, he passed through the fiery ordeal without sustaining permanent injury.

Immediately after the close of the war he engaged in school teaching at Robinson, McLennan County, and also took up the study of law, which he prosecuted with diligence. He was admitted to practice by the District Court at Waco in May, 1866, and since that time has followed his profession in McLennan and Falls counties. In June, 1890, he was appointed Judge of the Nineteenth District and in November of the same year was elected to that position, and has since continuously held that office. He was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Texas in 1871, and in the Supreme Court of the United States in 1875, and has appeared in both courts in some of the most important civil suits, involving titles to land, that have arisen in the section of the State in which he resides.

He was married in February, 1869, to Miss Alice Battle, daughter of Judge N. W. Battle, and has eight children: Frank Battle, now in the employment of the Texas Central Railway Co., as civil

engineer; Abigail, Nick Whitney, Maria, Mary, Alice, Levi, and Thomas E.

The family name of Goodrich, formerly Goodric or Godric, is Saxon, and some members of the family, particularly S. G. Goodrich, known to the children of the last generation as Peter Parley and to all lovers of good literature as the author of the inimitable "Recollections of A Life Time," have interested themselves in tracing the history of the family. Briefly stated it is as follows: Three brothers of the name left England in Cromwell's time and came to the American colonies, where they

settled, one in New England, one in Virginia, and one in South Carolina. Their descendants are numerous and widely scattered. Like many of the families that found homes in New England at that period, the Goodrich family were not Puritans and unlike many families that came to this country then, they did not return to England after the restoration in 1688.

On the bench Judge Goodrich is very careful and painstaking in the trial of causes, and is an able lawyer; his rulings are very seldom reversed.

JOHN H. TRAYLOR,

DALLAS.

John Henry Traylor was born at Traylorville, Henry County, Va., March 27, 1839. His ancestors were of French Huguenot extraction, and the first of the name in the Colony of Virginia of which the records make mention, was William Traylor, who was called a "planter" and was licensed to wed in Henrico County, December, 1695. Peter Jones, from whom Petersburg, Va., derived its name, was surety on his marriage bond. He had a grant of about 3,000 acres of land from the Crown, situated just opposite to the present site of the city of Petersburg, on the north side of the Appomattox river, in that part of Henrico, which is now Chesterfield County. His grandson, Humphrey Traylor, was the great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch, and was an active participant in the Revolutionary War, and died in Dinwiddie County, Va., in 1802.

The grandfather of John H. Traylor was Rev. John C. Traylor, who was born in Henrico County, Va., in 1788. He was licensed an elder in the M. E. Church by Bishop McKendre, at Lynchburg, Va., in 1815; he led an exemplary and useful life, dying in Troup County, Ga., in 1856.

The father of John H. Traylor was Robert B. Traylor, who was a Southern planter, and took an active interest in all public and political questions. was a member of the Georgia Legislature at seventy-five years of age, and died in Troup County, Ga., in 1893.

Jno. H. Traylor was reared and educated in Troup County, Ga., where the family is prominent. He enlisted in Company B., Fourth Georgia Regiment, in 1861, and served during the

entire war in the army of Northern Virginia, and was in all the prominent battles in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. He was wounded at the battles of Warrenton, Spottsylvania Court House and Chancellorsville. He was wounded in the latter battle, and his only brother killed, on Saturday evening, May 2, 1863, near the same time and place where Stonewall Jackson received his death-wound. He was with Jackson during the entire day, in the capacity of sharpshooter and scout, and was in a few yards of him when he was shot. Later on he was appointed Quartermaster of the ordnance of of Gen. Early's corps. He came to Texas in 1867, and located at Jefferson, where he followed merchandising. He was married to Miss Pauline Lockett in 1869, and removed to Granbury, in Hood County, in 1871, where he engaged in selling and locating lands till 1875. He surveyed many thousand acres in Hood, Parker, Palo Pinto and more western counties, often coming in dangerous proximity to the Comanche and Kiowa Indians, who visited these frontier counties monthly in quest of horses, which were disposed of at Fort Sill, and more northern frontier posts. These savages usually made their raids in the light of the moon, and their monthly visits were not considered doubtful; hence, the surveyors took the precaution to have early supper and remove a mile or so from their camp-fire, and lariat their horses, and sleep in some retired spot, every one being at all times armed. Mr. Traylor was elected Sheriff and Tax Collector of Hood County, February, 1876, under the new Constitution and re-elected in November, 1878.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the integrity of the financial system and for the ability to detect and prevent fraud.

2. The second part of the document outlines the specific requirements for record-keeping, including the need to maintain separate accounts for different types of transactions and to ensure that all records are properly indexed and filed.

3. The third part of the document discusses the importance of regular audits and reviews of the records. It states that audits should be conducted at least once a year and that the results of the audits should be reported to the appropriate authorities.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the importance of training and education for all personnel involved in the record-keeping process. It states that all personnel should receive regular training and education to ensure that they are up-to-date on the latest record-keeping practices and procedures.

5. The fifth part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining the confidentiality of the records. It states that all records should be stored in a secure location and that access to the records should be restricted to authorized personnel only.

6. The sixth part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining the accuracy of the records. It states that all records should be entered accurately and that any errors should be corrected immediately. It also discusses the importance of maintaining the integrity of the records and of preventing any unauthorized changes or deletions.

7. The seventh part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining the completeness of the records. It states that all transactions should be recorded and that no records should be omitted or left out.

8. The eighth part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining the timeliness of the records. It states that all records should be entered as soon as possible after the transaction has occurred and that records should be updated regularly.

9. The ninth part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining the accessibility of the records. It states that all records should be stored in a location that is easily accessible and that records should be organized in a way that makes them easy to find and retrieve.

10. The tenth part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining the security of the records. It states that all records should be protected from theft, loss, and damage and that appropriate security measures should be in place to ensure the safety of the records.

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15. The fifteenth part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining the accessibility of the records. It states that all records should be stored in a location that is easily accessible and that records should be organized in a way that makes them easy to find and retrieve.

In November, 1881, he was elected to the Seventeenth Legislature, from the counties of Hood, Somervell and Bosque. Although a new member he was an active and efficient legislator and is said to have introduced and passed more bills than any other member, save one.

He was the author of the bill "providing for designating and setting apart three hundred leagues of land out of the unappropriated public domain for the benefit of the unorganized counties of the State, and to provide for the survey and location of the same" (see H. J., p. 128 q.); also bills regulating sheriffs' fees, tax sales, etc.

At the extra session of 1882, he was the chairman of the sub-committee of senatorial and representative districts in the re-apportionment of the State, and did much arduous labor in this work. He also introduced and passed bills to amend the law reducing the maximum rate of passenger-fare from five to three cents per mile (see H. J., p. 5, 1882), and the "act to repeal all laws granting land or land-certificates to any person, firm or corporation or company for the construction of railroads, canals and ditches." (See H. J., p. 22, Act 1882.)

In November, 1883, he was elected by a large majority to the Senate from the Thirtieth Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Hood, Somervell, Bosque, Erath and Palo Pinto.

He was well posted in land matters and the Senate journals will show that his knowledge was very thorough in shaping land legislation, which, with its various features of sale, lease and other disposition, was the great and perplexing question of the day. The Eighteenth and Nineteenth Legislatures permanently adjusted these, and all collateral questions.

There being no provision for paying officers' fees in felony cases unless conviction was had, Mr. Traylor contended that the result was a lax enforcement of the criminal laws, and, hence, introduced and passed a bill providing for the payment of fees to county and district officers in felony cases (see S. J., p. 16, 1883); also a bill providing for the payment of attached witnesses in felony cases (see S. J., 1883, p. 46).

He was very active and efficient in questions pertaining to school and public lands, public roads, penitentiaries, officials' fees, the new capitol, the State finances, and all matters relating to the administration of the State government. He opposed with great earnestness and success the fifteen-year lease of the penitentiary convicts entered into by the administration.

Just before the extra session met in 1884 to prevent, or rather, quell, the war between the pas-

ture men and the fence-cutters, he published an interview outlining the conditions of adjustment, which was copied by the papers throughout the State, and practically enacted into law during the extra session. This was probably the most difficult question that ever confronted the Legislature, as it involved unlawful fencing and its penalties, herding, line-riding, the lease and sale of the school and public lands, public roads, free grass, fence-cutting and the penalties, and the grazing of sheep, cattle and horses on the State's lands, or the lands of another person. After a long and bitter contest in both houses and between the two houses, the whole question was settled on February 5th, 1884, by the second Free Conference Committee, composed of Jno. H. Traylor and John Young Gooch, on the part of the Senate, and A. T. McKinney and A. M. Taylor on the part of the House (see S. J., p. 118).

He was Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate in the Nineteenth Legislature, and left his impress on most of the important legislation during that time, especially those measures pertaining to the appropriations for the State government. He was author of the act "to provide for the issuance and sale of the bonds of the State to supply the deficiencies in the revenue" (see S. J. 1885, p. 42); also an act "to provide for the correction and revision of the abstract of located, patented and titled lands, (see S. J. 1885, p. 97), and several other less important measures. He served two years in the House and four in the Senate, where he made a State-wide reputation as a wise, prudent and far-seeing legislator. His recognized ability secured him important positions on the various Legislative Committees, and since retiring from public life, his name has often received favorable mention for various State offices, including chief executive.

Mr. Traylor has much of the character of the Virginian of fifty years ago in his composition. He has a profound sense of the importance of some counteracting agency to the inordinate desire for accumulating and laying up treasure; this dangerous tendency of the age he believes if allowed to prevail, will make our people degenerate, will sever the moral ties which unite us to our forefathers, and take away all zest from the contemplation of the great performances achieved by them. He is a member of the Virginia Historical Society, has traveled much in the United States and Europe and is very fond of the antiquated and historical. He is now a successful business man of Dallas, well and widely known for his good practical sense and his association with commercial and benevolent movements.

R. B. PARROTT,

WACO.

R. B. Parrott was born in Amherst County, Va., in October, 1848. His father, William J. Parrott, died in 1893. His mother, *nee* Miss Jane C. Blanks, was a niece of the founder of the Smithsonian Institute.

Mr. Parrott entered the University of Virginia before he was fourteen years of age, and was the youngest student who ever matriculated at that great college, before or since. When the war came on he ran away from college, having been there only six months, joined the Southern troops under Col. Mosby and served through the war as a non-commissioned officer. December 24, 1864, he was captured and taken to Boston Harbor, where he was kept in confinement with Hon. Alex. H. Stephens. He was released June 16, 1865.

After the war he returned to Virginia and engaged with a large commission house in Richmond, in which he was "on 'change." He was the youngest man on 'change in the city and carried off first premium on best sales every year that he was there. In 1872, he came to Texas and settled in Waco and at once identified himself with the interests of that city and of the State. He embarked in the insurance business, which he has successfully continued. He is now the general manager for Texas, Arkansas and the Pacific Slope of the Provident Savings Life Insurance Company of New York. While in California he projected the novel and effective scheme for advertising Texas land by moving-cars. He was largely instrumental in causing the organization of the Texas and Real-Estate Association, he having first suggested and urged the organization before the Waco Board of Trade, of which he is president. He is also president of the Provident Investment Company which owns a valuable suburban addition to the city. He has been honored by the bishop of the diocese by appointment as one of the trustees of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn. During the World's Fair he filled the position of chairman of the Texas World's Fair Committee. It was through his influence that the Provident Savings Life Insurance Co. erected in Waco one of the most complete and magnificent office buildings in the South. He has always taken an active interest in the cause of popular education. He was chairman of the School Committee of the city of Waco for a number of years and has done much

to bring the schools up to their present state of efficiency. The nearest approach to a political office he ever consented to accept was a position on Governor Hubbard's staff, with the rank of Colonel.

Owing to his efforts and those of S. W. Slayden and others, a splendid natatorium was built in Waco, one of the first, if not the first, constructed in Texas. It is located on Fourth street, near the Pacific Hotel, and cost \$75,000.

Col. Parrott was united in marriage, June 12, 1873, to Miss Alice Farmer Downs, the accomplished daughter of W. W. Downs. They reside at the old homestead of Maj. Downs, a beautiful and historic home on South Third street. Their union has been blessed with six children: Charles B., Rosa, Alice, Robert B., Jr., Willie, and Lillian. Rosa died at the age of three years.

Col. Parrott is a member of the Masonic, Elks and Knights of Pythias fraternities.

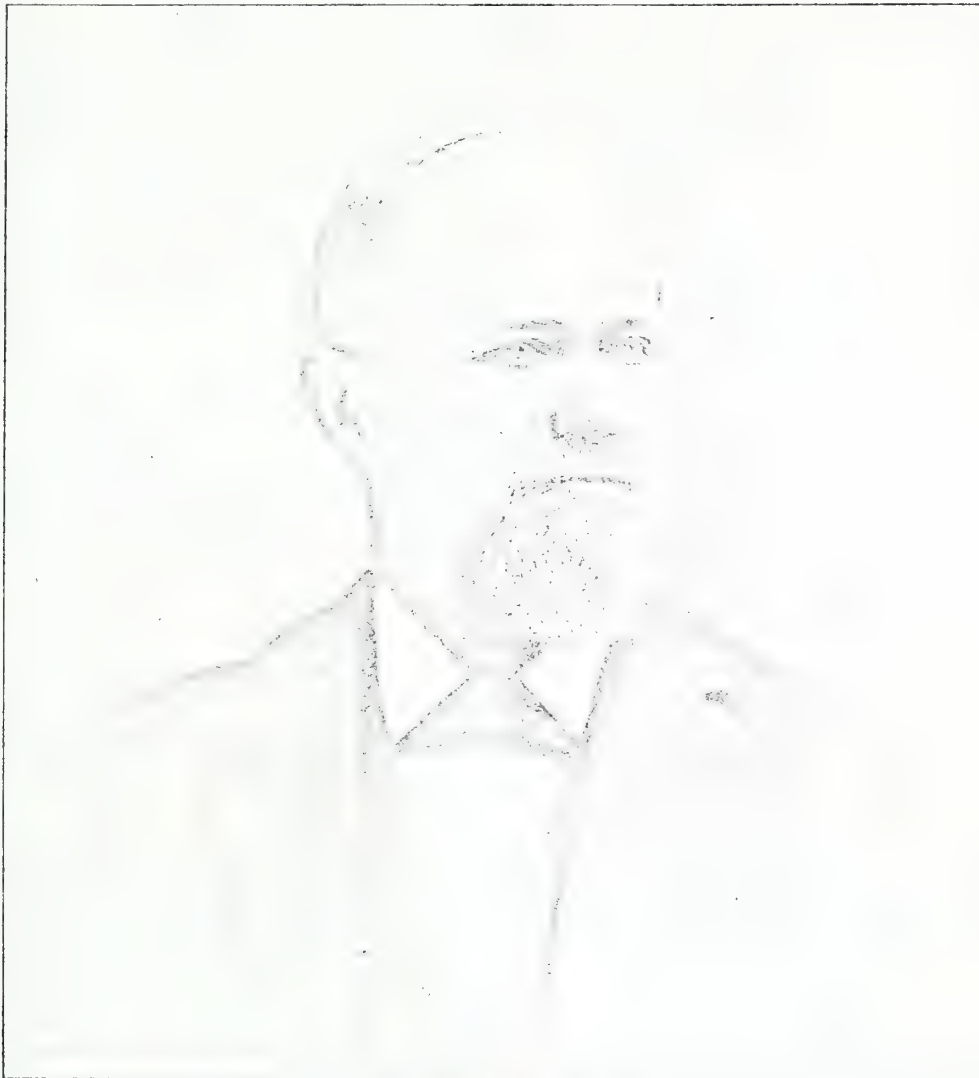
During the Hogg-Clark campaign he championed the cause of George Clark and was indefatigable in his efforts to secure his nomination and then to elect him. He was called unanimously to the leadership of the Prohibition forces and the work accomplished by him shows how well he discharged the duties of the trust confided to him.

Few men have contributed more to the prosperity of Texas, and especially of Waco, than Col. Parrott. His great efforts have been to introduce into the State a cheaper system of life insurance than that of the old lines, which drained the State of money. After years of struggle against bitter opposition and obstacles that would have crushed a less resolute man, he has been eminently successful and has saved millions of dollars to the people and has greatly aided in advancing the material prosperity and development of the State.

A pleasing phase of Col. Parrott's work in Texas, is its pure disinterestedness. He has no political aspirations and there is no official position which he could be induced to accept. He is a man of fine physique, dignified in his bearing and pleasing in address. He is broad and cosmopolitan in his views and strong in his advocacy of what he believes to be right. He stands high in the estimation of the people of the State and of the city in which he dwells.



R. B. PARROTT.



WALTER GRESHAM.

WALTER GRESHAM,

GALVESTON.

Walter Gresham, ex-member of the Texas Legislature, ex-member of Congress and a widely known lawyer and financier, was born in King and Queen County, Va. Although very young at the commencement of the war, he enlisted as a soldier in Lee's Rangers, commanded by Gen. W. H. F. Lee, son of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and afterwards served in Company H., Twenty-fourth Virginia Cavalry, and other regiments. He fought under Gen. Jeb Stewart; was with Stonewall Jackson in 1862; took part in most of the battles fought by the army of Northern Virginia, and, at last, stood with the devoted band that surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. The Secretary of War of the Confederate States gave him permission to complete his education at the University of Virginia. In the summer of 1863 he graduated from the law department of that institution, and the following summer rejoined his command in the field. His grandfather, Thomas Gresham, was a noted lawyer of Essex County, Va. His father, Edward Gresham, studied law and procured license; but, possessing a large estate that required much of his attention, and not being dependent upon his labors at the bar, never regularly practiced his profession. As a result of the war, Edward Gresham's fortune was swept away. Nothing disheartened by the changed prospect that lay before him, Walter Gresham determined to move to Texas. He landed at Galveston on the last day of the year 1866 with only \$5.00 in his pockets; rented an office and began the practice of law. His early days were a hard struggle; but, talent is never without appreciation in an intelligent community, when conjoined with other elements of character essential to success, and his rise at the bar was rapid. He was elected to the responsible position of District Attorney for Galveston and Brazoria counties in 1872, served three years, and left the office with an excellent record. Early in his professional career Mr. Gresham was admitted to partnership with Col. Walter L. Mann and maintained this relation until Col. Mann's death in 1875. He then practiced alone until 1878, when he formed a copartnership with S. W. Jones, Esq., the firm now being Gresham & Jones. Up to 1877 Mr. Gresham enjoyed, perhaps, a better paying practice than any other lawyer in Texas. At that time his financial interests became so large and began to demand so

much of his time that he, in a measure, abandoned court room practice and has since, while continuing the pursuit of his profession, mainly devoted his attention to other business.

From the organization of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railroad to the date of its sale to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, he was a stockholder and director in and attorney for the road and served for a time as its Second Vice-President. In the infancy of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe he was the main man in the field, selecting routes, securing right of way, locating towns and mapping out and superintending other important business. When this railway was sold it had over 1,000 miles of track, was well equipped and was one of the best pieces of railway property in the country. Mr. Gresham is now one of the promoters of a number of new railway enterprises of great magnitude and that will, if successfully inaugurated, greatly enhance the prosperity of Texas.

He represented Galveston at the Deep Water Convention held at Fort Worth in 1888; was a delegate to the Denver, Colo., Convention, held later in the same year, and was, also, a delegate to the Deep Water Convention held at Topeka, Kan., in 1889. He was made Chairman of the Special Committee, appointed by the Topeka Convention to go to Washington and work to secure favorable action on the part of the National Congress, looking to the speedy creation of a deep-water harbor at the most available point on the Texas coast. He was indefatigable in his efforts and succeeded in having an amendment added to the River and Harbor Bill that was passed by the Fifty-first Congress, authorizing the Secretary of War to enter into contracts for the completion of the work (estimated to cost \$6,200,000) necessary to give Galveston one of the finest harbors on the American sea-board. He has been an active participant in every movement looking to the up-building of the interests of that city and that promised to speed Texas on to the achievement of the proud destiny that awaits her—to the time when she will stand foremost in the sisterhood of States.

He represented Galveston in the Twentieth and Twenty-first Legislatures and the Sixty-fourth District (Galveston and Brazoria counties), in the Twenty-second Legislature and in those bodies was Chairman of the Committee on Finance and a mem-

ber of Judiciary Committee No. 1, and the Committee on Internal Improvements, committees that dispatched at least four-fifths of the business transacted by the House of Representatives. His appointment to the chairmanship of the House Finance Committee in the Twentieth Legislature (being then a new member) was a recognition of his abilities as high as it was unexpected and well merited. He performed the important duties of that position so acceptably that he was retained as Chairman during his two subsequent terms as a member of the House. The medical branch of the State University had been located at Galveston by popular vote, but no appropriation had been made to give practical effect to the will of all the people as expressed at the polls.

In the Twentieth Legislature Mr. Gresham introduced and, after a desperate parliamentary fight, secured the passage of an act making the necessary appropriations. He took an active part in the deliberations of the three legislatures of which he was a member and was recognized as a man of great and varied abilities. Two of the most important provisions contained in the Railroad Commission Bill enacted by the Twenty-second Legislatures were drafted by him and introduced as amend-

ments. One provides for fixed rates, with a view to preventing useless cutting, and the other permits more to be charged for a short than a long haul, when necessary to prevent manifest injustice.

The splendid record that he made in the Legislature led to his nomination and election to Congress by the Democracy of the Tenth District, composed of nine counties, in 1892. In that position he added newer and brighter laurels to those that he had already won. He at once took a position in the National House of Representatives, seldom accorded to any new member.

October 28, 1868, he was united in marriage, at Galveston, to Miss Josephine C. Mann, daughter of Col. William Mann, one of the early settlers of Corpus Christi. Mr. and Mrs. Gresham have seven children: Essie, wife of W. B. Lockhart, County Judge of Galveston County; Walter, Jr.; Josephine, T. Dew, Frank, Buelah, and Philip. Mr. Gresham, although engaged in the conduct of important affairs, finds time to enjoy the pleasures of social life. Surrounded by a happy family, he has made his elegant home in the Oleander City famous not only for its great architectural beauty, but the refined and generous hospitality dispensed within its walls.

MARCUS D. HERRING,

WACO.

Marcus D. Herring, one of the foremost and best known of the lawyers who grace the Texas bar, was born in Holmes County, Miss., October 11, 1828, and was reared on a farm. He attended the Judson Institute at Middleton, Miss., and from that institution went to Centenary College, Jackson, La., in 1845, entering the junior class in languages and the sophomore class in mathematics. After returning home he taught school, studied law, was admitted to the bar and located at Shreveport, La. When he reached that place he had but five dollars. Nevertheless, he was by no means discouraged, and set resolutely to work to force his way to the front.

His first success was in the delivery of a speech at a Democratic rally that took his auditors by storm, resulted in bringing him several clients and paved the way for a lucrative practice. In a short time he purchased a half interest in the *Caddo*

Gazette, the leading paper of the place, and conducted it one year under the firm name of Herring & Reeves.

In 1850 Mr. Herring moved to Shelbyville, Texas, where he practiced law until 1853, going from there to Austin, where he was elected First Assistant Secretary of the Senate, serving in that capacity during one session of the Legislature. In the spring of 1854 he located in Waco. There he was at first in partnership with J. W. Nowlin (who was killed at Ft. Donelson) and later was a member of the firm of Herring & Farmer; Herring & Anderson; Coke, Herring & Anderson; Herring, Anderson & Kelley, and at this writing is associated with Mr. Kelley, under the firm name of Herring & Kelley.

Mr. Herring is a prominent member of the I. O. O. F., having identified himself with that fraternity at San Augustine, Texas, in July, 1851.

He took all the degrees, by dispensation, on that occasion, and the following week organized a subordinate lodge at Shelbyville and was elected First Noble Grand. He has gone through the chairs of the Grand Lodge of Texas, served as Grand Master in 1874, and in 1875 was elected representative to the Sovereign Grand Lodge, remaining a member for ten consecutive years, the most of that time being Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He would have been continued a member from Texas in that Grand Body by acclamation, as he had been returned after his first election in 1875, but positively declined, giving as his reason that he intended to devote all the time he could spare from his professional engagements, to the establishment of a Widows' and Orphans' Home. The *Texas Odd Fellow*, of July, 1895, speaking of him in this connection, says: "In 1885 he voluntarily retired, but was again elected at Waco in 1894, and is now one of our Grand Representatives.

"In the sovereign body, and in the Grand Lodge at home, his fertile brain has impressed itself upon our legislation, many of our wisest and most wholesome laws emanating from his pen. The crowning glory with him, however, is in the fact that he was the prime mover in the matter of establishing a Widows' and Orphans' Home in Texas. He was the author of the first resolution introduced on the subject, was chairman of the special committee which drafted the plan, wrote the report, and carried it through the Grand Lodge amid the greatest enthusiasm. At critical moments, in the history of that institution, he has been found at his post, never faltering, never wavering, but ready at all times to break a lance with any one who attacked the object of his love. He even went at his own expense to the meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge at St. Louis, to press and work for legislation which would enable the Grand Lodge to provide for ample revenue with which to support the Home. His mission was partially successful, but he continued his efforts until, at the last meeting of the sovereign body, in Chattanooga, the principle was clearly laid down that grand jurisdictions have the right to

assess their subordinates for support of widows' and orphans' homes. For this end he had labored for years, and the result was most gratifying. It is now believed that the important question of maintaining the Home has been solved, and that every doubt in regard to its triumphant success has been dispelled. Others have nobly assisted in this grand work, but Bro. Herring will be accorded the chief credit by all."

Mr. Herring was married in Waco, Texas, October 7, 1856, to Miss Alice G. Douglass, of Sumner County, Tenn. Four children were born of this union: Wm. Douglass, Joseph W., (died in infancy); Laura Belle, now the wife of W. H. Bagby, and Marcus D., Jr.

Soon after the beginning of the war between the States, Mr. Herring enlisted as a private soldier in one of the first volunteer companies organized in Texas for Confederate service, and was soon after promoted to the rank of Captain. He served three years and nine months in the field, in the Trans-Mississippi department. He acted as Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment the latter two years of the war, and a part of that time was in command. The contest for his rank, on appeal from Gen. E. Kirby Smith, was pending at Richmond, Va., when the war ended.

At the close of the war he returned to Waco and again resumed the practice of his profession, which he has continued since with eminent success, his practice extending to all parts of the State. He has especially distinguished himself in land litigation and as a criminal lawyer.

Mr. Herring possesses great energy, perseverance and will-power, and it might be said that when he has an important case he never sleeps. As an advocate he is able, earnest and convincing. His language is easy, chaste and winning.

In private life he is kind-hearted and benevolent. He is one of the brightest ornaments that adorn his profession in this State, and there are few cases of any importance tried in his section in which he is not retained as leading counsel.

DANIEL LANDES,

GALVESTON.

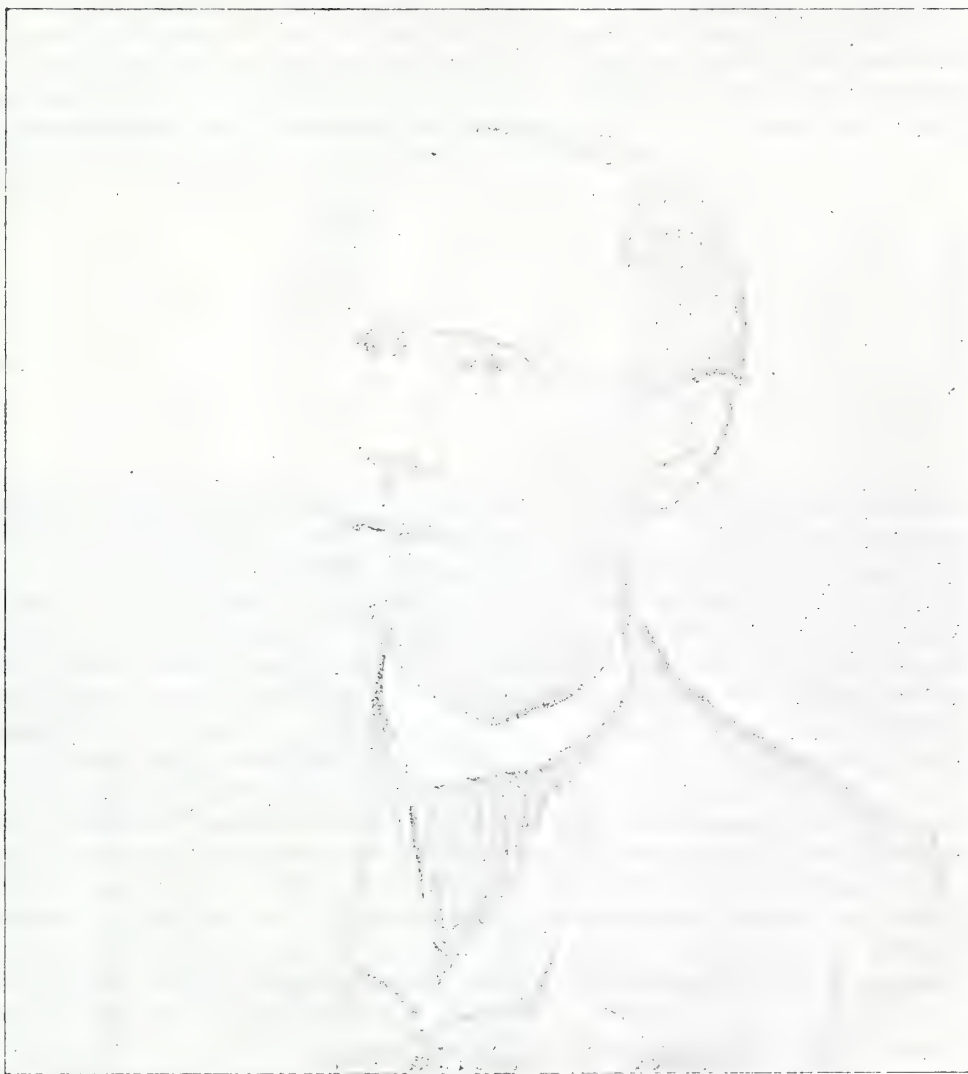
Daniel Landes was born in Botetourt County, Va., July 4th, 1804, and was reared in Muhlenberg County, Ky., whither his parents moved and settled early in the present century. He subsequently settled in Trigg County in that State, where he married Adeline H. Thompson and engaged in the mercantile business at the little town of Cadiz. Later he turned his attention to farming, became sheriff of Trigg County, represented that county in the Legislature and finally, in 1851, to better his condition, sold out and came to Texas. He was accompanied to this State by one of his old neighbors, named Batteau, both settling in Washington County. The caravan in which they came was made up of their families and slaves and wagons loaded with a considerable part of their household effects.

The route followed was the usual line of travel, extending through Western Kentucky, Southeast Missouri, and Central and Western Arkansas; striking Texas not far from the present city of Texarkana. The time occupied in making the journey was forty-eight days. Mr. Landes settled on a farm between Chappell Hill and Brenham, where he soon took a prominent place in the community and engaged successfully in agricultural pursuits. Having been active in public matters in Kentucky, he at once interested himself in such matters in his new home. He signed the first call ever made for a meeting of the people to take action in the matter of building a railroad in Texas, this movement originating in Washington County and finally leading to the building of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad. He was identified with the movement in its earlier stages, advocated and worked for the success of the enterprise and was chairman of the general convention which met at Houston and took the first decisive steps toward the construction of the road. In this connection it may be remarked that the Houston and Texas Central Railroad was originally chartered by act of the Legislature at its second session after annexation, March 11th, 1848, under the name of the Galveston and Red River Railroad; but it was not until 1853 that the building of the road actually began. The intention, at first, was to begin at Galveston and build northward to the settlements on Red river; but a number of enterprising gentlemen, of whom Mr. Landes was one, conceived the idea of deflecting

the road from its northward course and constructing it westward through the then rich and populous county of Washington, hence the railroad movement just referred to and the convention at Houston over which he was called to preside. As the presiding officer of that convention Col. Landes gave the casting vote, whereby the town of Houston was made the initial point, instead of Galveston, his reason for this action being that since Houston was at the head of tidewater on Buffalo bayou, it could be easily reached with vessels of light draft, and the proprietors of the road would thus be saved the cost of constructing and operating fifty miles of road—a considerable item in the then primitive condition of railway development in Texas. The building of the road was begun at Houston in 1853, the name being changed from the Galveston and Red River Railroad to the Houston & Texas Central by act of the Legislature September 1st, 1856.

At the opening of the late war Mr. Landes manifested great interest in the secession movement and advocated and believed thoroughly in it; but, being past the age for military duty, was never under arms. As was the case with many of his neighbors, he lost nearly all of his possessions by the war, including his slaves, after which he practically retired from all active pursuits, and spent the remainder of his life among his children. He continued, however, to take an active interest in politics and attended almost every Democratic Convention which met in Austin County for the next twenty-five years, he having moved across the line from Washington to Austin County in 1858. He was also a delegate to many Congressional and State Conventions, and was once a delegate to a National Convention, that of the Southern wing of the Democratic party which met at Charleston, S. C., in 1860, and adjourned to Baltimore, Md., where Breckenridge and Lane were nominated as secession candidates for the presidency and vice-presidency. The last State Convention which Mr. Landes attended was that of 1886, which met at Galveston. He was present in the interest of his old friend, Col. D. C. Giddings, of Brenham, who was defeated for the nomination for Governor by Gen. L. S. Ross.

Mr. Landes was a life-long Democrat, and never belonged to any organization, secular or religious,



Henry A. Landes

other than that party. His religion was that of the nineteenth century: an abiding faith in the principles of morality. He was a man of good general information. He had enjoyed very limited educational advantages in his younger days, but possessed a well developed faculty of observation and a retentive memory, and was a good talker, and thus made an agreeable companion, and a ready and forcible speaker on public occasion. He always delighted to associate with his kind, and this disposition led to his ever keeping himself in touch with the progress of things around him and to his preserving an even temper to a serene old age. He

died June 16th, 1893, and was buried at Bellville, in Austin County, where he had previously purchased ground and made suitable preparation for his last-resting place. His widow still survives him, being now in her eighty-second year. She makes her home with her son, Henry A. Landes, at Galveston. Mr. Landes had three sons and one daughter; Charles: who, went from Kentucky to Louisiana and died there at about the age of twenty-five; S. Kate, now Mrs. J. E. Wallis, of Galveston; James E., residing now in Austin County, this State; and Henry A., of Galveston.

H. A. LANDES,

GALVESTON.

Henry A. Landes, a representative business man of Galveston, son of Daniel Landes, an old Texian whose biography appears elsewhere in this work, was born in Trigg County, Ky., on the 3d day of June, 1844. He was reared mainly in Washington County, Texas, where his parents settled in 1851, receiving his education at Soule University, at Chappel Hill, in that county. At the age of seventeen he entered the Confederate army, enlisting in a Company commanded by Capt. John C. Wallis, Ellmore's Regiment, Twentieth Texas Infantry, with which he served on Galveston Island and in that vicinity during the entire period of the war. He participated in the battle of Galveston; but, with the exception of this engagement, saw very little active service. He was Orderly Sergeant of his company at the time of the surrender. After the war Mr. Landes went to Austin County, but in the fall of 1865 was induced by his old friend and comrade Capt. John C. Wallis, to join him and his brother, Joseph E. Wallis, and engage in the mercantile business at Galveston. The house of Wallis, Landes & Co., was established that year, and from the start took rank among the foremost mercantile concerns in the city. On May 9th, 1872, Mr. John C. Wallis died, after which his interest was withdrawn, but the business was continued under the original name. The members of the firm now are Joseph E. Wallis, Henry A. Landes and Charles L. Wallis. The house is financially one of the strongest business firms in Texas and has for the past thirty years been identified with

the commercial growth of Galveston. It is known to be a most liberal supporter of all public enterprises and its members give their personal aid to every movement which in their judgment will tend to stimulate industry or to promote the public good. As a member of the firm and as an individual Mr. Landes has been among the foremost in rendering such aid. He was one of the organizers of the Island City Real Estate and Homestead Association which was set on foot in 1867 and was one of the first associations of the kind in the State, being succeeded by the present Island City Savings Bank. He was one of the originators of the Gulf Loan and Homestead Company of which he was a director and vice-president, an association which had a prosperous career of twenty years; and he is now a director in the People's Loan and Homestead Company, and in the Galveston Improvement and Loan Company, and is vice-president of the Galveston National Bank. He has been a member of the Board of Education of the Galveston public schools for the past eight years, but has never filled any political office, having confined himself strictly to business pursuits.

In 1872, Mr. Landes married Miss Mary Elizabeth Lockhart, a native of Washington County, Texas, and a daughter of Dr. John W. Lockhart, an old settler of Washington County, now resident in Galveston. The issue of this union has been a daughter, Elmina, now Mrs. E. A. Hawkins, and two sons, Daniel and Browning.

SAMUEL L. ALLEN,

HOUSTON.

Samuel Louis, second son of Roland and Sarah (Chapman) Allen was born in 1808, in the village of Canasareagh, Madison County, N. Y. He has done much for Texas and the city in which he lives and no man in Houston is more highly respected and honored by his fellow-citizens. He has labored through many years, during the progress of which he has overcome many vicissitudes and has made of his life a successful one in the broadest and truest sense of the word. It is to be supposed that in such a long career he met with trials and reverses and had his periods of despondency and doubt. "Who," as a wise philosopher has said, "that has lived long enough in the world to know 'that man is born to trouble as the sparks to fly upward,' but has felt a sinking of spirit and prostration of energy, bodily and mentally, before he has become acclimated, as it were, to new and trying circumstances in which God in His providence has placed him from time to time?—When the strong can no longer boast of their strength, nor the wise of their wisdom."

Such periods as these, however, were few and far between with him and were scarcely more than of momentary duration. Of a strong and clear intellectuality and an enterprising, courageous and indomitable spirit, he rose to the necessities of each emergency and by sheer force of resolution trampled difficulties under foot and carried his plans into final and successful execution.

An incident that occurred when he was three years of age would seem to have indicated that he was born to accomplish a mission of usefulness in the world. The circumstances that attended it are yet indelibly impressed upon the tablets of his memory. An older boy, an apprentice to a tanner and currier of the village, took him to a pasture in the environments of the place and told him to remain near the fence while he (the apprentice) went in search of some horses his master had ordered him to drive in and promised that when these were procured they would have a nice ride back to town. Thereupon the thoughtless apprentice left the little fellow and galloped off. An apple tree loaded with fruit was near at hand. It forked close to the ground and Sam had little trouble in climbing high enough among the limbs to reach an apple. The field belonged to John Denny, an educated Indian, partly of white descent, a lawyer by profession, and an excellent citizen. His residence was sit-

uated on a hillside and commanded a view of the pasture. His wife was a woman of ungovernable temper and the vindictive and cruel nature of an untamed savage, espied the child in the apple tree and ran to the pasture, jerked him to the ground, and with a blow knocked his teeth out, and then, insane with fury, gathered stones with which she continued to beat him until life had apparently left his body. Then, fearing the consequences that would accrue to her from the inhuman deed, she laid the body in a fence-corner, hoping that someone would discover it. She then made her way back to her dwelling unobserved. These events occurred in the forenoon. She returned to the field at sundown, and further investigation convinced her that the child was really dead, she hastened to the village and reported that she had found a dead child in her field and that the indications were that it had been kicked and trampled to death by horses. No one suspected her guilt, and the body was brought to the home of the parents, where it was found that the spark of life yet lingered in the mangled form. Medical skill and careful nursing finally restored consciousness, and then the little fellow told, with circumstantial detail, all that had transpired. His parents and the people of the village were horror-stricken at the recital, deeply incensed and determined to have fitting punishment inflicted upon the woman. John Denny had been assiduous in his attentions from the day the child had been brought home. He was no less shocked by the disclosure than his neighbors and told them that the woman was in their hands to whip, torture, hang, or do with as they pleased, and continued to devote himself to the child, nursing him, amusing him and bringing him every little gift in his power. His great kindness to the boy and regard for the occurrence, finally mollified the parents and community, and out of regard for him nothing was done to the woman.

Samuel was finally restored to health and at twelve years of age was a fine, robust, manly boy. At this age he was sent to school for three months but was then taken home and put to work by his parents, who were in straitened circumstances, had a large family to rear and educate and had come to the conclusion that they could keep only one of their children, the oldest, A. C. Allen, at

school at the time. This finally mortified Samuel and, after brooding over the matter, he told his parents that he was determined to go out into the world and try to make his own way in it, and asked his mother to give him money to start with. In reply he was told by her to go to his father. This he did and his father said to him: "My son, go out among my customers and collect the money you need." This did not suit the young man, as he knew from experience that the chances for raising funds in the way proposed were very slim and that the only probable result of following his father's advice would be to delay his departure. Resolving therefore to set off at once, he returned to his mother and asked her for his clothes. These she brought to him tied in a small bundle, and handed them to him together with several loaves of bread, saying: "Here, Sam, these will last you some time." He remained firm, however, refused the bread and taking a change of clothing, bade the family good-bye and walked out of the house and down the road. After proceeding some distance, he came to a halt not knowing which way to bend his steps, as he had no idea what to do or where to go. After reflecting for a few minutes, he picked up a stick and tossed it into the air, resolved to journey in whatever direction it might point on falling to the ground. It pointed toward Syracuse and he made his way to that place. Upon his arrival there he went to the canal and took passage on a boat bound for Lockport. He had no money with which to pay his passage, but had a vague idea that he could be of some assistance in running the boat, and settle the score in that way before reaching his destination. With this hope he staid near the steersman and asked to be allowed to steer the vessel, a request that was granted by the man, who proved to be a good-natured fellow and seemed to take pleasure in showing him, and at the end of the first day he could manage the boat as well as his instructor. At Rochester the steersman stopped off and the youngster applied for and was given the place at a salary of \$14 per month. He filled the position for six months, during which time he practiced the most rigid economy and then, longing to see the dear ones at home, he dressed himself in a handsome new suit and returned to the old homestead with his pockets well filled with silver dollars. His parents had not heard from him since the day of his departure, and upon again beholding him folded him to their bosoms and wept for joy. Shortly thereafter the family moved to Chittenango, New York, where his father established a trip-hammer business in which he employed a large

number of workmen. Samuel followed these men in their labors and soon learned to make all manner of edged tools, blacksmith's vises and screw-plates. At the age of twenty he went to Baldwinsville, N. Y., where he borrowed money, erected two handsome granite-trimmed, three-story brick business houses, purchased a large stock of goods and engaged in merchandising with William R. Baker as his clerk. He carried on the business for two years and then sold the goods and turned over the buildings to pay the money used in their construction. His brothers had been back from Texas several times and had given such glowing accounts of the country that he decided to try his future there. In due time he accordingly started for Texas in company with Mrs. Charlotte M. Allen, wife of his brother Augustus C. Allen (who was then living at San Augustine, Texas), and Mr. Kelly, a friend of the family, and traveled by boat down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and up Red river to Natchitoches and from that point to San Augustine on horses purchased by him. The party reached Natchitoches on the fourth of July and were regaled by a sumptuous dinner prepared in honor of the occasion by the patriotic proprietor of the hotel at which they stopped. The vegetables served were large and fresh and the fruits and melons so delicious and so far superior to any grown in their home in New York, that they thought: "Verily, we have reached a paradise in this Southern clime." The desserts and wines were also excellent. Many patriotic toasts were proposed, responded to and drunk in flowing bumpers of champagne by the guests seated around the festal board. The stay of the party in Natchitoches was much enjoyed and long pleasantly remembered. The first day's ride from Natchitoches brought the travelers to Gaines' ferry on the Sabine river and the next to San Augustine. The two brothers soon moved to Natchitoches, where the subject of this memoir remained until September and then returned to New York to wind up certain business matters preparatory to establishing himself in Texas. He also desired to settle a little affair of the heart which was causing him some anxiety at the time. Business matters disposed of, he called upon his sweetheart and had an interview that resulted in terminating their courtship.

She accepted him and promised to become his wife upon the condition that he would forego his intention of locating in Texas and agree to live in New York. This he would not do. He thought, as a majority of men would have thought, that if she loved him truly she would go wherever it was to his interest to go, even if that were to the ends

of the earth. They differed upon this point, parted and never met again. He found Houston on his return to Texas the most promising and growing city in the infant Republic, although Galveston, where his brother, Augusta C. Allen, had established a business house, was even then (in 1838) a considerable town and good business point. After visiting Houston he went down on Galveston Bay, to where his father and mother had established themselves, and engaged in stock raising. When Gen. Woll entered Texas with a strong Mexican force the subject of this memoir mounted many Texian volunteers who were hurrying toward San Antonio to resist the invaders, freely giving to them all his broken horses. In attempting to break a very fine horse for himself upon which to ride to the front, he was thrown and sustained such serious injuries that he was incapacitated for many months from pursuing any active employment. In 1839 the first yellow fever epidemic that visited the Republic made its way to Houston and among those who died were eighteen out of a party of twenty men from Connecticut who had put up a fine saw-mill at that place. The survivors were anxious to sell in order to secure funds with which to leave the country and Mr. Allen bought the plant. He gave employment at high wages to all persons who sought work. This was a blessing to many, as there were a large number of idle men in the country, mostly soldiers who had served in the Texian army. The mill was also a great advantage to the community and settlers far and near, as it enabled them to procure lumber for building purposes.

Being the only one of six brothers who is now living he is often spoken of as the founder of the city of Houston. In truth, his brothers Augustus C. and John K. Allen, who were partners in business, were the founders of that promising metropolis. He, however, was an important factor in the upbuilding of the place, doing as much, or more, perhaps, than any other of its earlier inhabitants to advance its prosperity. While the two brothers named donated the ground upon which to build the first Presbyterian church he gave every foot of the lumber used in its construction. It was quite as large an edifice as the handsome brick structure that now occupies its former site. He opened the first forwarding and commission house established in Houston and associated T. M. Bagby with him in the business. They did an immense business, extending to every part of Texas. In 1845 Mr. Allen went to Corpus Christi as sutler in Col. Twiggs' regiment. Maj. Carr, who had retired from the army, was his partner. They made a

great deal of money, the sutler's stores that they handled being in great demand, as they purchased and kept in stock everything wanted by the officers and men. This promising venture, however, was brought to an end by a fatal epidemic that made its appearance in camp, to which many succumbed. Mr. Allen was stricken down and his life despaired of. He made money fast, it is true, and if he survived and remained with the army had every reason to expect further gains; but, tossing on a sick bed, his whole thoughts centered upon getting back to Houston where he could die among friends. He managed to make his way back to that city, where he lingered long at death's door but finally recovered. Upon his restoration to health, he found that all of his earnings as sutler had been consumed in meeting necessary expenses. As soon as he had sufficiently recuperated, he purchased a stock of goods and loaded them on wagons, which he started for the town of New Braunfels. Following on behind in a few days, he made inquiries along the road but could hear nothing of the wagons. Nor, upon arriving at his destination, could he hear anything. Perplexed and annoyed, he went to La Grange and there found them intact, all loaded as when they started. The teamsters had stopped *en route to work out their crops*. When the goods reached New Braunfels he met with little difficulty in selling them, but was compelled to receive in return money issued by the company that had established the colony. It was the only medium of exchange in use, was of various denominations and known in the vernacular of the country as "shin-plasters." Whenever he secured as much as \$50 of this currency, he would take it to the proper officers of the company, and be given a check on a New Orleans bank in exchange for it. He finally closed out the remainder of his merchandise for a large lot of gentle, well-broken oxen, which he sold, receiving in return "shin-plasters" and later checks on New Orleans. These checks were not paid on presentation at the New Orleans bank, and went to protest. He thereupon entered suit in the courts at San Antonio and secured judgment against the company. Not knowing what course to pursue to realize anything from the judgments, he consulted Col. Fisher of the Fisher and Miller colony, who told him to take stock in the New Braunfels company in satisfaction of the judgment, as the stock was already paying an annual dividend of five per cent and would become more valuable with the further settlement of the country. He followed this well-meant advice and has the stock yet. It is not worth the paper it is written upon, although that is now yellowed by age.



A. C. ALLEN, JR.



A. C. ALLEN.



CHARLOTTE M. ALLEN.

Samuel L. Allen was married late in life, being considerably above fifty years of age. He was united in marriage to Miss Margaret E. Caffrey, of Yazoo County, Miss., daughter of Margaret P. and her husband, Thomas T. Caffrey.

Mr. Allen resided in Houston until his death,

which occurred in his eighty-seventh year. He left an only child, a son, named Augustus C. Allen in honor of Mr. Allen's deceased brother, one of the founders of the city of Houston. His son is a practicing attorney of learning and ability, and occupies an enviable position at the bar in that city and his section of the State.

AUGUSTUS C. ALLEN,

HOUSTON.

Benjamin Chapman settled at Saratoga, N. Y., when the Revolutionary War ended. He was commissioned Captain of a company by Governor Clinton of New York, and fought for the independence of the American colonies from the inception of the struggle in 1776 to its close in 1783. He and his devoted wife, who during the absence of her husband in the army performed several deeds of heroism (as did many of the women of that trying period) went industriously to work to repair their broken fortunes, neither daunted or depressed, although they were comparatively homeless, their commodious residence, situated on a high and conspicuous point, having been burned by a detachment of British troops as a signal to other forces with which they were co-operating. Despite the privations and dangers they had encountered and the financial losses that they sustained, Mr. Chapman and his wife were happy at the return of white-winged peace to the long distracted land—happy in each other's love, happy because of the freedom gained by their country and the fact that they had helped to gain it, and happy in their children, several of whom were sons (all of whom were afterwards successful in life) and two daughters, the youngest of whom, Sarah, was wooed and won by Roland Allen.

He and his fair young bride made their first home in the village of Canasareagh, N. Y., and where he bought an Indian clearing consisting of a considerable tract of ground on which was situated a substantial five or six-room log-house surrounded by several acres in cultivation. Here, in 1806, their first child, Augustus C. Allen, was born. He was so delicate that they had faint hope of raising him to manhood. The atmosphere in his room was kept at an even temperature night and day and every means that parental affection could suggest was

employed to tide him over the critical point of infancy. As other and sturdier boys grew up about them they were assigned such labors and duties as came within their strength, but the first born was kept at school until he graduated at the Polytechnic in the village of Chittenango, N. Y., at that time the famous school of the section. The adjacent villages of Canasareagh and Chittenango, both bearing Indian names, were about fifteen miles distant from the important town of Syracuse in the same State. After graduating, Augustus C. Allen became a professor of mathematics in the Polytechnic School at Chittenango; but finally decided to seek a wider field and accepted a position in the city of New York as bookkeeper for H. & H. Canfield, soon thereafter with his brother, J. K. Allen, purchased an interest in the business, which was thenceforward conducted under the firm name of H. & H. Canfield & Co., and feeling that he could make suitable provision for a wife, went to Baldwinsville, N. Y., to claim, and was there wedded to his promised bride, the accomplished Miss Charlotte M. Baldwin, daughter of J. C. Baldwin, founder of the town, one of the most beautiful and brilliant women in the State. Dr. Baldwin was a well-known physician and financier (owning lumber and flour mills and other important business interests). Quick to plan and quick to execute, after deciding to build the town that bears his name, he erected in one day twenty houses (stores, workshops and houses for his laborers) upon the site selected. The town is situated thirteen miles from Syracuse. The first mayor of the latter municipality was a son of Dr. Baldwin. The Doctor lived to see Baldwinsville become quite a flourishing place. After his marriage, Augustus C. Allen and his brother continued their commercial connection in New York City for about two

years and then withdrew from the firm, having decided upon new ventures that they had planned to undertake in Texas. They went first to San Augustine and then to Nacogdoches and employed their capital in the purchase of land certificates at \$100 per league. Older settlers laughed at them and said, with many a wiseacre wink, that they were green from the States. When the elder brother, however, went to Natchez, Miss., and sold one of the leagues for \$5,000, the "o'er wise" failed to see anything to laugh at and themselves commenced the purchase of certificates. The Allen brothers came to Texas in 1832. They remained several years in Nacogdoches, studying the country and its people, needs and possibilities.

In 1836 John K. Allen, who was then at Columbia serving as a member in the Texian Congress, received a letter from his brother recommending the establishment of a town on the John-Austin half-league, recently purchased from Mrs. Parrott, sister of Stephen F. Austin, by the brothers. Occupied with his legislative duties he did not give proper weight to the arguments advanced in favor of the enterprise and in reply expressed himself as opposed to the undertaking. He, however, as soon as his official duties permitted, joined his brother and went out to view the site selected, a point where White Oak bayou debouches into Buffalo bayou and to which tide-water extends. He was delighted with the location and upon learning that his brother had, in a small boat, taken soundings down stream and had discovered that there was sufficient depth of water to float vessels of heavy draft, withdrew the objections that he had advanced and entered heartily into the work of building the proposed town, the present city of Houston. This agreement having been reached, Augustus C. Allen mapped out on the crown of his stove-pipe hat (and later upon paper) streets, squares, etc., and then with a knife that he wore in his girdle, blazed out the pathway of Main street, where to-day stirring throngs of men and women, citizens and visitors, are hurrying to and fro to obey the calls of business or pleasure.

The two brothers named the town in honor of their personal friend, Gen. Sam Houston, the hero of San Jacinto. They donated a block for a city market, a block upon which to erect a court-house, half a block for the First Presbyterian church, half a block for a First Methodist church and also grounds for Episcopal and Baptist churches. Academy square for educational purposes; grounds for a jail and for cemeteries and lots and blocks to a number of private individuals, thereby securing the co-operation of prominent and influential people.

They also gave valuable property to Robert Wilson as a recognition of the services rendered by him in negotiating for them the purchase of the site from Mrs. Parrott. A part of this property, a block of ground in the fifth ward, is still owned by his son, J. T. D. Wilson. To further push the enterprise they made a liberal use of printer's ink.

As soon as the town was well started and gave promise of future growth, John K. Allen addressed a letter to Congress in which he set forth the advantages of the young town as a place at which to establish the seat of government and promised that, if it was made the capital, he would erect at his own expense suitable buildings for a State house, departments offices, the preservation of archives, etc.; and hotels and lodging houses for the accommodation of members of Congress, all of which he would rent upon reasonable terms and for any desired length of time. It is a matter of familiar history that these overtures were successful and that Houston became the capital of the Republic and so remained until the rapid settlement of the country necessitated a more central location and Austin was selected.

In the early days of Houston, when accommodations were difficult to procure, the Allen brothers provided in their comfortable home, without money and without price, for all who sought their hospitality. Provisions of all kinds then sold at fabulous prices in Texas owing to the distance of the country from sources of supply and want of transportation facilities; yet with lavish hospitality they entertained friends and strangers. W. R. Baker, who kept their books, said that sometimes their expenses averaged \$30,000 a year and that Mrs. A. C. Allen did the honors of the house with queenly grace and courtesy. Their dinings and other social gatherings were graced by many distinguished and heroic Texians as well as eminent strangers from abroad. Many elegant and beautiful ladies also lent the charm of their presence. The Allens enjoyed in the highest degree the exercise of these social offices, which helped to render living in Texas, their chosen home, pleasant to others.

The first day of August, 1838, the energetic business man and legislator, John K. Allen, came to an untimely end, being cut off in the midst of his usefulness at the early age of twenty-eight years. He died suddenly of congestion. He was deeply lamented by all his brothers. As he had never married, his property vested in his parents, Mr. Roland and Mrs. Sarah (Chapman) Allen. He had been so active as a coadjutor, so strong to lean upon and such a constant companion for so many years that the loss fell more heavily upon the elde



JOHN F. ALLEN.

brother, Augustus C. Allen, than upon the others, although they too were deeply affected.

Always delicate, Augustus C. Allen's constitution now became undermined and he determined to seek surcease of sorrow and restoration to health amid new and strange scenes in a foreign land. Accordingly, leaving his family well provided for, he journeyed into Mexico, where his active mind found exercise in business ventures no less successful than those in which he had previously engaged. Before following him to Mexico, we will refer, in passing, to the invasion of Texas by Gen. Woll, who entered the Republic with the avowed intention of reducing it to subjection. The whole country was alarmed and patriots hastily armed and hurried to the front, Augustus C. Allen and three brothers being among the first to volunteer. At the beginning of the campaign he attached himself to Capt. Nicholas Dawson's company. Shortly thereafter, however, he and a man named Lindsey became dissatisfied with what they considered the injudicious course that Dawson appeared resolved to follow, and told him that he should seek to effect a juncture with other Texian troops before meeting and attacking the force under Woll, provided as it was with artillery. Upon Dawson flatly refusing to be guided by this advice, they left the company, and by doing so they saved their lives. They at once joined other commands, under Caldwell or Hays, and did their full share of fighting, and did not return to Houston until Woll recrossed the Rio Grande into Mexico never to return. On leaving Texas, Augustus C. Allen went first to British Honduras, where he remained six months, and then loaded his goods on a vessel and shipped them to the Isthmus of Tehautepec, where for a season he

stayed his wandering steps. In four months' time he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of Spanish to transact all his business and keep his books in that language; established a mercantile house and employed wood choppers to cut mahogany in the forests. In addition he shipped goods to all parts of the isthmus on pack-mules and on the backs of natives, paying his native employees in goods which they were eager to procure. Doing a very heavy business, he took an Englishman, Mr. Welsh, in as a partner. They entered extensively into the mahogany trade, bought vessels and shipped many cargoes of the valuable wood to Europe. Mr. Allen was United States Consul for the isthmus during his stay. He and the Mexican President, Juarez, were personal friends, and he could at all times secure influence and concessions from that ruler. Finally his health again failed and, realizing his condition, he recognized that the inevitable was near at hand. He closed out his business affairs and went to Washington, D. C., to surrender the consulship he was no longer physically able to fill. This was in 1864. When he arrived in Washington the weather was severely cold. The sudden change from an extreme southern climate to one so much further north affected his lungs (always weak) and he was stricken down with pneumonia and died after a few days of intense suffering. Kind friends from New York City were with him during his last illness until he breathed his last. "Life's fitful fever" over, at last the suffering body found repose. He lies entombed in Greenwood cemetery on Long Island in the loved soil of his native State. The sighing winds from the sea sweep over and birds sing in the branches of the trees that grow about his grave.

ROBERT M. HENDERSON,

SULPHUR SPRINGS.

Hon. Robert M. Henderson, of Sulphur Springs, one of the best known public men in the State and a man who has always commanded a large political and personal following, was born in Huntington, Tenn., February 18, 1842, and educated in the common schools of Tennessee and Texas.

His parents were Dr. A. A. and Mrs. Agnes P. (Murray) Henderson, both Tennesseans by birth, who came to Texas in 1856 and settled at Paris.

Mrs. Henderson died September 20, 1866, in Lamar County, and is buried there. Her husband died in November, 1873, at Sulphur Springs, in Hopkins County, Texas.

The subject of this memoir entered the Confederate army in 1861, before reaching his majority, as a private soldier in Company A., Ninth Texas Infantry, and served throughout the war, during which period he rose to the position of Captain, and

Adjutant of Col. (afterwards United State Senator) S. B. Maxey's Regiment, his promotion being due to gallant and meritorious service. He served through the Mississippi campaign and the hundred days fighting of the Georgia campaign, when Johnston and Hood were falling sullenly back toward the sea, contesting at every step the irresistible advance of Sherman's army. Among other battles, he participated in those at Shiloh, Chickamauga, Nashville, and Altoona Mountain. He was wounded severely at Shiloh, left on the field, captured, and, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained three months, until exchanged, after which he immediately rejoined his command. He was also severely wounded at Cartersville, Ga., but escaped capture. After the sun of the Confederacy had set to rise no more, he returned to his home in Texas and engaged in farming for two or three years, and then commenced the study of law under his old regimental commander, Gen. Maxey, at Paris, and in 1870 secured admission to the bar and entered upon the practice of his profession at Sulphur Springs, to which place he removed. After six years, during which time he met with a liberal measure of success, he retired from the bar to engage in the private banking business at Sulphur Springs, in which he continued until 1885, when he was appointed by President Cleveland Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fourth District of Texas, which position he held until October, 1889, when the Republicans again assumed control of the Government and the Republican President appointed his successor on purely parti-

san grounds. Since that time, Col. Henderson has been engaged in the real estate and insurance business. Col. Henderson has been an active worker in the organization of the U. C. V. of the State. In 1894 his friends placed his name before the people as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for State Comptroller of Public Accounts and he went into the convention with a following that seemed to insure his nomination on the first or second ballot. They claim that his failing to secure the nomination was due to political chicanery and to no want of strength upon his and no want of loyalty upon their part. He served two terms as a member of the State Democratic Executive Committee and was for ten years Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of the Fourth Congressional District. He has always been a constant and earnest Democrat and has been looked to as a leader in his section in every contest that has occurred for many years past both there and in the State at large. He is a "Sound Money" Democrat, and this year (1896) a member of the State "Sound Money" Executive Committee.

December 9th, 1873, he was married to Miss Virginia C., daughter of Dr. H. H. Beck, of Sulphur Springs. They have five children, viz: Murray Maxey, aged twenty-one years; Mary Agnes, aged eighteen years; Robert Beck, aged fifteen years; Thomas Louis, aged twelve years, and Ralph Maurice, aged ten years.

Col. Henderson is a member of the Masonic fraternity and has been a Knight Templar since 1876.

REV. H. C. HOWARD,

COLUMBUS.

Rev. Horatio C. Howard, the learned and much beloved Episcopal minister at Columbus, was born at Bristol, England, October 22, 1823. In 1827, his parents, John and Matilda I. Howard, moved to America with their family and established themselves in Philadelphia, Pa.

The subject of this notice has resided in Columbus since 1879, and has been thrice married: to Miss Jane F. Cox, in 1844; to Miss Margaret O. Allen (daughter of the late Rev. Thomas G. Allen, of Philadelphia), in 1858, and to Miss Sue S. Staf-

ford (daughter of Robert and Martha Stafford, of Waynesville, Ga.), January 19, 1881, and has three children, born of his first and second marriages: Alfred R., treasurer and secretary of the International and Great Northern Railroad; T. G. Allen, and Margaret M. Howard. Mr. Howard has been for many years a member of the Masonic fraternity, in which he has attained the 32°. He is an earnest and devout Christian pastor, and is beloved by his flock and a wide circle of friends throughout Texas.



Waller S. Baker

WALLER S. BAKER,

WACO.

Hon. Waller S. Baker was born March 30, 1855, in Lexington, Fayette County, Ky., a son of John H. and Amanda (Saunders) Baker, came to Texas with his parents in 1859, and was reared at the family homestead on Tonk creek, McLennan County. He was educated at Baylor University, in the city of Waco, from which he graduated in June, 1875. After leaving the University he immediately began the study of law in the office of the late Thomas Harrison and, April 10, 1876, was admitted to the bar, since which time he has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession and has made his way to a distinguished position at the bar. From the beginning of his career he has taken a deep interest in public affairs and for many years past has been one of the most trusted and capable leaders that the Democratic party can boast in this State, but at no time has either sought or desired public office. He has been sent as a delegate to nearly every State Convention since attaining his majority. He was elected Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of his county in 1884, and was unanimously, and without solicitation on his part, nominated to the State Senate in 1887 and overwhelmingly elected at the polls. In 1892, at the Lampasas State Convention, he received the Democratic nomination for elector from

the Seventh Congressional District and January 3, 1893, cast his vote for Cleveland for President and Stephenson for Vice-President. At the State Convention, which met in the city of Houston, August 16, 1892, to nominate State officers, he was unanimously and without opposition elected Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee. This was at a time when all eyes were turned in search of a man whose generalship could lead the Democratic hosts to victory against the combined efforts of the Populists, Republicans and disgruntled wing of the Democratic party. He was selected for the trust. How well he met the great responsibility that he was called upon to shoulder is attested by the overwhelming victory won in favor of Hon. James S. Hogg for Governor. Mr. Baker was married to Miss Mary M. Mills, January 14, 1886, in Waco, Texas. She is the daughter of Mrs. Mattie Bonner Mills and Samuel D. Mills (deceased) of Galveston.

Mr. Baker is one of the most notable figures in public life in Texas to-day. An excellent lawyer, genial and affable in social life, he enjoys the confidence and friendship of his fellow-members of the bar and all who know him personally. A true and tried popular leader, his name is one that needs but to be mentioned to send a thrill through a Democratic assembly.

W. T. ARMISTEAD,

JEFFERSON.

Hon. W. T. Armistead, for many years past a leading lawyer of East Texas and for several terms a distinguished member of the Texas Legislature, is a native of Georgia and was born in that State on the 25th of October, 1848. He graduated from the University of Georgia in 1871. In 1864 he enlisted in the Confederate army as a private, participated in engagements around Atlanta, was wounded at the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., and was made a prisoner at Gerard's during the closing scenes of the war. He had, however, been promoted and commissioned Captain before he was captured.

Mr. Armistead came to Texas immediately after his graduation and located at Douglassville, in Cass County, Texas, where he taught school. He moved to Jefferson, Texas, in 1872, and commenced the practice of law in 1873, which he continued for many years as a copartner of Honorable D. B. Culberson, under the firm name of Culberson & Armistead. He has since practiced alone.

He has been elected a delegate to every Democratic State Convention since 1874.

He was elected to the House of Representatives of the Eighteenth Legislature and was re-elected to the Nineteenth by an increased majority. He was

elected Senator to the Twentieth and Twenty-first legislatures from the Fourth Senatorial District over Hon. D. S. Hearne, by nearly 5,000 majority. He was elected to the House of Representatives of the Twenty-third Legislature from Marion County and wielded an influence second to that of no other member of that body. He is a Knight Templar Mason, a member of the Baptist church, the Legion of Honor and the Ancient Order of United Work-

men. As a lawyer he has met with uncommon success and has won for himself a place in the front rank of his profession. To a broad knowledge of the principles and practice of law, he adds the power and grace of a finished logical and magnetic orator. He has done yeoman service for the Democratic party and should he consent to remain in public life the people will doubtless confer further honors upon him.

GEORGE HOBBS,

ALICE.

George Hobbs was born in Derbyshire, England, January 21, 1841, and came to Texas with his parents (James and Sarah Hobbs) and brothers and sisters in November, 1852, as a passenger on the sailing vessel, "Osborne," the voyage from England to New Orleans requiring seven weeks and from New Orleans to Corpus Christi one week. The family were a part of the immigrants introduced into Nueces County by Capt. H. L. Kinney, and had contracted for one hundred acres of land near Corpus Christi, then a village containing only six houses. Hostile Lipan Indians infested that section of the State, rendering life and property insecure outside of the settlements. The head of the family found the condition of the country so different from what it had been represented to him that he concluded not to open a farm or stock ranch, rested a month in Corpus Christi, and then, with his family, moved to the town of Nueces, where eight or ten families soon followed. Here he resided until the time of his death, which occurred in August, 1868. His wife died of yellow fever in Corpus Christi in 1854. They left seven children: Rebecca, who married a Mr. Mitchel in England, and did not come to America with her parents; William; Sarah, now Mrs. Reuben Holbein; James, George, Priscilla, now Mrs. Thomas Beynon, and Miriam, the wife of George Littig, who died soon after their marriage. All of the boys joined the Confederate army during the war between the States and made enviable records as soldiers. George volunteered as a private in Capt. Matt Nolan's company, Pyron's regiment, Sibley's brigade. The companies of Capts. Nolan and Tobin (detailed for duty on the Rio Grande), were sent from Laredo to Brownsville and took charge

of the United States posts and arsenals, when the United States forces evacuated that territory at the beginning of the war. Later Mr. Hobbs participated in the famous battle of Galveston, which resulted in the recapture of that city by the Confederates, and not long thereafter was a member of the "Belle Crew" of volunteers that boarded and captured at Sabine Pass the "Morning Light," a Federal war vessel carrying six guns. After taking the vessel and finding that she was of too heavy draft to be brought across the bar into the harbor, she was left in the charge of a single private, Eugene Aikin, of Nolan's company. Next day the United States mailship hove in sight, and, drawing alongside to discharge and receive mail as usual, requested that an officer be sent aboard. Aikin replied in a ferocious and stentorian voice that the "Morning Light" had been captured by the Confederates, ordered imaginary marines to quarters and imaginary cannoneers to clear the guns. The captain of the mail steamer lost no time in putting out to sea under a full head of steam and left Aikin master of the situation. The day following this humorous incident, worthy to bring a smile to the physiognomy of grim-visaged war, the "Morning Light," was burned to prevent her from being retaken by the Federals. Nolan's company, of which Mr. Hobbs was a member, was next ordered to Lake Charles, La., where it was sent to watch and report upon the movements of Gen. Banks and did courier, scouting and picket duty for eight months. It was then ordered back to Texas for coastguard duty at Cedar Lake and afterwards at Padre Island, which he performed until the end of the war. The close of hostilities found Mr. Hobbs, to use the expressive vernacular of the times, "flat



GEN. BOONE.

broke." December 31, 1867, he was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Beynon, and shortly thereafter made his home in Corpus Christi, where he followed various occupations until he started in business as a merchant in 1872. In 1875 he moved to Collins, situated on the line of the Mexican National Railroad, where he continued merchandising during the following twelve years and was for eleven years Postmaster. He then moved to Alice, where he has since resided, and is now a dealer in general merchandise, carries one of the largest stocks of goods west of San Antonio and conducts a large and paying business. He built the first house in Alice, erected in May, 1888, one month before the railroad reached the place. He was one of the men who christened the village Alice, a name selected in honor of the wife of Mr. R. J. Kleberg, youngest daughter of the late Capt. Richard King, of Nueces County, and has done much for the upbuilding of the place, which is now a thriving town of twelve hundred souls. Mr. Hobbs has four children—Philip, Felix, Rufus and Nettie. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Democratic party, but has never taken an active interest in politics. In 1872 he joined Lodge, No. 189, A. F. and A. M., at Corpus Christi; and is a faithful member of the Masonic fraternity. At the time his parents made their home in Southwest Texas, that part of the State was almost as far removed from the beaten tracks of civilization as Central Africa is to-day, but notwithstanding that fact a few brave and

hardy pioneers settled within the limits, determined to establish homes, conquer the wilderness and act as the vanguard of the tide of population that was to come pouring in in later years. In 1852 the year the Hobbs family located in Nueces County, Capt. Van Buren, of the United States army, was ambushed and mortally wounded by an arrow shot from the bow of a Lipan Indian. He was nursed by the subject of this memoir, then a boy of eleven years of age, until death relieved him of his sufferings about a week later. The hostility of the Indians was unrelenting, but they were soon taught to fear the vengeance, if they did not respect the rights, of the settlers. Mr. Hobbs' childhood, youth and early manhood were passed amid trials and scenes of danger that developed the full strength of his character and gave him that firmness and self-reliance that has since enabled him to win his way to success in the face of difficulties that few men would have found it possible to overcome. His educational opportunities were restricted but he took full advantage of such as were within his reach. What he learned from text-books has since been supplanted by the wider knowledge obtained in the school of experience, extensive reading and association, and he may be justly described as a strong, well-poised man. He has led a quiet, peaceful life, and made it a rule to attend strictly to his own affairs. No man in Nueces County is more highly respected or generally liked by all who know him.

H. H. BOONE,

NAVASOTA.

To the iniquitous religious persecutions which prevailed throughout Europe during the greater part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, America owes a large proportion of its population. From this source came not only the "Pilgrim Fathers," but the Catholics under Lord Baltimore, the Huguenots and the Scotch and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. The influence of the last named of these has perhaps been more far-reaching than that of any of the others, because the Scotch showed a greater disposition to migrate, were a hardier and more independent people, were better fighters, and were thus better equipped to withstand the hardships and

vicissitudes of a new country and to solve the pressing problems of civilization. So it happens that the terms, "of Scotch" and "Scotch-Irish origin" are of so frequent occurrence in the biographical literature of this country.

The subject of this brief notice is of Scotch ancestry, "old blue-stocking Presbyterians" says family tradition. Two of his paternal ancestors, great-grandfathers, Boone and Greene, were officers in the Revolution. His father was Joseph Greene Boone and his mother bore the maiden name of Harriet N. Latham—the former a native of North Carolina, belonging to the historic Boone family of

that State, and the latter a native of New York. Joseph Greene Boone and wife migrated from North Carolina in 1827 and settled in Tipton County, West Tennessee, when that was a comparatively new country. "Mountain Academy neighborhood," where they settled, was made up mostly of Presbyterians who had been attracted to that vicinity by Church ties and were kept there through the influence of the academy, which had been founded by a pioneer Presbyterian minister, the Rev. James Holmes, a graduate of Princeton College. In that neighborhood H. H. Boone was born, February 24, 1834. In 1842 his parents moved to DeSoto County, Miss., where, nine years later, his mother died, and whence in 1852 his father, accompanied by his two sons, the subject of this sketch and an elder brother, came to Texas, settling in the "old Rock Island neighborhood," in what was then Austin, now Waller County. The boyhood and youth of H. H. Boone were thus passed in the three States, Tennessee, Mississippi and, Texas. His education, begun under the Rev. Mr. Holmes at Mountain Academy, in Tipton County, Tenn., was continued under the tutorship of Professor John A. Rousseau (brother of the Federal general of that name) in Mississippi, and, after coming to Texas, at Austin College, Huntsville, under the direction of the Rev. Daniel Baker, the distinguished Texas pioneer, Presbyterian minister and teacher. While in Austin College he took up the study of law, first under Judge W. A. Lee, and afterwards under Col. Henderson Yoakum, the historian, and Judge Royal T. Wheeler, of the Supreme Court of Texas. The illness of his father caused him to quit college four months before graduation, but not until he had obtained his license to practice law. For four years after returning home he gave his attention to the management of his father's plantation, until 1859, when he began the practice of his profession at Hempstead.

When the late war came on between the North and South young Boone, like hundreds of others, was filled with the war-spirit and at once offered his services to the Confederacy, enlisting, in February, 1861, as a private in Col. John S. ("Old Rip") Ford's regiment, with which he proceeded to the Rio Grande frontier and participated in the capture of the Union posts in that vicinity. Not wishing to do garrison duty he returned home after the capture of the posts and again enlisted in a six months' company under Capt. McDade, with which he was assigned to duty at Dickinson's Bayou and in the vicinity of Galveston. A short time before the expiration of his term of enlist-

ment in this command he was detailed as recruiting officer to assist Maj. Edwin Waller in raising a cavalry battalion. Five companies were recruited from the lower Brazos country which, after rendezvousing at Hempstead, left that place July 4, 1862, under orders to go to Louisiana. At Vermillion, La., a sixth company under Capt. Joseph E. Terrell, from Fort Worth, was added and Waller then becoming Lieutenant-Colonel, Boone was made Major. The command was attached to Sibley's (afterwards Green's) brigade and was in active service from that time on along the Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas border. Maj. Boone was in all its operations up to September 29, 1863, when he was wounded in the affair at Fordoche, La., losing his right arm and the first two fingers and thumb of his left hand. By these wounds he was disabled for further field service. Marrying Miss Sue H. Gordon, of Washington, St. Landry's Parish, La., he returned to Texas and reported to Gen. Magruder, then commanding the department of Texas, for such duty as he was able to perform. He was assigned to post duty at different points, and remained in the service till the surrender.

After the war Maj. Boone removed from Hempstead to Anderson, in Grimes County, where he resumed the practice of the law in partnership with Hon. I. G. Searcy, and continued in the active practice of his profession until 1876, when, having been made the nominee of the Democratic party for Attorney-General of the State, he accepted the nomination, was elected and served one term. On the expiration of his term of office he moved to Navasota, where he again took up his professional duties, which he has since followed to the exclusion of everything else, although a number of times importuned by his friends to again enter the political arena.

As a lawyer Maj. Boone has achieved considerable reputation, and justly so, for he possesses all of the attributes of a successful practitioner, a clear legal mind, sensitive conscience and diligent habits. He has been in the practice now for thirty-odd years and still he pursues the arduous duties of his profession with all the enthusiasm of youth. In accepting cases he is careful, exacting sincerity from his clients, and in the preparation of causes for trial he is diligent and faithful, fair in his statements before the jury, courteous to adverse counsel and circumspect to the court, a logical thinker, able and earnest speaker. Measured by pecuniary gain he may be said to have met with success, for by means of his profession he has accumulated some property after having reared and made ample edu-

educational provision for a large family of children. He is spoken of by those who know him best in terms of sincere respect, being regarded as a good citizen, beloved neighbor, earnest, liberal, progressive and charitable without stint. Naturally he has a warm place in his heart for his old comrades and he in turn has been the recipient of many marks of esteem at their hands. He was chiefly instrumental in organizing the first camp of Confederate veterans at Navasota, the camp being named for him but afterwards changed at his suggestion to "Camp W. G. Post" in honor of the memory of one of its deceased members. At the general reunion of the Confederate Veterans of the United States, of Houston, in May, 1895, he was elected Commander of the Division of Texas, which position he is now filling.

In politics Maj. Boone is a Democrat — "Jeffersonian Democrat" — but not of the variety of which the public has heard so much in recent years. His confession of faith excludes all of the sumptuary and paternal schemes of legislation which have

recently been paraded under the banner of "Jeffersonian Democracy." He believes in local self-government and in the fullest measure of personal freedom consistent with the public good. The elevation of the citizen — opportunity for the highest possible development of the individual — should, in his judgment, be the true end of popular government, and this is to be attained not by ever-recurring appeals to the law-making bodies of the land nor by the practice of any form of political fetishism, but by the unwearied exertion of the individual himself under a government that guarantees to him but one equality, namely, equality before the law. He has always held himself in readiness to work for his party and has done it good service in times past. Such service, it may be added, has sprung from his interest in the men and measures of his choice and not from any expectation of reward. The exacting duties of a laborious profession and the claims of family to which he is devoted with rare fidelity long since shut out any hope he may have entertained of a public career.

F. R. GRAVES,

KARNES CITY.

Russell Graves, a prominent planter of Lowndes County, Ala., came to Texas in 1838 with his family and located near where the town of Huntsville now stands, in what was then Montgomery (now Walker) County, and three years later returned to Shelby County, where he was (as a regulator) an active participant in the war waged for many years between the regulators and the moderators. Here Frank R. Graves, the subject of this notice, was born on his father's farm in 1852. He was principally educated in the common schools of Ellis County, his parents moving to that county and settling near Red Oak in 1857. His mother, Mrs. Esther G. Graves, died in 1865 and in the following year the remaining members of the family moved to Montgomery County, Ala., and lived there until 1875, when they came back to Ellis County, Texas.

Frank R. Graves was united in marriage to Miss Amanda Ryburn, at Waxahachie, in 1878, and soon after went to Alvarado, Johnson County, where he engaged in the hardware business. They have three children: Davy, Esther and Frank.

In the fall of 1882 Mr. Graves failed in the hardware business, came to Austin with his family in 1883 and in September of that year entered the law department of the State University. When he reached Austin, he had only sixty-five dollars in money, a wife and three children. He sold books in the afternoons and during vacations to earn enough to meet expenses and succeeded in supporting himself and family. He attended the University eighteen months and was admitted to the bar at the December Term of the District Court in 1884. While a member of the senior law class he was elected County Attorney of Karnes County, in January, 1885, by the Commissioners' Court of that county, having been, without his knowledge, recommended by friends who had learned his worth. He held the position for four years and made a reputation that afterward brought him a large and lucrative practice. He has for many years been upon one side or the other of nearly every important case tried in his section of the State.

Mr. Graves was elected to the Twenty-second Legislature in 1890 from the Eighty-second Repre-

sentative District, composed of Karnes, Atascosa and Wilson counties; served upon a number of important committees, soon took rank in the House as a man of very superior capacity and made a record that fully justified the flattering expectations of his friends. He was re-elected to the same position in 1892 and served in the Twenty-fourth Legislature.

He was a member of the Democratic Executive Committee for 1892 to 1894.

He was one of the founders of the *Kansas Reporter*, the first newspaper published in Karnes City.

He is and has been since 1890 the senior member of the law firm of Graves & Wilson at Helena and Karnes City.

His son Davy was a popular Page in the Twenty-third Legislature.

This biography contains the brief outlines of a life that should cheer every young man who is struggling against adversity and to whom the way that leads to success and a competency seems blocked by insurmountable obstacles. While fortune is capricious in her gifts, she owes a debt to such men as Frank R. Graves which she will never fail in due time to pay.

JOSEPH E. WALLIS,

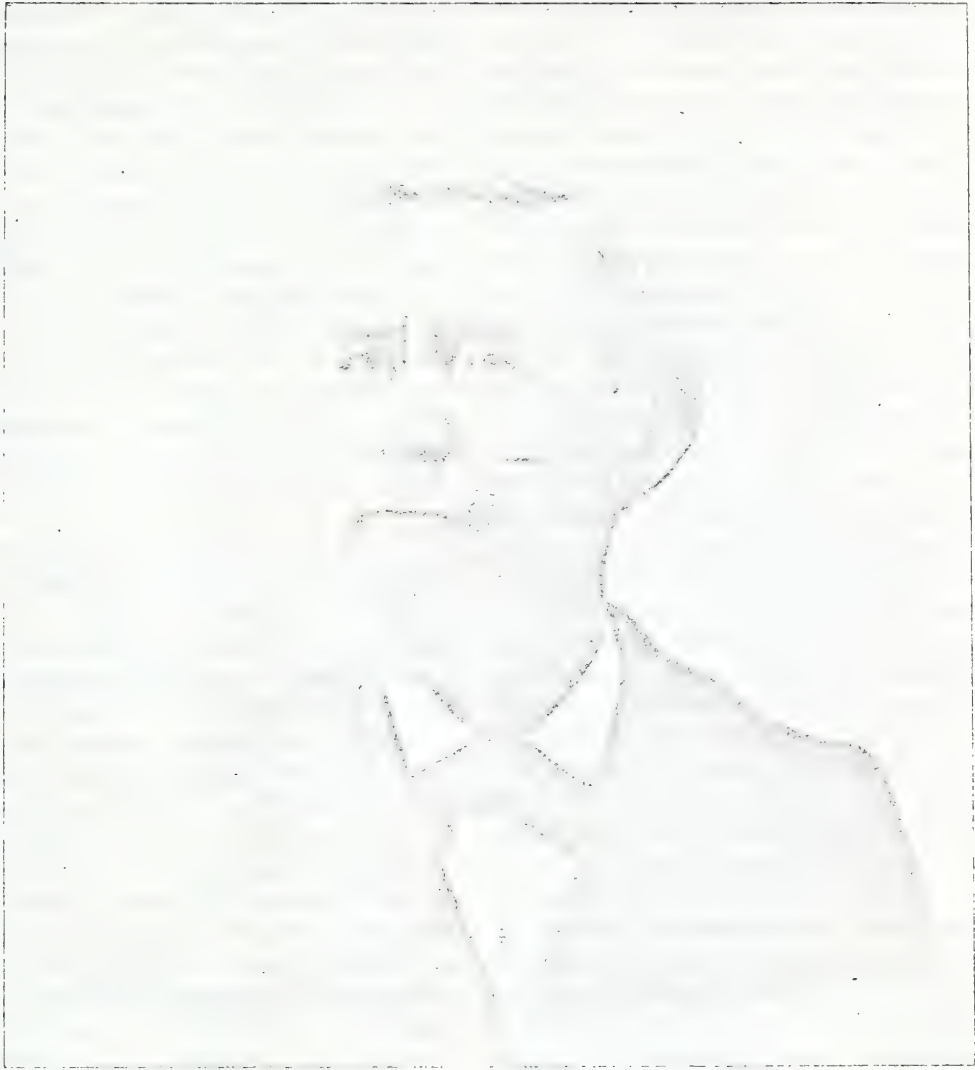
GALVESTON.

Joseph Edmund Wallis, a member of the well-known firm of Wallis, Landes & Co., was born in Morgan County, Ala., in 1835. His parents were Maj. Joseph and Elizabeth Crockett Wallis, both connected with some of the most distinguished families that the South can boast. His father was a lineal descendant of the famous Sir William Wallace, whose name is indissolubly connected with the most glorious epoch of Scottish history. Owing to a family disagreement, an American ancestor changed his name to Wallis, and it has so remained in the branch of the family to which the subject of this memoir belongs. Maj. Joseph Wallis was for many years a wealthy planter in Alabama and Mississippi, owning lands in both States, and for a long time planting in partnership with Governor Chapman, of Alabama. In the winter of 1848 he determined to move to Texas. His eldest son, John C., brought the slaves overland, whilst he moved the family by water, only leaving behind his eldest daughter, Emily, who had married Joseph Toland, a wealthy planter of Lowndes County, Miss. He located at Chappell Hill, Washington County, Texas, and continued planting. In October, 1849, his second daughter, Elmina Carolina, was married to Dr. John W. Lockhart, of Washington County.

When Maj. Wallis removed to Texas his second son, Joseph Edmund, was thirteen years of age, and had gone to school but a limited time. In the fall of 1849 (in Texas), he spent one session at Professor Ulysses Chapman's school. At the age

of fifteen he spent one year (1850) in merchandising at Chappell Hill, then, selling out, he passed the two sessions of 1851 and the spring session of 1852 at the Chappell Hill Male College, then in its prime, thus acquiring a fair education. In the summer of 1852 he again resumed merchandising at Chappell Hill, and continued about four years, being the Postmaster during the time. His father now wishing to retire from active business, divided his property among his children. This caused Joseph Edmund to close out his mercantile business and turn his attention to planting. When the war began he had accumulated considerable property, and was turning out his hundred bales of cotton annually. On February 12th, 1860, he married Miss S. Kate Landes, daughter of Col. D. Landes, of Austin County, Texas, formerly of Kentucky.

His father was particularly noted for his great industry, energy, perseverance and public spirit, and was always a leader in public enterprises wherever he lived; notably in this connection, he was the first one in Texas to advocate and start with Col. D. Landes and Isaac Applewhite, of Washington County, the construction of the now great Houston & Texas Central Railway, but was soon joined by such spirits as Paul Bremond, Harvey Allen and others of Houston, and later with other associates, put under construction the Washington Railroad from Hempstead to Brenham, now the western branch of the Houston & Texas Central Railroad. During his residence in the State he was engaged in many other enterprises, was a leading



J. E. Hallis

citizen in every respect, and at one time a prominent candidate for the Legislature, being defeated by Judge James E. Sheppard by a small majority. During the secession agitation he indorsed the opinion of his friend Gen. Sam Houston that these questions should be settled in the halls of Congress and at the ballot-box, not on the battle field, but the conflict once inaugurated, he was a zealous supporter of the Southern cause, and cherished a great desire to live and see the result of the war, but during 1864 his health was greatly impaired, and after several months of suffering he died March 15th, 1865, in the 64th year of his age. Early in the war his two sons obeyed their country's call and entered the Confederate service, John C. as Captain of Company B., Twentieth Texas Infantry, commanded by Col. H. M. Elmore, and Joseph E. as a private in the same company. The regiment did duty on the coast of Texas and was engaged in the celebrated battle of Galveston—a sharp and hotly contested affair and one long to be remembered by both sides. They both continued in the service until the surrender.

Immediately thereafter the brothers John C. and Joseph E. Wallis, and Henry A. Landes (a brother-in-law of Joseph E. Wallis) determined to close out their planting interests in Washington and Austin counties and form a copartnership under the style and firm name of Wallis, Landes & Company, as wholesale grocers at Galveston. The firm entered vigorously into business and continued prosperously without any change in its membership until May 9th, 1872, when John C. departed this life in the full vigor of manhood. The firm of Wallis, Landes & Company, after the death of John C., continued under the same firm name and style by the two surviving partners, the interest of the deceased partner having been withdrawn at the time of his demise, and continues the same to this date, only increasing the membership of the firm by the admission of Charles L. Wallis, eldest son of Joseph E. Wallis, in 1882. At the close of the war the subject of our sketch moved his family to Galveston. He has now four living children, viz., Charles L. Wallis, Dan E. Wallis, Pearl Wallis Knox, and Lockhart H. Wallis.

Mr. Wallis, both in civil and military life, has discharged every duty devolving upon him as a citizen in a manner to entitle him to and secure for him the confidence and esteem of all with whom he has been brought in contact. In commercial pursuits he has been called to fill many places of trust and honor on boards of directors in the various cor-

porations, banks, etc., of the city. A number of these he now fills. He took an active part in the building of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railroad, giving to it freely both of his time and money. He followed it closely in all of its vicissitudes and was a director of the company from the beginning until 1886. He was one of the syndicate of sixteen who rapidly constructed the road after its purchase from the old company in the spring of 1879. He was one of the most active and effective of the workers whose efforts have secured adequate appropriations from the Federal government for the deep water improvements at Galveston. He is an officer or director of the following corporations, to wit: One of the five directors of the City Company, the oldest and wealthiest in the city; vice-president of the Texas Guarantee & Trust Co.; director of the Galveston & Houston Investment Co.; vice-president of the Galveston & Western Railroad Co.; director of the Gulf City Cotton Press Co.; a member of the Cotton Exchange; stockholder in nearly all the corporations of the city and many of the National Banks of this State, and also some corporations of the North, and generally a strong promoter of the new railroad enterprises.

During all his residence in Galveston he has been closely identified with all its commercial enterprises, upon which he believes depends the city's success in the future. He takes but little interest in political affairs. Since the war he has voted the Democratic ticket, but previous to that time he was a Whig, but not old enough to cast a vote against his relative, James K. Polk, when he was elected President of the United States. His hand and purse are always open to worthy charities, and he gives cheerfully and liberally of his means to all public enterprises. Naturally modest and retiring in his disposition, when not occupied in business he prefers to enjoy the privacy of his comfortable and beautiful home and the society of his interesting family. He has never held a membership in any church, but with his wife is an attendant upon the Presbyterian and contributes to its support. Their parents on both sides were Presbyterians in belief and this is consequently the church of their choice. Like his early ancestor, the famous Scottish "Wallace of Eilerslie," the first of the name of whom history gives an account, who lived nearly a thousand years ago, he is tall and of slight stature, his eyes are dark grey and his hair. With a strong constitution, a firm will, temperate habits, good health and a cheerful temperament, he bids fair to be spared for many years of business usefulness and service to the city where his lot is cast.

CHARLES L. COYNER,

SAN DIEGO.

Charles Luther Coyner, one of the most brilliant and successful lawyers in West Texas, and a man who has acquired some distinction as a newspaper, literary and political writer of merit, was born in Augusta County, Va., February 8th, 1853, in the old stone house built by his grandfather in 1740. His parents were Addison H. and Elizabeth Coyner. His mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Brown. Mr. Coyner is descended from Archibald, Duke of Argyle, and Governor Roane, who served at different times as Governor of North Carolina and Tennessee. The family has been traced back as far as 1620, members of it distinguishing themselves in the Thirty Years War. Three representatives (from Virginia) were officers in the Revolutionary War that severed the American Colonies from Great Britain, and three in the War of 1812, and in the war between the States, one company, alone, from Augusta County, contained twelve Coyners, all good soldiers. The Coyner family is the most numerous in the valley of Virginia and especially in Augusta County, where over seven hundred members reside and one hundred and forty register as Democratic voters,—there is not a Readjuster among them.

Mr. Coyner has a brother who was Captain of Company D., Seventh Virginia Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia, and who was killed in battle September 13, 1863.

The subject of this notice received his education in local district schools and at Forest Academy. He came to Texas in the autumn of 1877, located at Kaufman, read law under Hon. A. A. Burton, minister at one time from the United States to Chili. He was admitted to practice in the district and inferior courts of the State of Kaufman, Texas, in 1877, and in the Supreme Court at Tyler soon thereafter.

Mr. Coyner now resides at San Diego and was County Attorney of Duval County from 1886 to 1895, when he resigned to accept the office of County Judge of that County. He went back to Augusta County, Virginia, on a visit, and, January 3, 1884, married Margaret, youngest daughter of Dr. Wm. R. Blair, of that county. Mrs. Coyner is descended from the family of Blairs, one of whom

founded William and Mary College, Virginia. One of the family of Blairs was Governor of Virginia in 1768, and another was appointed, by Washington, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Coyner have no children. Mr. Coyner was secretary of the Democratic Executive Committee of Duval County for eight years and held the chairmanship of that body from 1892 to 1894. He has been a delegate to every Democratic State Convention held since he made his home in Texas and has been one of the most active and effective workers who have secured party success in his section of the State. He has often been urged to accept the nomination for and election to the Legislature, but has in each instance declined, preferring to devote himself to his large and lucrative law practice and having no desire to accept any reward, in the way of political preferment, for the yeoman service which he has willingly and patriotically rendered in the interest of good government. He was appointed County Judge of Duval County, without any effort upon his part, having made no application for the position. He was appointed County Judge of Duval County April 17th, 1895, and now holds that office. He received the unanimous vote of the Commissioners' Court, the appointing power, and resigned the office of County Attorney. His term expires in the fall of 1896.

One of the highest compliments ever paid Judge Coyner was the indorsements he received from Governor Jas. S. Hogg, Hon. Horace Chilton, ex-Governor Hubbard and others, for appointment by President Cleveland to the office of Third Auditor of the United States Treasury, an office that he would have filled with credit to himself and to the State of Texas. He has made a fortune at the bar and stands deservedly high in his profession. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, Masonic Fraternity and Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. While owner of the *Athens Journal* and part owner of the *Henderson County Narrow Gauge*, both published at Athens, he acquired a State-wide reputation as a polished, trenchant and able writer, to which he has since added by contributions to some of the leading magazines of the country.

RICHARD KING,

NUECES COUNTY.

Richard King was born in Orange County, N. Y., July 10, 1825, and at eight years of age was apprenticed to a jeweler; but, being put to menial work and unjustly treated, slipped aboard the ship *Desdemonia*, bound for Mobile, Ala., and concealed himself in the hold. When the vessel was four days out, he was discovered and carried before the captain, who, although a stern and weather-beaten old salt, treated him kindly, and gave him a fatherly lecture, characterized by much sound and wholesome advice which the boy afterwards profited by.

At Mobile he was employed as cabin boy by the celebrated steamboatman, Capt. Hugh Monroe, and later worked in the same capacity under Capt. Joe Holland on the Alabama river. Capt. Holland took quite a fancy to him and sent him to school for eight months in Connecticut. Returning to Mobile, he continued with Capt. Holland until the commencement of the Seminole War, and then enlisted in the service of the United States, and participated in many of the stirring events of that campaign. He was on the *Ocochohee* when Col. Worth, afterwards a distinguished officer in the Mexican War, enticed aboard and captured Hospotoclke and his entire band of warriors, an event that had much to do with bringing hostilities to a speedy and successful close. After the Seminole War, he steamboated on the *Chatahoochie* river until 1847, and then went to the Rio Grande, where he acted as pilot of the steamer "*Corvette*," of the Quartermaster's Department of the United States army, until the close of the Mexican War.

The vessel was commanded by Capt. M. Kenedy, whom he had previously met, and who remained through all subsequent vicissitudes and changes his life-long friend. Peace having been declared between the United States and Mexico, and the armies disbanded, Capt. King bought the "*Col. Cross*," and followed the river until 1850, when he formed a copartnership with Capt. M. Kenedy, Capt. James O'Donnell, and Charles Stillman, under the firm name of M. Kenedy & Co.

Between that period and the close of the war between the States, they built, or purchased, twenty steamers, which they operated to great profit in the carrying trade on the Rio Grande. Capt. O'Donnell retiring from the partnership, the

new firm of King, Kenedy & Co., was formed, and continued the business until 1874.

In the meantime (1852), Capt. King traversed the coast country lying between the Rio Grande and the Nueces river and shortly thereafter established the since famous Santa Gertrude's ranch, to which he soon moved his family.

In 1860 Capt. Kenedy acquired an interest in the property which was augmented by the establishment of other ranches in the course of time. They did business together until January 1, 1868, when they divided equally their possessions and dissolved the copartnership, as they had growing families and wished to avoid complications that might occur if either of them should die.

The King ranches, Santa Gertrude's and San Juan Carricitos, comprise about 700,000 acres, stocked with over 100,000 head of cattle, four thousand brood mares and 15,000 saddle horses, and is supplied with all the accessories known to modern ranching.

A few years since as many as 35,000 calves were branded annually.

During the years 1876-80 Capt. King, together with Capt. Kenedy and Col. Uriah Lott, built the Corpus Christi, San Diego & Rio Grande (narrow gauge) Railroad, from Corpus Christi to Laredo. This was the first railroad built in that part of the State. This road was sold by them to the Mexican National R. R. Co., who began building their railway system (now extending to the city of Mexico) by purchasing this line, which is at present their terminal in Texas.

Capt. King was taken ill in the early part of 1885 and was told that he had cancer of the stomach. Eminent physicians were called from New Orleans and confirmed the statement and told him that he could live but a short time. He received the announcement with an equanimity characteristic of his well-poised and heroic spirit, and, settling his earthly affairs in order, quietly waited for the inevitable, which came April 14th of that year, while he was stopping at the Menger Hotel, in San Antonio. His wife and all of his children were present at his bedside except Mrs. Atwood, who was with her husband in New Mexico and, owing to sickness, could not come. He was laid to rest the following day in the cemetery at San Antonio. Capt. King left all of his property

to his wife and made her sole executrix without bond.

Robert J. Kleberg, a lawyer, a trusted confidant and friend of Capt. King, and thoroughly familiar with the status of the property, was requested by Mrs. King to come to Santa Gertrude's Ranch for consultation, did so, and, at her urgent solicitation, became manager of the ranches, although by so doing he found it necessary to abandon the active practice of his profession. January 18th of the following year he was united in marriage to Miss Alice King, to whom he was engaged during the lifetime of her father.

At the time of Capt. King's death his estate was about \$500,000 in debt. This debt was incurred in the purchase of lands and making improvements. There was something to show for every dollar, yet it had to be met. Mr. Kleberg corresponded with the creditors and they readily agreed to let Mrs. King individually assume the debt and took her notes for the amounts respectively due them. All that remained to be done was to probate the will and file an inventory in the County Court and this Mr. Kleberg did. The estate was not in court over three hours. Mrs. King has since paid the notes, has added more than 100,000 acres

to her ranches, does not owe a dollar and sells from 20,000 to 25,000 beef cattle annually.

When Capt. King established himself in the Nueces country it was practically as far removed from civilization and the operation of civil law, as Central Africa is to-day. A few Mexican settlers were scattered here and there, fifty or sixty miles apart, but were little more to be trusted than the bands of predatory Indians who prowled over the prairies. Desperadoes from Mexico and the States, at a later date, also, from time to time, attempted to effect a lodgment in the country and overawe and despoil the people. Sagacious and possessed of both moral and physical courage (all of which was needed in these trying times), firm, bold and prompt, both in planning and acting, Capt. King proved himself equal to these and all other emergencies and did not hesitate to hold these characters in check with an iron hand.

He maintained his rights, the rights of those about him, and an approach to social order.

Starting in life a penniless boy, his indomitable will, strength of mind and capacity for conducting large affairs enabled him long before his death to accumulate an immense fortune, and rank as one of the largest cattle-owners in the world.

THOMAS J. JENNINGS,

FORT WORTH.

The late lamented Gen. Thomas J. Jennings, at one time Attorney-General of Texas, and during his lifetime considered one of the ablest lawyers in Texas, was born in Shenandoah County, Va., on the 20th of October, 1801. His parents were Col. William and Mariam Howard (Smith) Jennings. Col. William Jennings was for a number of years sheriff and a leading citizen of Shenandoah County. When the subject of this memoir was about ten years of age his father moved to Indiana where he had purchased five thousand acres of land on the Ohio river near Vevay, remained there a short time and then moved to Louisville, Ky., where he purchased a large portion of the land now embraced within the corporate limits of that city. This land he sold for a sum which, at this day, when its value had been so greatly enhanced, appears insignificant.

After a short residence at Louisville, Col. William

Jennings moved to Christian County, Ky., where Gen. Thomas J. Jennings clerked in a country store, attending school part of the time, until about seventeen years, old when he secured a school and taught for two or three years until he accumulated sufficient means to attend Transylvania College, at Lexington, Ky., where he graduated in 1824, with the highest honors, having been selected by his classmates to deliver the valedictory. Jefferson Davis, Gustavus A. Henry, of Tennessee, and a number of other men, who afterwards distinguished themselves in law, medicine, politics, and theology, were his friends and fellow-students. The love he acquired for the classics at Transylvania College clung to him through life. There was, perhaps, no more accurate or critical Latin and Greek scholar in the South. He was also familiar with the French and Spanish languages, speaking them both. After graduating he taught school at Paris, Tenn.,

studied law, secured admission to the bar and, in copartnership with his brother, Judge Dudley S. Jennings, practiced at Paris about two years. The partnership was then dissolved and he went to Huntington, Tenn., where he formed a connection with Berry Gillespie. In 1836 he went to Yazoo City, Miss., and there enjoyed a large and lucrative practice until the spring of 1840, at which time he moved to San Augustine, Texas, and later, in the fall of that year, to Nacogdoches.

In January, 1844, he married at the latter place, Mrs. Sarah G. Mason, the only daughter of Maj. Hyde, a prominent citizen in Nacogdoches and formerly a leading merchant of Jackson, Tenn.

While residing in Nacogdoches he was in partnership, successively, with J. M. Ardrey and Judge W. R. Ochiltree.

In 1852 he was elected Attorney-General of Texas and, on the expiration of his term in 1852, was re-elected and held the position until 1856, when he declined a further re-election to the office, his large private interests and law practice requiring his undivided attention. On retiring from the attorney-generalship he moved to his plantation near Alto, in Cherokee County.

In 1857 he was elected to the Legislature from that county and in 1861 to the Convention that passed the ordinance of secession. In the fall of 1861 he suffered a stroke of paralysis which confined him to his bed for eighteen months and from the effects of which he never afterward recovered. In the fall of 1864 he moved to Tyler, where he formed a law partnership with Col. B. T. Selman. In 1868, having retired from this copartnership, he and his son, Hon. Tom R. Jennings, formed a copartnership which continued for a number of years. Gen. Jennings remained in the practice of his profession until 1875, when, owing to his advanced years and failing health, he retired from active pursuits, after being in harness as a practitioner at the bar for half a century. At different times he was a copartner of George F. Moore, late Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court; Stock-

ton T. Donley and Ruben H. Reeves, late Associate Justices of that tribunal. In 1877 he moved to Fort Worth, Texas, where he died, after a long and painful illness, September 23, 1881. He was a member of the Masonic and I. O. O. F. fraternities. He had three sons: Tom R., Monroe D., and Hyde Jennings. Monroe died in 1868 at Alto, Cherokee County, when nineteen years of age. Hyde is one of the leading citizens of Fort Worth and, as a lawyer, seems to have inherited the solid abilities possessed by his distinguished father. As a practitioner, he has for a number of years deservedly ranked among the foremost in the State. Tom R. is a lawyer at Nacogdoches and represented Nacogdoches County in the Twenty-fourth Legislature.

Gen. Jennings' widow survived him a number of years, dying April 6th, 1873, in Fort Worth, at the home of her son, Mr. Hyde Jennings, of which she had been an honored and beloved inmate since her husband's death. She was one of the sweetest and most lovable ladies that the old *regime* could boast.

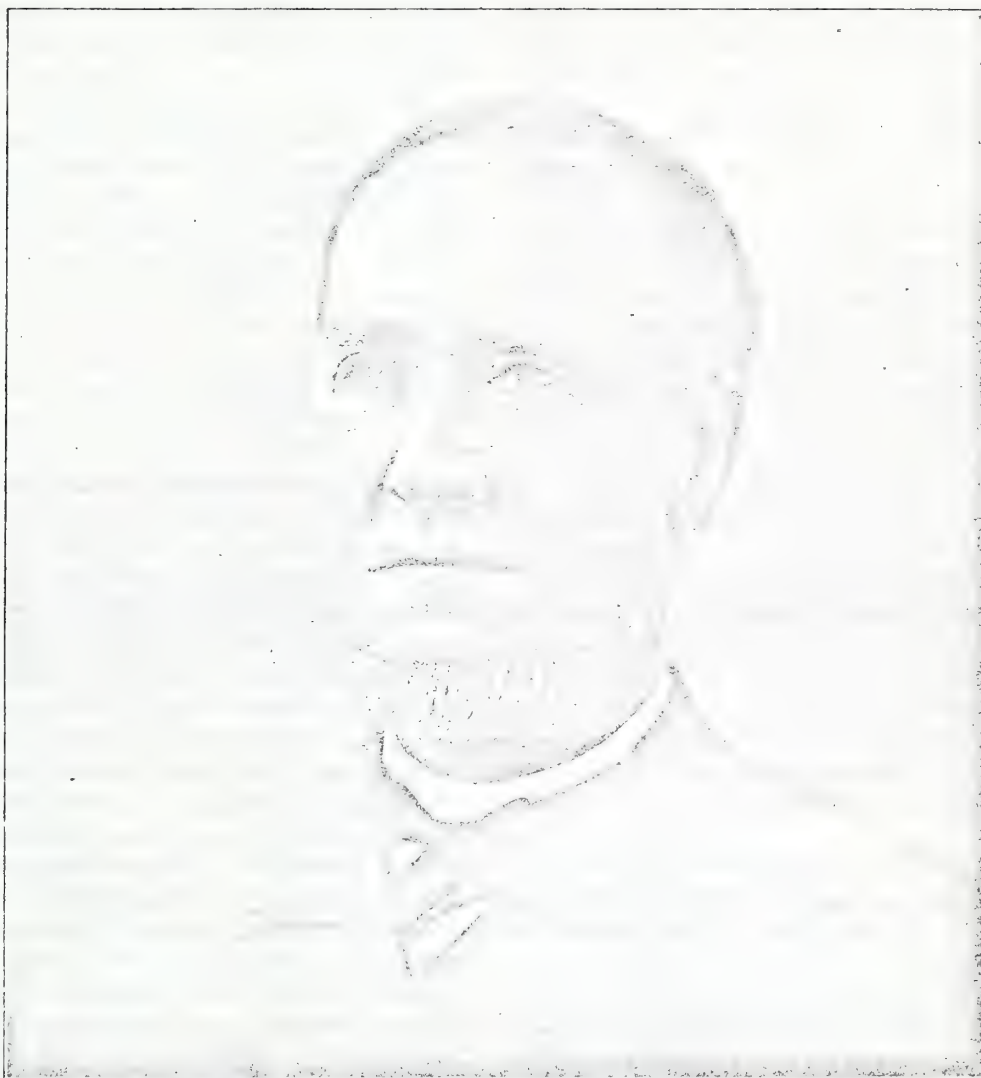
Gen. Jennings possessed in a marked degree those qualities of mind and heart that challenge confidence and esteem. One trait of his character, one worthy of all admiration, was the disinclination that he manifested to think or speak evil of others. Of this, the writer of this memoir had an example in 1857. Gen. Jennings was then a member of the Legislature and, upon being drawn out as to his opinion of the leading men of the State, took them up *seriatim*, dwelling upon the excellent mental, moral and social qualities of each. Sentiments of jealous rivalry never disturbed the calm equipoise of his mind. Socially he was amiable and generous to a fault. He mastered every question he endeavored to discuss. His speeches were clear, forcible and logical and, when he concluded, court and jury were impressed with the conviction that he had exhausted the subject, as viewed from his standpoint. He was one of the brightest and ablest of the able men of his day in Texas and one of the purest and best as well.

JUSTUS WESLEY FERRIS,

WAXAHACHIE.

Judge J. W. Ferris was born March 26th, 1823, in Hudson, now a large city on the Hudson river, in the State of New York. His father was Rev. Phil. Ferris, an effective and zealous minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Young Ferris' early education was acquired in Cazenovia Seminary, a noted institution of learning in Central New York. At the age of eighteen he moved to Shelby County, Ky., and soon entered the law office of Hon. Martin D. McHenry, where he pursued the study of law. He graduated in 1845, at the age of twenty-two, with honor, in the law department of Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky. In the same year he was licensed to practice law in all the courts of the State. In 1846 he moved to Louisiana, where he studied the civil law under the tuition of Judge Brent, an able and distinguished lawyer, at Alexandria. His patron having died, he yielded to the solicitations of his old Kentucky friend, Rev. F. H. Blades, and emigrated to Texas in the fall of 1847, locating at Jefferson, then a promising young city, situated at the head of navigation on Cypress bayou, in Cass (now Marion) County, where he began his professional career. The bar at Jefferson was at that time one of the ablest and most brilliant in the Southwest. Here were congregated at the courts such legal lights as Gen. J. Pinckney Henderson, Col. Lewis T. Wigfall, T. J. and J. H. Rogers, Richard Scurry, Col. W. P. Hill and others, and here he underwent the training and discipline that in after years enabled him to successfully compete with the more skillful of the legal fraternity. After a partnership of two and a half years with M. D. Rogers he boldly struck out into the practice upon his own account and rapidly rose to prominence, his law briefs appearing in the Supreme Court Reports as far back as the Fourth Texas. For one year, during the presidential campaign of 1852, he edited the *Jefferson Herald*, doing good service for the Democratic party. This work was done chiefly at night, without detriment to his professional labors. He was elected to the Legislature in 1852, as representative and floater from the counties of Titus and Cass, and acquitted himself with credit and distinction, exhibiting ability in debate, and pushing the measures he advocated with energy and success. The authorship of the common-school system, then adopted for Texas, is, in a large measure, justly

attributable to him, he having prepared and introduced the bill and followed it up to its final passage. Initiatory steps, which met with his cordial approbation and support, were also taken in offering large land donations to induce the early construction of railroads. Before the expiration of his term of office, it became necessary for him, on account of ill health, to change his residence, and get away from the malaria of swamps and bayous. Therefore, in the fall of 1854, he moved with his family west of the Trinity river to Waxahachie, then a small village, surrounded by rich undulating prairies, and beautifully situated by the crystal waters of Waxahachie creek. Recovering his health in a few months, his field of practice soon included seven counties. He was reasonably successful both in criminal and civil cases, taking position in the front rank of his profession. Among the more important criminal cases in which he took a prominent part for the defense may be mentioned those of the State *v.* Calvin Guest, in Ellis County; A. J. Brinson, in Tarrant County; and A. W. Denton, in Parker County, each of whom was indicted for murder, and acquitted after a closely contested and exciting trial. His brightest laurels, however, were won in the civil practice, more especially in suits involving titles to land. In 1858 he and Col. E. P. Nicholson, of Dallas, formed a copartnership which continued for over two years. They did a large law practice and, in connection with it, engaged in the business of buying and selling exchange, establishing two offices, one at Dallas and the other at Waxahachie, for that purpose. These exchange offices were a necessity at that time to emigrants, traders and merchants, and marked the beginning of banking in North Texas. In 1860 he was one of the nominees of the Ellis County Convention, assembled for the election of delegates to the convention called to meet at Austin for the purpose of considering the question of the secession of Texas from the Union, but serious domestic considerations compelled him to decline the nomination. In the following year he was elected by a vote of the people to the office of Judge of the Sixteenth Judicial District, which position he continued to fill until the close of the war, believing that by so doing he could the better serve his country, his constitution being too feeble to endure the exposure of camp life. The frontier



JUDGE FERRIS.

having receded, his became the border judicial district. Bands of outlawed desperadoes, here and there, roamed over the country, intimidating the people, overawing the authorities and defying the officials, Judge Ferris' moral and physical courage were often put to the test in the discharge of his official duties, but he rose equal to every occasion. He upheld the supremacy of law and order with unyielding firmness. At one time threats were openly made against his life should he make an attempt to hold court, and organize the grand jury in Parker County. He, nevertheless, proceeded to the county seat under a guard sent to him, opened court on the day appointed, impaneled the grand jury, and fearlessly instructed them as to the duties they were called upon to perform. The lawless characters were indicted and tried in due course of law and the spirit of insubordination fully and effectually crushed. After the war Judge Ferris returned to the more lucrative and, to him, more agreeable business of an attorney, associating W. H. Getzendaner with him in the practice. In 1868 the banking house of Ferris & Getzendaner was established, doing a successful and profitable business. These gentlemen continued to practice law and carry on a banking business until 1876, when Judge Ferris withdrew from the bank in favor of his son, Royal A. Ferris, and formed a law partnership with Anson Rainey, under the firm name of Ferris & Rainey. When the celebrated case of the International Railroad Co. v. A. Bledsoe, Comptroller, growing out of a peremptory mandamus suit to compel that officer to countersign certain subsidy bonds, came before the Supreme Court, Judge Moore, having been of counsel for one of the parties litigant, was disqualified and the court, being equally divided, was unable to come to a decision, whereupon Judge Ferris was commissioned by Governor Coke to sit as special judge in the case. After a rehearing he delivered the opinion of the court against the railroad company, holding that the comptroller could not be compelled by mandamus to execute the bonds. When a subsequent case came up for hearing before the same court, with Justice Moore upon the bench, it was sought to reverse the ruling made as aforesaid, but such reversal was not permitted long to stand. The law as defined by Judge Ferris was restored as authority by the Supreme Court of Texas, as subsequently organized, and it maintains its place to this day in the reports as a correct interpretation of the law. To give even a syllabus of the important cases in which Judge Ferris has appeared as counsel, would swell this sketch beyond prudent limits. It is, perhaps, sufficient to say, that, as a

lawyer and presiding, as well as special, judge, he has gained an honored and permanent position in the profession to which he has so assiduously devoted the best years of his life.

He was elected in 1875 a delegate to the convention called to frame a new constitution for the State of Texas, and was an active and influential member of that body, doing faithful work on several important committees. He was Chairman of the Committee on Railroads, and the article on that subject prepared and reported by him, was adopted without opposition. While it gave every encouragement to railroad building, it also contained wise provisions designed to keep railway companies well within the control of legislative authority.

He was one of the five commissioners appointed by Governor Coke, in 1875, to digest, amend, and revise the statutory laws of the State. It was the first revision attempted after the annexation of Texas to the United States. The laws constituted a confused mass, being very imperfect and, in numerous instances, conflicting. The work, although intricate and difficult, was accomplished in a satisfactory manner, and with credit to the commission. The high appreciation placed upon the labors of the commission is evidenced by the fact that the commission more recently appointed to redigest the laws was enjoined by law not to change, or alter any word or sentence, or even the punctuation, used in the former revision. The workmanship of Judge Ferris is more particularly exhibited in the articles on "Public Lands," "Statute of Frauds," "Trespass to Try Title," "Forcible Entry and Detainer," "Registration," and cognate titles.

He was one of the delegates from Texas to the National Democratic Convention, held in Chicago in 1884, and was an active supporter of Grover Cleveland for the presidential nomination. The triumphant success of the party afterwards under the leadership of Mr. Cleveland, attested the wisdom of his selection by the convention as the party's standard-bearer.

About this time Judge Ferris gave up all aspirations for office. He has since seemed to shun the public service, preferring the peaceful walks of a quiet domestic life. He also soon began to retire from the practice of law. The banking house of Ferris & Getzendaner was converted into the Citizens National Bank of Waxahachie, of which Judge Ferris is a large stockholder. He has been one of the board of directors ever since, was president of the bank for two years, and is now its vice-president.

Influenced by an early attachment, he returned to Kentucky in 1850, and married Miss Mattie J. Crow, a daughter of Mr. A. D. Crow, of Floydsburg, in that State,—a most beautiful lady and distinguished for many lovable qualities. She voluntarily left the “old Kentucky home” with her husband to brave the hardships of a frontier life in Texas, and has ever been a faithful helpmate as well as a loving and devoted wife. They have two sons: Royal A. Ferris, born August 8th, 1851, in Jefferson, Texas, who was educated at the Kentucky Military Institute, near Frankfort, Ky., and is now a successful capitalist and banker in Dallas, Texas, and Thomas A. Ferris, born February 10, 1861, in Waxahachie, Texas, who was also educated at the Kentucky Military Institute, and is now cashier and one of the board of directors of the Citizens National Bank, of Waxahachie.

Judge Ferris has been a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South for many years. Though not a demonstrative church worker he has ever exerted a strong, steady influence in favor of Christianity. His daily walk and conversation have been exemplary and have indicated at all times with certainty his position on all moral and religious subjects. He and Mrs. Ferris by industry and economy have acquired a handsome estate and are heavy taxpayers, owning a goodly share of city and country realty. They have a beautiful home, in the suburbs of Waxahachie, supplied with a large library and every comfort—a home blessed with pure domestic happiness. Honored and beloved by all who know them, they are in their old age deservedly enjoying the fruits of a consistent and well-ordered life.

R. S. WILLIS,

GALVESTON.

Richard Short Willis was born October 17, 1821, in Caroline County, Md., where his father, Short A. Willis, settled early in the present century. The latter was a native of Scotland and was brought by his parents to this country previous to the Revolution, in which several members of the family took part on the side of the Colonies, two uncles of the subject of this sketch yielding up their lives at the battle of Brandywine for the cause of freedom and against the tyranny of the British Crown.

Four of the five sons of Short A. Willis, namely, Peter J., William H., Richard S., and Thomas A., came to Texas in youth or early manhood and have spent their subsequent lives. The first to come was Peter J., who made his advent into the new Republic soon after the battle of San Jacinto, in 1836. After a brief tour of inspection he became satisfied with the country and returned to Maryland for his brothers, William H. and Richard S., who, accompanying him, came back and settled on Buffalo bayou near Houston. Peter J. had then just attained his twenty-first year, William H. was eighteen, and Richard S. sixteen. In the limited industries of the new country the lives of the Willis brothers was by no means an easy one, but they bravely performed all the labors that fell to their lot, emerging from the trials to which they

were subjected stronger in purpose and better prepared for the responsibilities of the future. By their industry and good management they saved sufficient means to purchase the property then known as the “Ringold Farm” on the road from Navasota to Washington, and there, as the reward of their good husbandry, they laid the foundation of the splendid fortune which later came into their hands. It was while living on this place that the death of William H. occurred. Early in the forties Peter J. Willis bought a stock of goods and began the mercantile business at Washington, Richard S. remaining on the farm. Later Richard S. left the farm and joined his brother and they opened an establishment at Montgomery. This proving successful they started a branch store at Anderson, in Grimes County, in partnership with E. W. Cawthon, under the firm name of Cawthon, Willis & Bro. With increased success they were enabled to still further extend their field of operations, and just previous to the opening of the late war they formed a partnership with S. K. McIlheny, under the name of McIlheny, Willis & Bro., and opened a house at Houston. This firm grew to be one of the most commanding in the State, and, notwithstanding the general business paralysis which followed the war, it con-

tinued active operations throughout the entire period of hostilities, met all its obligations and emerged from the almost chaotic condition of affairs sound and solvent. Upon the close of the great struggle Mr. McIlheny went to Laredo, Mexico, and died there while a member of the firm, after which the Willis brothers purchased his interest and continued the business under the firm name of P. J. Willis & Bro. The Montgomery store was sold out at the close of the war, at which time the Houston enterprise began to assume much larger proportions. Seeing what they believed to be an excellent opening at Galveston they started a store at that place. This branch of their business soon came to engross most of their time and capital and in 1868 they decided to consolidate their interests and accordingly removed to Galveston. From that date their operations were confined to their Galveston business, and not only this business but many other enterprises of a public and private nature in that city were made to feel the strong propulsion of their sturdy common sense and sterling business ability.

To Mr. Richard S. Willis fell the inside care and management of the large and ever-increasing business of the firm, and to his labors in this connection he bent every energy, with the result of becoming a thorough master of his situation. Indeed later on when upon the death of his brother, Peter J. Willis, in 1873, the entire care and management of the business devolved on him, he could not be persuaded that the increased responsibilities resulting therefrom were too laborious and exacting upon him, until ill-health compelled him to discontinue the devotion of his personal supervision, judgment and valuable experience entirely to the affairs and details of the business. He was an indefatigable worker all his life and not until physical infirmities obtained the mastery over his iron will was he able to pull against the current of his earlier days. He served in various positions of trust and his name was connected from first to last with many corporate enterprises in the city. He was president of the Galveston National Bank, having brought the affairs of its predecessor, the Texas Banking and Insurance Company, to a successful termination. He was one of the promoters of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railway, and for some years a member of its directory. He was chairman of the Deepwater Committee, a prominent member of the Cotton Exchange and of the Chamber of Commerce; president of the Texas Guarantee & Trust Company, and a member of the directory of the Southern Cotton Press and Manufacturing Company. Mr. Willis was devoted to business and no

man ever left his affairs in better shape or knew more about the details of every enterprise with which he was connected. He was of rather reserved disposition and of marked individuality, possessing strong prejudices either for or against men and measures; but, withal, generous and confiding where such feelings were required.

On June 3d, 1847, at Montgomery, Texas, Mr. Willis married Miss Narcissa Worsham, a native of Merengo County, Ala., born August 29, 1828, and a daughter of Jeremiah and Catherine Worsham, who emigrated to Texas in 1835, and settled in what is now Montgomery County, three miles from the present town of Montgomery. Jeremiah Worsham was a well-to-do planter and a highly respected citizen. One of his sons, Isvod Worsham, represented Montgomery County in the State Legislature and was a man of stirring business ability. Mrs. Willis has a sister, Mrs. C. H. Brooks, wife of Rev. C. H. Brooks, residing at Chappel Hill, in Washington County, the remainder of the family to which she belonged having passed away. Mr. Willis died July 26, 1892.

Besides his surviving widow he left two sons and two daughters: Short A. Willis, of Galveston; Mrs. Kate Grigsby, of Louisville and Bardstown, Ky.; Mrs. F. A. Walthew, and Richard M. Willis, Galveston; a daughter, Laura (Mrs. James G. Moody), and a son, Lee W. Willis, preceding the father to the grave, the former dying in 1886, the latter in 1888.

The widow of this pioneer merchant is herself one of the oldest Texians now residing in the city of Galveston, having lived on Texas soil continuously for sixty years. Coming to the country while it was yet Mexican territory, she has lived to see many changes and has witnessed both the peaceful and violent revolutions which have gone on around her, having lived under five different governments—that of Mexico, Texas, the United States, the Confederate States, and again that of the United States. She has witnessed the gradual expulsion of the red man and the steady advancement of the white race. She saw the country change from a dependency to an independent republic and was not an uninterested spectator when the new but vigorous republic asked for admission to the American Union. She witnessed the movement that made Texas free, and the peaceable settlement by which it became one of the sisterhood of States.

Mrs. Willis has led an eminently domestic life, but since the death of her husband has given more or less of her attention to business, with the result of keeping his business in the same admirable condition in which he left it.

JUDGE WILLIAM PITT BALLINGER, GALVESTON.

The distinguished subject of this sketch was born in Barboursville, Knox County, Ky., September 25, 1825, and died at his home in Galveston, Texas, January 20, 1888.

His grandfather, Col. Richard Ballinger, was a native of Virginia, and an Aide-de-Camp of Gen. St. Clair at the time of that officer's defeat by the Indians. He settled early in Kentucky; was the first clerk of Knox County; was, later, a member of the State Senate; lived to a great age, and sustained throughout the highest personal character.

His father, James Franklin Ballinger, was a native of Barboursville, Ky., and, for the greater part of his life, clerk of the courts of Knox County. A soldier of the War of 1812, at the age of seventeen years he was taken prisoner upon Dudley's defeat, and forced to "run the gauntlet" for his life. He was a presidential elector on the Whig ticket in 1837. He removed to Texas in 1868, and died at Houston in 1875, in the eighty-second year of his age.

W. P. Ballinger's early education was derived from the schools of his native town; a two years' course in St. Mary's College, near Lebanon, Ky., and a faithful training in his father's office in the practical details of court business. His health requiring a milder climate, in 1843 he availed of the invitation of his uncle, Judge James Love, of Galveston, Texas, and moved thither, beginning the study of the law in that gentleman's office. Joining, as a private soldier, a volunteer company for the Mexican War, he was soon elected First Lieutenant of the company. Afterwards appointed Adjutant of Col. Albert Sidney Johnston's Texas Regiment, he participated with it in the storming of Monterey, and in other service. Returning to Galveston in the fall of 1846, he was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1847 and began the practice of law. His prompt admission to partnership in the firm of Jones & Butler, then enjoying the largest practice in the city, engaged him at once in the most important cases in the courts.

In 1850, upon the recommendation of the judges of the Supreme Court, and others, he was appointed United States District Attorney for the District of Texas, and discharged the duties of that office with characteristic efficiency. In the same year he was married to Miss Hallie P. Jack, daughter of William H. Jack, lawyer, statesman and soldier of Texas long before "its birth as a

nation." In 1854 he entered into that long enduring and mutually fortunate copartnership with his brother-in-law, Col. Thos. M. Jack, which made the firm name of Ballinger & Jack so broad in its fame, and so conspicuous in the annals of the bar. The memories of lawyers and of judges, the reports of the appellate courts, the records of the trial courts, the traditions of the people — all testify to the impress made upon their times of this eminent association of learning and eloquence. After many years these gentlemen admitted to partnership Hon. Marcus F. Mott, and the firm style became Ballinger, Jack & Mott. Col. Jack dying, the survivors associated with themselves Mr. J. W. Terry, under the style of Ballinger, Mott & Terry. Later, upon the assumption by Mr. Terry of the attorneyship of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railroad Company, the new firm of Ballinger, Mott & Ballinger was formed, composed of Judge Ballinger, Mr. Mott and Mr. Thomas Jack Ballinger, only son of the senior, and was dissolved only by the latter's death.

The subject of our sketch was tendered a justiceship of the State Supreme Court, by Governor E. J. Davis, in 1871, but declined it; and again, in 1874, was appointed to the bench of that court by Governor Coke; but, constrained by the demands of his private engagements, he resigned the office upon the very day of his confirmation. In 1877, he was recommended by the Governor and all the judges of the higher courts, and by the Texas delegation in Congress, for appointment by the President to the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, caused by the resignation of Judge Davis; but sectional spirit was too powerful at Washington to admit of his nomination to that high post. In 1879, Governor Roberts tendered him the office of Commissioner of Appeals, but he could not be induced to accept it.

With the hope of rendering service to the State, he was prevailed upon to serve as a member of the Convention which framed the State constitution of 1876, and found his fitting sphere of labor as a member of the Judiciary Committee of that body. His views on many important questions were not in accord with those entertained by a majority of the Convention. He was opposed to an elective judiciary, as baneful and corrupting to the administra-

tion of law; to short terms and inadequate salaries, believing that the tenure and compensation of judges should be such as to place them above the methods of the hustings and secure them against the cruelties of poverty, and to invite the best equipped and most efficient lawyers to the service of the State. Failing to affect the Convention with these convictions, he opposed the constitution adopted by that body and voted against it at the polls.

A Whig so long as the Whig party maintained distinctive organization, Judge Ballinger always adhered to its main political tenets. Opposed to secession, yet, when it had been accomplished, his heart turned with devotion to his own people and with them he resisted to the last the war made upon the South by the Federal government. One of a committee sent to Richmond by the people of Galveston to obtain the armament necessary to the defense of their city, he was, while on this mission, appointed Confederate States Receiver, and served as such until the war ended. With Col. Ashbel Smith, he was, after the surrender of Gen. Lee's army, sent by Governor Murrah to New Orleans to negotiate for surrender by the State and to prevent, if possible, its occupation by the Federal army. Returning to Galveston, he resumed the practice of law, devoting himself to it faithfully until his death. Although out of politics in the sense of seeking its emoluments, he maintained a hearty interest in all public questions, and valued, as one of the dearest attaching to citizenship, his right of free suffrage. While independent in his consideration and judgment of political measures, he voted with the Democratic party.

Perhaps no lawyer of Texas ever gave greater labor and more distinctive devotion to the science and practice of the law than he; or more proudly realized the power, usefulness, ends and majesty of that science; or gathered more abundantly of its rewards and honors, or deserved them more.

Sagacious as an adviser; laborious and exhaustive in preparation, taking nothing for granted and yielding not to the unproved *dicta* of names howsoever imposing; spirited and uncompromising in advocacy; learned in the reason and in the philosophy of the law, as few men are, he brought to the service of his clients and to the aid of the courts a professional equipment furnished with every weapon of forensic conflict.

To his fellows of the bar he habitually manifested that warmth of personal interest and concern so engaging and grateful between associates in the same profession, and they respected him as a lawyer not more than they admired him as a companion and prized him as a friend.

Fitted by fortune, inclination and personal accomplishments for the gracious arts of hospitality, nothing pleased him more than the presence of friends at his lovely and typical Southern home; and it may be doubted whether any member of the bar of Texas ever imposed upon others so many and so delightful social obligations.

A gentleman whose reading and reflections were unconfined by the limitations of his favorite science, but who touched life and thought at all points, the charm of his fireside talks made his guests forgetful that the law was still the exacting mistress of his life's toil and ambition.

E. H. TERRELL,

SAN ANTONIO.

Edwin Holland Terrell, of San Antonio, lately United States Minister to Belgium, comes from a well-known Virginia family, and was born at Brookville, Ind., November 21st, 1848. He is the son of Rev. Williamson Terrell, D. D., one of the most popular and widely-known ministers in the Methodist Church in Indiana years ago.

Mr. Terrell's great-grandfather, Henry Terrell, removed from Virginia to Kentucky in 1787, and was prominently identified with the early political

history of that State. Mr. Terrell's grandmother was a sister of Chilton Allan, one of Kentucky's famous lawyers, who represented the Ashland District in Congress for many years after Henry Clay had been promoted to the Senate.

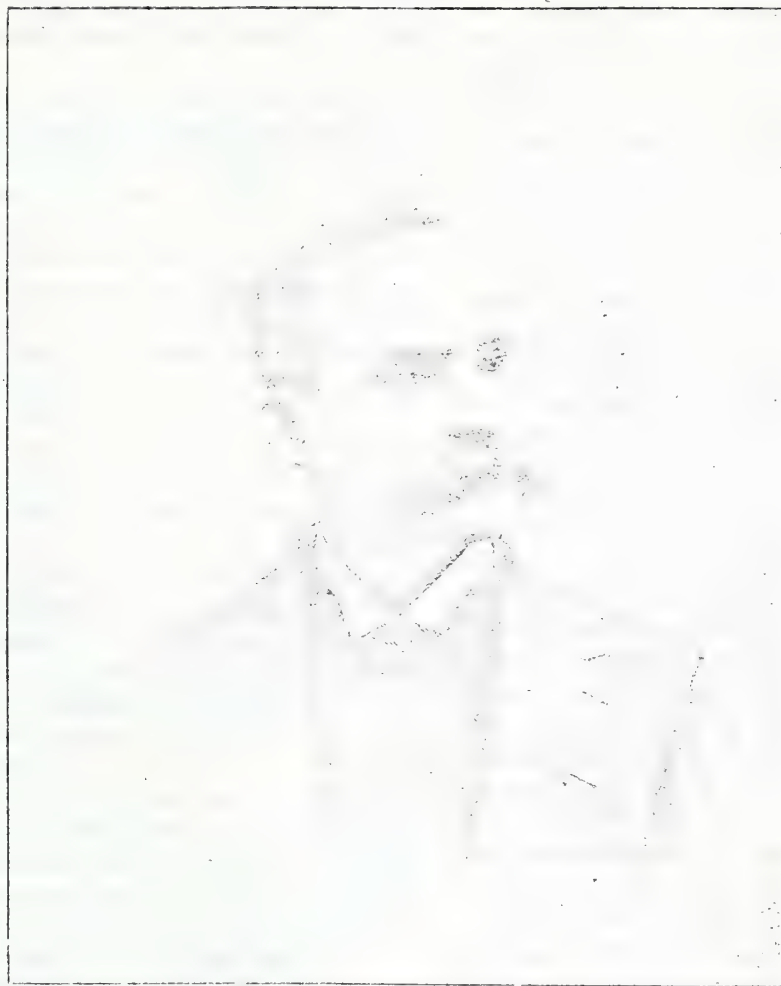
The grandfather of Edwin H. Terrell, Capt. John Terrell, was a gallant and conspicuous officer in the campaigns against the Indians shortly after the Revolution, and was present at Harmar's and St. Clair's defeats, and also took part in Wayne's

victory over the Miamis at the Maumee Rapids, August 20, 1794.

Edwin H. Terrell graduated in 1871 at De Pauw University, Indiana, having won the first or valedictory honors of a class of thirty-three members. He afterwards pursued his legal studies at Harvard University, where he received his degree of L.L.B. in 1873. He subsequently spent a year in travel

prominently identified with the growth and prosperity of San Antonio, having been actively connected with many of the public and most progressive movements of that enterprising Southern city.

Since his removal to the South Mr. Terrell has always taken a prominent part in the councils of the Republican party in this State. He was a delegate to the Republican National Conventions at



Edwin H. Terrell

and study in Europe, attending for a time the lectures at the Ecole de Droit of the Sorbonne at Paris.

Mr. Terrell returned to the United States in 1874, and entered upon the practice of the law at Indianapolis, being a member of the firm of Barbour, Jacobs and Terrell for some years.

In 1877 Mr. Terrell removed to San Antonio, Texas, which is still his home. He has been

Chicago in 1880 and 1888, and in the latter was one of the honorary secretaries and was selected as one of the members of the Committee of Notification.

In 1889, when President Harrison nominated Mr. Terrell as the U. S. Minister to Belgium, the San Antonio Daily *Express* (Dem.) said editorially:—

“In appointing Mr. Terrell to the Belgian ministry, President Harrison secured the services of a

gentleman, and a sober, reliable, competent, painstaking business man — one who has been a North-erner, and was never a carpet-bagger; who has been a Republican, and was never a 'radical;' who has lived in the South, and was never spit upon because of his nativity; who has exercised his political rights, and was never bulldozed or shot-gunned; who is able to give a good account of himself and the people among whom he has resided. His selection reflects credit upon him, and upon the administration which knew enough to choose him."

After Minister Terrell's arrival at Brussels in May, 1889, he had much important diplomatic work submitted to his attention, and during his four years' diplomatic experience took part in several noted conferences.

In 1891 he obtained the removal by the Belgian government of the onerous and discriminating quarantine regulations which had been applied to live stock shipped from the United States to Belgium and which had practically destroyed that industry in the latter country.

Mr. Terrell was Plenipotentiary on the part of the United States to the International Conference on the Slave Trade, which was in session at Brussels from November, 1889, to July, 1890, and which drew up the "Slave Trade Treaty," or what is diplomatically known as the "General Act of Brussels." In January, 1892, Secretary Blaine summoned Mr. Terrell to Washington to assist him in connection with the matter of the ratification of this treaty, then pending in the Senate and subsequently ratified.

In July, 1890, Mr. Terrell was special Plenipotentiary for the United States in the International Conference which met at Brussels and drafted the treaty for the publication of the customs-tariffs of most of the countries of the world, which treaty was afterwards ratified by our Government.

In November and December, 1890, Mr. Terrell represented the United States on what is known as the *Commission Technique*, an outgrowth of the Anti-Slavery Conference, which elaborated a tariff system for the Conventional Basin of the Congo, as defined in the Treaty of Berlin of 1885.

In this special commission the United States had important commercial interests at stake, and during its sessions, Mr. Terrell obtained a formal declara-

tion, agreed to by all the interested powers having possessions in the Congo basin and by all the ratifying powers of the Berlin treaty, guaranteeing to the United States and its citizens all the commercial rights, privileges and immunities in the entire conventional basin of the Congo, possessed by the signatory powers of the Treaty of Berlin.

In 1891 Mr. Terrell negotiated with King Leopold a treaty of "amity, commerce and navigation" between the United States and the Congo State, which was subsequently ratified by the President and Senate.

In 1892 Mr. Terrell was appointed one of the delegates on the part of the United States to the International Monetary Conference at Brussels, and on its assembling he was selected as its vice-president. He delivered, on the part of the members of the Conference, the reply in French to the address of welcome pronounced by Prime Minister Beernaert of Belgium.

Ex-Minister Terrell is a gentleman of scholarly tastes and accomplishments and possesses a thorough and speaking knowledge of the French language. In his new and elegant residence lately constructed near the military headquarters at San Antonio he has one of the largest and most carefully selected libraries in the State of Texas.

In 1892 De Pauw University conferred upon Mr. Terrell the honorary degree of LL.D.

October 1, 1893, after his return to the United States and to private life, Mr. Terrell received by royal decree of King Leopold II. of Belgium, the decoration of "Grand Officer of the Order of Leopold," an honor rarely conferred and one which indicated the highest personal esteem of the King and the successful character of Mr. Terrell's mission.

In 1874 Mr. Terrell married Miss Mary Maverick, daughter of the late Samuel A. Maverick, one of the founders of the Republic of Texas and prominent in the history of San Antonio and Western Texas. Mrs. Terrell died in 1890 at the U. S. Legation at Brussels, leaving a family of six children.

In 1895 Mr. Terrell was married to Miss Lois Lasater, daughter of the late Albert Lasater and niece of Col. E. H. Cunningham, the well-known sugar planter of Southeastern Texas.

CHARLES LEWIS,

HEARNE, ROBERTSON COUNTY.

Although a number of settlers had taken up their abode within the present limits of Robertson County previous to the Revolution of 1835-6 and others continued to do so during the succeeding years of the Republic, it was not until a much later date that the Brazos portion of the county began to fill with that thrifty class of planters whose intelligent and well directed labors did so much towards developing the wonderfully rich soil of that section and in giving to the county the excellent reputation for agriculture which it has since enjoyed.

The year 1852 is marked in the history of the State as the one during which occurred the greatest immigration, previous to the late war. Robertson County received its proportion of that immigration, and from that year dates the advent in the county of many who were afterwards distinguished for their thrift, wealth and good citizenship. Of this number was the late Charles Lewis, of Hearne.

Mr. Lewis was born in Farmington, Conn., April 14, 1822. His father was Calvin Lewis, and his mother bore the maiden name of Martha Root, both of whom were natives of Connecticut and descendants of early-settled New England families, the mother being a sister of the mother of the distinguished Federal soldier and Congressman, Gen. Joseph E. Hawley. Mr. Lewis was reared in his native place in the schools of which he received an excellent education. At the age of twenty-four he left Connecticut on account of ill-health and went to Louisiana, taking up his residence in Bozier Parish. There he met, and in March, 1846, married Miss Adeline Hearne, a daughter of William and Nancy Hearne and sister of Ebenezer and Horatio R. Hearne, in company with the latter two of whom he came to Texas in 1852 and settled at Wheelock in Robertson County. Mr. Lewis had been engaged in planting in Louisiana and immediately on settling in Robertson County, opened a plantation on the Brazos. He gave his attention exclusively to this interest until after the war, up to which time he resided at Wheelock. After the war he lived a year on his plantation, then at Houston for six years, and in 1872, on the laying out of Hearne, moved to that place which he subsequently made his home till his death. He

was one of the first to locate at Hearne and erected there the first business building and the first dwelling. He was one of the earliest and always one of the most steadfast supporters of the town and all its interests. His own interests and pursuits were of a somewhat diversified nature, though chiefly agricultural. In the course of years he developed a large plantation in the Brazos bottoms and acquired a considerable amount of property. He stood among the first in a community noted for men of sound intelligence and more than average wealth. Born and reared in a Northern climate, the vigor of his intellect lost nothing by transplanting while he added to it habits of unweary exertion and sound practical business methods. His reputation was that of a safe, steady-going, straight forward man of business and his judgment always commanded respect. He represented Robertson County two terms in the State Legislature and proved an able, efficient and acceptable representative. He had but little inclination, however, for public affairs and gave way in such matters to those more eager for popular applause and political preferment. A Democrat in politics, he always gave a cordial support to the men and measures of his party. He was a strong sympathizer with the South during the war and though not in the military service, he lent the cause very substantial aid of a kind it stood most in need of.

Mr. Lewis was made a mason in early manhood and took great interest in the order. He was a charter member of the lodge at Hearne, which he subsequently served as master. He united with the Presbyterian Church at the age of sixteen and was a member of the same ever after, and to the support of this Church as well as to all worthy purposes he was a valued contributor.

Mr. Lewis died October 22, 1882. He left surviving him a widow, one son and two daughters. His son, the late Henry L. Lewis of Hearne, was a large planter of Robertson County, represented that county in the State Legislature and was a man of acknowledged ability and influence in the State.

Mr. Lewis's eldest daughter, Mrs. Fannie M. Glass, wife of F. A. Glass, died in 1889, leaving four children three of whom are now living. The youngest daughter, Mrs. Willie E. Moreland, wife

of Dr. A. C. Moreland, resides at Atlanta, Georgia. The widow with the orphaned children of her deceased son and daughter, nine in number, still

makes her home in Hearne, where she is reckoned among the oldest of that place and a representative of the family for which the place was named.

W. L. MOODY,

GALVESTON.

William Lewis Moody was born in Essex County, Va., May 19, 1828, and reared in Chesterfield County, that State, his parents, Jameson and Mary Susan (Lankford) Moody, having moved to that county in 1830. His father was a gallant soldier in the war of 1812, and his grandfathers, Lewis Moody, of Essex County, Va., and William Lankford, of Chesterfield County, Va., fought for freedom in the Continental lines during the Revolutionary War of 1776.

His parents raised ten children to years of maturity: Emily A., James H., David J., Leroy F., William L., Sarah E., Joseph L., Jameson C., Mary A., and G. Marcellus Moody. Of these only Leroy F. Moody, Mrs. Sarah E. Simmons, and the subject of this memoir are now living.

In 1852 Mr. W. L. Moody came to Texas and located at Fairfield. Such of his brothers and sisters as were then living and a dear old aunt followed, and all settled in Freestone County.

Mr. Moody practiced law at Fairfield for about two years, but his health becoming precarious he determined to engage in some less sedentary pursuit, and accordingly, with his brothers, David J. and Leroy F. Moody, established a mercantile business at that place, under the firm name of W. L. Moody & Bros., thus taking the initial step in a brilliant, successful and widely useful career. In January, 1860, he was united in marriage to Miss Pherabe Elizabeth Bradley, of Freestone County, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. F. M. and Mrs. (Goldsby) Bradley, formerly of Summerfield, Alabama, where Mrs. Moody was born, reared and educated. Col. and Mrs. Moody have three children: W. L. Moody, Jr., Frank Bradley Moody and Mary Emily Moody, all married and living in Galveston. W. L. Moody, Jr., married Miss Libby Shearn, of Houston; F. B. Moody, Miss Battie Thompson, of Galveston; and Miss Mary E. Moody, Mr. Sealy Hutchings, of Galveston. Early in 1861, Col. Moody joined an infantry company raised in

Freestone County and was elected captain. The command proceeded to the rendezvous at Hopkinsville, Ky., and was mustered into the Confederate States service as a part of the Seventh Texas Infantry which was organized upon that occasion with John Gregg as Colonel. Col. Moody was captured at Fort Donelson, Tenn., upon the fall of that post in February, 1862, and imprisoned first at Camp Douglass, Ill., and then at Camp Chase, Ohio, and Johnson's Island on Lake Erie. In September following he was exchanged and soon after made Lieutenant Colonel by promotion, was stationed for a time at Port Hudson, La., saw much hard service in Mississippi and Louisiana participating in many fights and fierce engagements with the enemy; after the fall of Vicksburg was severely wounded at the siege of Jacksonville, Miss., and after many months of critical illness, was pronounced permanently disabled and retired from field service with the rank of Colonel, being promoted for gallantry. As soon as health permitted he reported for duty and was appointed to post duty and placed in command at Austin, Texas, where he remained until the general surrender. The war ended, he closed out the mercantile business at Fairfield, and in 1866 moved to Galveston where he and his brother engaged in the commission business under the firm name of W. L. & L. F. Moody.

Next season Mr. F. M. Bradley of Freestone County was admitted as a partner and the style of the firm changed to Moody, Bradley & Co.

In 1871, L. F. Moody and F. M. Bradley retired and E. S. Jemison of Galveston was admitted under the firm name of Moody & Jemison, and a branch house established in New York city in 1874, with Col. Jemison in charge. Leroy F. Moody, so long associated in business with his brother at Fairfield, at Galveston and in New York, sharing with him the joys of boyhood days and in manhood the struggle for life and fortune, resides at present at Buffalo Gap, Texas, where Mrs. Sarah E. Simmons, Mr. Moody's sister, also resides. The partnership

